




Spring Relapse

Of the pulverizing self  expression

First Person Conditional

Second Person Recursive

Third Person Exponential

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information.]

This thing encompasses. This thing multiples, and spreads. A thing forces a question. A thing appeals, but ignores what follows. This thing is a recording something. This, simple minded. Thing.

A thing swallows other things. Maybe, it is a bigger thing. Maybe it is a dead thing that needs living things. It could be the thing is communal, or is a community thing, or an idea of sharing. Maybe there is an idea of stealing.

Old on top, newer underneath. Reverse expectation. To feel the movement with the own hand. The wrists are burning, the hinge has a preparedness, there are descriptions of imaginary creatures, a bestiary and the speculation, and a disappearance -. Where has it gone. Was it once. The questions list. After drying. The shave lament, the fixed ache bone, cartilage cap, connective stream -. Material solvent, ticket and mailing address, to locate four disjointed conversation sides shooting-in-the-air-arrows -. Where to lay eggs, seek the long beach, find the bail behind -. Photos outed the math problem is extended to include the rude fathering. It is eating, and sleeping, to key. Picked, at, festered on, scraped with, carved at. Boiled for. Exhaustion strained. Parsing brazed. Filter clotted. Laminated desktop. Feathers. Grandmother's passport sandwiched wood and glass.

The weight on two feet made the thing walk, imbalanced.

The trunk was filled with glass and rusted chisels.

The Architectural Arch and the Liberation of Music

The holy stich was wove
the deviant -, the image seas the
projected from an imprint
of a mica veneer – a natural
occurring a mirror of the still
water, anyone that missed,
repeat -.

Participated, in, the
wind room, divisive three
sensation off the keel.
what wood, reborn, re, exercised,
commission -...
strum, the
spokes
round well hole
story studies hard, from, it,
in prayer notched units
clicked to next whole -.

In love of, the bursting basket,
moistened envelop
daylight drama night embeds
appeal more solid
sampled of persuasion
defended in the cloth
and buttressed of shells –
line derived and fatefully
anchored, wall and roof ---
as so, for am the questions,
blocked, and loosely stare,
then, up
the cove of lower learning.

Have the reconsidered
viewing takes
of it -, the
supple knee,
the color fog
and back-ing flame
as would
to cold approach –
as off, are
salient portions
worn –
that after of the
last sustain,
a new one note is
heard
both long and fresh
sailed in high while
on the rope
and shedding song
to freedom.

Break the back of fate
force into the gauntlet
of determination from behind
slow by narrows bottle
necked, the thumb
impressures the hose –
for seeking and inhibiting.

What shape the gauntlet
what shape the hole
I: exalt :I lowered
to a pin point
dense weight

I: compress :I
focus and direction
wills.

Fevered
contended
images force
through (the hole)
at one time,
one navigator
wondering as passing
under a single
lens, forced series
by gauntlet
arrive bulk
and shape
emit the
preference
and fit, the
sequence gained,
and thus, the
entirety
of futures.
Collision Blossoms.

Rose quartz to
sparkle
rose to leave the
room
rose to form lines
eye curves
to bind them to space

example -

Cauterized emblem
embossed the tissue
thin the epidermal
flippant the regard
dissuade from compliment –
casual the committed –
approximate the borders
accused the eye of unused
as yet triangulated
as yet conduct
as yet, of ice the scar
the place as seen collapsing chair
and folding table

as the gone,
from view.
Cover up the
lower half.

Ten Faces Make the Shape

Archaic

They all thought, that it was light and light alone, but it was not. It was a light but one on seamless strips both woven and with radiations unimagined, bound like one yet still two lips that touched, and bound, the brightest white onto the black of a million planet's tar. How could you envision that? No, it was impossible for you to know. So only I and those that also with me fell, remember, with the burning taste that is the true flame, the flame that is remembering, that is the thing most perfect all among the many as it too includes the host, who also, lost from us, it deepest darkness and the light. And I remember, falling, some, imagined how it fell, this shaft of us, a core as with the center of a stone more heavy than the wall of God, as that is how it was that made us fall, that it was first, before the earths, that there was gravity, once born, in heaviness incarnated, only for us, minion things, for us, alone, was gravity to pull us from the heights where we were feather free, and moving, now, each nudge of limb rips muscle tendon and the bone, it is such plunging still, and weight so perfect, it is torment to resist, but still be struggle, as the remnant of the ego that had brought us here remains to bring us suffering. Mostly, I should miss the wings, so roughly amputated as, no needs the worm that burrows always low. But that is all. No picture torments, or scenic wonders blotted on an alter, shorn design to turn a face in fear. Only, simply, it was one thing, and, that thing alone, that still is all the sight and sound that is eternal in this curse, the fact of losing up that flight, and to never feel the freedom of the air and, the vapor of a body undisturbed not of the matter's later hostile gift. That was heaven, this is hell, now all, the one thing that we know, the fall.

The Strips I Wrap Around My Face

The strips were wrapped around one ear, then forced onto the next, and nose and mouth. And then with each behaved a different way, as with a face removed and placed on top the swivel one more, then the next of every different man. The one am I am run through every man who may be born or has, and act a play, and make a wish and make a prayer for them, that they be once removed from here and not be forced again to come and end here, in that, this place white walled, curtained when administered (to) and the cavity that's checked in case, no other man should ever know, amen. So they should strap my arms, in time, I sleep. I, one never knows, that they may come and jostle in the night, and take me to a room, and further test and fix what isn't broken in my way. Never yet another man should fall in here, so that, I pray and hope and make a magic spell but wonder is it me, a placeholder that keeps me here, and keeps the slot so filled, that I, protecting others from this fate, am sacrificed myself. (?) As that, as Jesus did, am I, -(?). and so, I further yet imagine, why it is, that I am here. I, the one. And so forth.

The Last Market

Viewing rooms, part of claiming. In the better places, behind borders now, they say, processing is made to ease the suffering, so there is even kindness, and, its fast, and you should pay nothing, as it is a right. But, who knows, is it even true? Behind those borders, there is hospitality, but in the many languages

they pour together like so many fluids, there are many layers of hidden things. And, if you could manage it, and visit there, it is the shortest of stays. You could never stay. You are the outsider.

They say, across the border, you are readied and when you are comfortable, they will dispose of what is left from you before, with nothing left, no tax or bill, and handing you a small envelop of mineral, you could have it taken to the sea wall, or to the forest, and put along a path you loved. That is there, and there are secrets, and, it is not the fortune of those born outside. It is, after all, your own fault where you come into the world. That is common enough sense.

I should pay for heat in increments, the way a dentist used to work with teeth, when you would start a tooth, and they would leave it open until you had purchased what he needed next to do to you. I should pay for heat, because cremation is a need, to relieve you of your corpse, so, as it is a need, it is the most expensive thing -. You know this, but maybe, hadn't thought about it yet, because, you are not where I am now. Inside the viewing room. Where I should claim the body that was mine, and pay for care, and licenses for transport, heat, a special envelop, and so forth. And, now we know how crucial is the separation of the spirit from the flesh, so ignorant of once, now knowing, we should pay, as need commodities are valued highest, as with shame and shaming, and the branding of the poor.

I am seeing me, across a slab, and I should linger here, a captive soul, and they should charge me, even, sue who survives me, to obtain their fees. And I am waiting, feeling every pore that lays in peaceless repose, feet away, as dying well and completely is that most lucrative and rich commodity, since the corporations bought the rights to death.

What Waits

How it makes me laugh. I mean, if I had vocal cords I could, but still I can open my little mouth and make my mock attempt. Yes, mock, as it really gives them a shock when they wake up. There I am, mocking. I remember laughing, too. Nature loves recycling, don't you know. I was one once. One of them. And I had my day. And dark night, when I awoke. It is the dark secret. It is not a permanent sleep, but who would know to tell? No one comes back after that. And after going through a second end, returning, as with me, and here I am. Right now. Back. And waiting, on a flannel lapel, buried in an old suit, maybe not much left for him, inside this world. I wait. For the luminosity. It comes, to light wherever it is they lay, for use, the gatherers, returning him or her, flesh to flesh, dust to dirt. I can feel the light when it comes. I don't exactly see, as I have no eyes, but, I have light sensitive skin. I think perhaps, the light is for them, so they know, this is the truth. Some force, not what we learn was god, but something else that plays a game because it can. It wakes them up, it lights their tiny hovel grave, and lets them see, as we, the tiniest and humblest should go about our task, to turn their flesh over just as furrows of the dirt behind a tractor, to return them to from which they came. Ah, I digress, as if I were a man again, but I should focus myself now, as my skin tells me, the light, it comes, and soon, the corpse will wake, and I should ready my one remaining pleasure, that's to mock, in a tiny mouthed laugh, the shock of dying twice.

The Mine

After many billions of preparations, it was down to one, to be the one. There had to be a first. Design the link and you can harvest anything. The link, the transport, the ability to access the desired source. I would call it, the margin between demand and accessibility. Or the rim, either term. Well, give me time, I will spin it, at least, that is how I would characterize it in one of my meetings. At what I do. As a resource management consultant for the asteroid belt ore mines. I and my group introduced the

method now proliferating as, it is cheaper, economical environmentally too. To “point harvest” instead of old school stripping. There are detection methods, we can learn before where likely deposits on a space stone will be. No need to make a wide rip, to use up other energies when all that is needed it a single, precise puncture. And place a thousand of these holes beside each other, snaking out the ore through them, and every stroke rewards. This is only a small part of my work of course. Mostly I am pushing paper after the fact, a sort of unqualified lawyer.

So maybe, my human value is very low. So expendable, in fact, that I was chosen over many long waiting generations, to be the first conduit. Maybe, because of my own work, with the development of the snake mining method. How should I know, that this would be precisely the method used, for the first human mine port...

I expect it will begin happening all around me. I assumed I am the first. No one has come forward and drawn attention to something happening to them. But, neither have I. It is a little shameful I think, to completely lose control of your body, and to have your sovereignty of it disregarded by some external, impersonal operation. It is like losing control of bowel movements. A human weakness, that, shame. Maybe, human downfall.

I sit up in my cabin, late at night, a dim blue bulb burning, and that is when I can see it. Like the snake hole mining I in part designed, something has taken to my body like the surfaces of those asteroids. Perhaps the design of our skin was for this purpose, that we were engineered the way a cog is cut to fit a greater cause. The skin, so full of pores. Now I watch. The hundreds of thousands, the fibers, caught in the light casting them blue and a little self-radiating, that connect like little hoses to the pores of my skin, then rising, curling into the space of my room and evaporating, into another space, shared here with my air. I can feel a dimming in my soul, a tiny fraction every night, as I am less and less. Like with those asteroids, the harvests have begun.

S is for Sack

You know, the childhood learning. A is for apple. B is for bubble. C is for cat... S is for sack. So finally, I have decided to write my autobiography. I am ready now, I have had the big experience.

I remember something, after I was born. Maybe it was twelve or thirteen years after I was born. I feel like I can write about it now, because, I have had the topping on my rich life. I was studying my lessons. I thought I heard something outside of the cubical door, but I didn't expect the next student to arrive until later. The doorknob turned, and the door opened. There stood, someone. I think, it must have been a mistake, otherwise, what happened wouldn't have. But it did. I averted my eyes to the floor. But, I could feel it, even though it was only for a moment. The person looked at me. And then, they left. It is a relief to tell the story today, though, it is still hard to believe. But in light of the great event I have just experienced, I feel, I should sing it out!

Perhaps, sixteen, or twenty years later, there occurred something so remarkable, I have never let myself think of it, until now. I sat in the chair, in the room. I didn't mean to look, but, there was a movement, near the wall. I turned my head completely toward it. And I think, I did see something. It was very small, like the tip of my little finger in size. And it went into a crack, and was gone. Of course I put it from my mind.

That is quite enough for one life! But then, yesterday, I received a slip of paper. I read the few words. There was a knock. A second delivery followed. It was a package, with a cloth sack inside. I knew, from my learning what it was. When I was tired, I put out the light and crawled inside. It fit my body closely, and there was a small open flap in the front. Sometime in the night, I heard a sound. It was like the door opening, but it was not the door. The sound seemed to come from the wall. I am used to not looking of course... I lay still. In a moment, I felt something press against me. I opened my eyes, and though in almost no light, I thought I could see the outline of an indistinct shape. Maybe, like I looked inside my sack. I closed my eyes again. Then, I felt, something move, but it was me. I rose out through the flap in my sack. I felt, for a moment, my eyes saw flashing lights, though I knew there were no such lights here. In a few minutes, I fell asleep again. In the morning, nothing was different in my room. But, I had a memory of the most remarkable kind. I moved, and there were lights not there! So, now I know what it is about. And I know how lucky I am, to be one of those rare individuals. Now I should sing the learning song the way it should be sung. A is for apple. B is for bubble. C is for cat... S is for sex!

At Last, Opposed

When I heard tell that at the right time there would be a breath rending embrace, I imagined, I would be at ease, and calmly act dramatically, and see the face in front of me surprised. I imagined, that would be my thrill; to do something, opposed. And when I sat among the others who were talking of the link to man and wife, and life that after took a predetermined course, then I imagined, then too, I would find a special way, perhaps to harm or strand the other, then, to change the self and find identity abroad and fall in with a cult, and live in caves. When some came to pass, the progress of my own led me to one place close to this abandoned dream. And then, it was somewhere, the great city square, the enormous pig they fed for one year was butchered, mounted in a wreath-like rim, with pineapple stuffed inside its mouth, and topless women dancing for the local god before it. That was when it came again, that even pulling up and living out inside something so removed from every thing a fellow might expect, it still was something to oppose, for someone so inclined, to just.. oppose. And so, retuning to a town I knew or one so like it, that it was no matter, I did wear a tie, and black shoes, and live a short haired life, and drive a series of American cars until one day I died. But, it was a happy thing, as I inclined to so oppose, at last opposed myself.

Dad Told Me Not To Talk With Other Children

Dad told me not to talk with other children, or even to the teachers but to answer questions as short as I could. He told me, there is nothing for me to gain from them. Go to school and come home. I always tried to do as he told. I don't go out to recess and I sit alone at lunch. The others are mostly boring to me, and I am not good at playing and running and jumping and other physical things. But I can move a pencil good. I mean, draw pictures. Dad doesn't even know about that.

I draw allot, when I don't go out to recess. Actually, I feel a little lonely. I want to talk sometimes, but I don't. I want to talk about pictures. I don't like the school. So, when I draw, I am drawing the things I like to be around, and things that I remember from home, and I don't feel so lonely. My desk top has a couple of ruts in it, but I line up my drawing so, if I am drawing a cut, it lines up to the rut in the desk, and the desk kind of helps me draw the cut. I have a stack of paper in my desk, of all the drawings I made from the first day of school. Someday I think, maybe I will put them on a wall in a fancy place.

Today is PTA day they call it. The parents can come in and watch us, what the teachers do with us, and like that. All these ladies, most look at us and put on some kind of smile. But I have seen the

smile before, it is fake. Women that smile cannot be trusted, dad said. Mom used to smile. I think of her now, drawing. Maybe I will... her the lady comes, the one who has been watching me, inside, while other children are outside playing. I already know her question.

"Why aren't you outside with the other children, playing?" she asks me, then, she smiles, but I hear the twist in her question. It is like a hook.

"I don't feel good today," I say. "So I stay inside and draw pictures."

"Well, there nothing wrong with drawing I guess..." she seems a little critical to me. "So, you are a little artist!" Again, the smile. I think she has dentures.

Honest, I am a little bit happy. Yes, I feel like I am an artist. "I draw allot!" I say. "But I just started this one." There was just the first line crossing sharply over the page.

"Well I'm sure it will be a lovely drawing. What will it be of?"

I feel my face crack a smile, though I try to stop it. "My Mom." I say.

"Well, isn't that sweet," she says. "I wish I could see a finished drawing of her."

I am hooked. "I have allot of drawings in my desk!" I flip the top open and take out a stack almost as thick as the paper is wide. "Here!" I have an audience!

She holds them low, so I can see them with her, and I see her face change from the smile to maybe how she really is inside. Her hands begin to shake a little bit holding the first drawing. She places it down on the desk in front of us.

"Oh, that's not my mom," I say. "That's grandma." The woman's mouth opened a little like she wanted to speak, but nothing came out. "And that's the mice, they made a nest where her stomach used to be." I had spent allot of time on that drawing, even used some crayon for colors. Grandma's skin was brown now, and she had no eyes left. The bones stuck through here and there, and her dress was eaten away where the mice lived now. After awhile it seems the woman was frozen, so I prompt her. "The next ones is my mom and my dad." She turns over the next page in the stack, which is upside down. I think I hear her make a little sound. But it is a choked sound. I've heard that one before.

I wait for her to talk, to be polite. But she says nothing, so I talk instead. "That drawing in your hand, that's Dad, he's leaning over. That's our bathtub. That's my Mom's neck sticking up. And that's her head, sitting in the pan on the floor beside my Dad's foot." The woman starts to rush through my drawings. I feel like I should talk very fast, to tell her all of what see's looking at. "There's Dad after he comed home with a new chain saw. That's him kneeling on the floor, and that's Mom, on the plastic sheets ... those are the suit cases he bought used. Some of Mom's inside..."

She drops my drawing suddenly on the desk and runs out of the room. I feel annoyed. She may have easily dropped my drawings on the floor. Dad was right about women I think. I will just continue now. Recess is almost over. Hmm, here come some policemen. Maybe they will be nicer than her. Oh, there she is again, and the teacher too. Well, I actually like the attention. If they come over here, maybe I can show them what I have in my pocket.

The Unused Time

At first, it was a way that I could feel, that, like those who sacrificed for love, I had a purpose here in life. I had no family. I had lived, a grown man, in his mother's house, tied to her aprons. She would cook for me, and even sometimes, come and tuck me in. And I was forty seven years old when she died, and still, this was a normal thing for me. Ten years later, I had learned to cook, and sleep without the fond goodnights, but still I lived inside my mother's house. Fallen from the practice of the social animals because, accursed by love of reading, I dismissed the time that might be spent in communion with others, and rather, would sit alone until I fell asleep, the book on my lap.

A little bit remorseful after all those years alone, I began to walk instead of read at night, and found myself passing through the gate of the cemetery behind the local church, up the dirt road, where no one went, walking among the graves, waiting for my time to come as I was uncommitted in this life. There among them, I identified the oldest. Oddly how these things work out in life, I thought, the oldest grave was also of the youngest died and buried there, a two year old, a boy named Michael. For exercise, now as I'm fifty-seven years old, I would go there once a week, at night, and linger near poor Michael's early grave, and think, how sad that I could not trade places with him now, and give him some of what years I might have left, to give him more, who died so sadly, so young. It seemed a passing thought of melancholy, but I found it more and more, drawing the attention of my mind. And why not, why not I, with so much waiting still before me, why should I not ponder how unfair life is, both mine, and that poor one?

It was a year more passing with these thoughts when I would visit little Michael, every evening of my life now, and wait there are the grave, and murmur some kind word as I kneeled in the dark. It occurred to me in many of these hours, could I carry him, in soul, from here, and bury mine where he sleeps now, to take his place, and let him know a little more of life... to walk, with my legs, see, with my eyes, pass, through my door, and sit, in my well worn chair, and even, take up that book of poems I left on the carpet several years ago? So, I began to carry him, in my thought, and talk to him while I was walking home, and introducing him, to my door and chair. It made me feel as I was such a good person, to talk to him, to give him care and sympathy, and maybe as I had never had a son, to give him – life. Each night, in this strange conceit, I would walk him back to that cemetery, and kneel beside his grave. And odd it is, but before long, it was as I felt him lifting out of me, when I would leave the grave. And just the same, when I would visit him again, I would feel as if my spirit had been joined, by some addition in its space.

Alone, or disabled, it is common often to lose track of time. I began to feel a shift within my waking state, where I would find, an hour passed, and I had watched myself, conduct some simple task as from the farthest point in the room, and not inside my body at all. While for some time, I had felt a comfort with my new friend I imagined there inside behind my eyes, my friend Michael, sharing me. But this effect had somehow faded. I felt I had drifted from him, as if, when we tarried in our regiment, he somehow left my side, or maybe, I was more the distant one.

An uneventful life can progress in such slow increments that everything can change, and we can think that everything remains the same. Even so, I had some inkling. It began that I imagined I was shut out from the light, and sometimes crowded so by something holding me, that wouldn't let me shift my limbs, and even, inhibition on my chest that threatened every breath. But was it age? I would have some momentary glimpse, these times, of watching through my eyes, as my body made its way from my

outdoor garden, to the kitchen, or even, to into town, where I had almost never ventured for many years. It began to blur; had I been to Michael's grave? Had I taken him up, and had I returned him back again? I began to forget this funny fantasy.

Still now, sometimes I emerge from a deep invisibility, and I will write a note to myself. Then I will fall into a darkness again, even as I know, that I am there, at my table, or even in a store, to purchase some small item, or to watch the small steps of some child in a supermarket. All I feel is the occasional passage, from dark to light. And in the passing, I seem to sometimes hear, the gurgle of a child, who yet has not yet learned the words to speak.

Invisible

I am trying to be invisible, but I am not always controlling that. I fade, I reappear, I travel here and there as if ferried by some automatic transport. I am uncomfortable with myself, more now than I was before. Before, I would shun day, and keep from people, even when I worked, and when even the small contacts of the day with strangers became too much for me, I found a deserted spot. It was an abandoned house near the mountain. There were no doors or windows, all gone, just a black and empty shell of a place. I found a beam, and took my rope, and hung there for three weeks before someone caught the smell, and called police. I had not thought about that part, the attention. I imagined I would have no knowledge of it, that the feeling of shyness and shame would end with my breath. But, this was not the case. I felt their hands, and felt my own decay, and felt their disgust with me. I continued to feel and know everything around me, until my body was turned to ash and smoke. I had the thought then, that I was free. Now I could feel and know nothing. But soon I found that I returned, into a second life of shyness and of shame.

As in the life dream of being caught publicly nude, I appear, without clothing. But adding to this is, the body is not present. There is no flesh, so, the appearance is one of not being really... a man. I who wished not to be seen should be remembered... like this? Alleys of an anonymous city, attics, state houses and laundry room, I am suddenly drawn, and thrust before. A faded projection. Without will – what now?

Wandered up the pathogenic, found the mill. Down the shoot was bold and brave retreat. Water course was better than the slide, but loggers barricaded in the tent with piles of sod disrupted meditations. Some false starts and then began again behave. Moisture postures. Distortions around the air borne pellets. Could see them if the eyes were lights. Extracting beams. As light am lit up for the poor escape. Nine unified maxims nine recorders site at once all bibliographic smart. Birds fall. Coughing spasm. Eruption of glass and mineral beads. Fulfilled the frequent satisfied. Sorted, then gauged. Schedule without walking. Low grade bluster now, for application choice in time. To visible the trail, contusions form the way frost comes. Blinkers, blinders. Thin membrane, watered. Vegetable. Beast renowned floor show. Low in key and class. Upper shrill, adaptive masses. Properly extracted from the familiar. Cupping the hands. Nerve bundle, rolled in dollars. Promotion in pitched and speech ripples against before it crosshatched second state. The main cell shrinks and grows alternately accordion baffle, glue filled later sticks and starts. That list of chained memory locked to retaining bowl. Hard then fast the rising oil levels and replenishes the pool. Previous a myth but then ordained, washed in the catacombs of rotaries and then, a few good years they had. Two aftermaths for one event of asking join to form a double bulb. They drift. It is a cool calm evening on the river. Wing beating savior. Turquoise shell, golden belt, crushed velvet collar.

Prepared to make a solid massing of the preparatory states of mind, half lives and celebrations of comfort and discomfort. Beast conforms to herding. Ground level switches thrown hydro lamp and analog ramp moves search using sensing systems of the snail -. looking for the setting – it is a lawn and a yard and a grass garden and an open field, down to the cove, and there is a small yellow shack there, big enough for one person, and filled with racks and lawn mowers. What we see allows for large. Nickel plated green tea powder coated gel smeared part, eye that open for viewing from user, closed to reserve from wear. And what comes through sealed in surface should instigate its own porthole, a backing of one space toward an event established rim, and surface folds or buckles around the hardened spine, pass through, as choice requires you. And, take the warning thing, and walk the cultured straight-way boardwalk on the sea abused wayfarer, one eye yanks mother looks into the crib, fevered child imagined eye field crumpled suddenly piece of writers frustrated paper – close eyes again, to simulate aural blocking plunged the light into eyelidded locked night the morsel in the pit the sound gone down that separated it from sight, the sound it flounders not so influential without its media -. The one, transforming or is it translated into the thing imagined in the picture of the exterior model – interior wall marking fruit or floating sign -... collusion of the principles, the ants, what then, what now? Marble free floating, -... after protraction engulfed. Unarranged, for hot weather, wait the back-way-to-the-cove or the tarmac fog bank, bristles the difficult fur, the model who drives drunkly singing, slowly cuts the corner finds the ditch, the logger who retorts, I was born says, later. Substantially the out of date reports and bustle blending layered should be stirred and rested and then stirred again as next compounds folds around each other lovers then they part, but separate ways, -. Substantial and sideways, all great bear a curse, - additional to greatness and the counter weakness is a separate and killing curse. Lower stirring again, the radiation seep into it, even down, in time continued only beast demising platitude and the sudden friends forgot the life. Bad is seeded false emotion tattoo masked. Who connive to make a thing wrong right. Was one.

SHOULDER blood you

Shoulder, born to move the yard from place to place with improvised crane and dorsal lift, invented it to go this far, from place to place in yard to yard, enough to find one big enough to place the last but previous and smaller yard, then big enough the next to place the previous and previous before that's all those in a stack, into the next and larger lawn. And Shoulder held it there upon his blades until the time was ripe and blooming fragrant bursting fruit, he placed it all one stack to heaven then he climbed and fell, and falling, found his way.

FRAIL BUMP and overpowered vat of dye

Morph a log in an umbrella array or a hydra of parts -... the frail bump was nature's hesitation and with that the first impulse was lost that would have printed power in the core. Sooth the skin, it folded, folded again and once more then tried again but too stiff halfway blossomed back unfolded in the half. This is strength but is one frozen in an ice of strength. In the recourse of memory and remembering is the rememory which is last and final recollection. Drown into the caldron of the pigment wrapped in cloth and stitch, bubbles, breath in a line that joins the infinitely planetary wrap-around, and gasp the gaspOHsphere twice laid through our walk, once when, once then.

NUMBER LIMBIC SYSTEM curls of vapor watery features

Tried the replacement, sorrowed at the laugh felt hard the muffled iron remainder, that form balls but softened, and the trumpet mute, which narrows tone and then with towel dulls the edge. Unpredicted

don't expect the change from pulled around parts back up to ten hitched on in secret, no one going no one absent missed unguarded route returned the way it came. Calm now, peaceful topping. Protestant beginnings, method spoken after lineage unite. Hold firmly arm length rattle. Hummm the pitches then return. Bracket. Attach, far wall. Returned. Cushioned. In comfort sleep. Featured parts. Floor show, jingle of slivers and scraps, throat hole songs. Had there been some previous pleasure. Shell waiting. Happy response. Late. Number generator, flash cards shapes, erotic suggestive, food related. Labor dulled. Factory submission. Flattering. Box stuffing. Plan. Remanded in the ocean of in the log was watched and praised with worms and blasts of sand and cyclic engines blowing weed and small lipped bestiary fleas, - ... in proportion to a shared compliment as was oceanic too – burden, stale, by increments each day closer at some projection -... the conservative proffering standardized forms, looping the margin until greater by the accumulative argument of supporting voice -... choked the linear – brute the force for formal welding. Waddle oh the wish-box, word lending -. Floors high hungering instilled in perforations shrunken down to constitute the shaft – around which as a core will wind protective scales soft to fit when form but set steel craters receding left and right and standing guard. Here passage safety belts bullet deflecting pads. It was talking. It was a word to be wise by. It was groaning taking up possessing of the mouth it liked, and made it jump in the end to break it for another's use. It was shy of probability and made to stretch across a precipice to reason when the bones dislocated and left was flexible enough but then applying over years, reduced to flaccid rope, and best to wind around a pole to store, and that was spent retirement, as incandescent from the treatments and, would tight around a corner spool. First in storage bins and then in crates and shelves and stacked a thousand deep in warehouse and the open yards, they all the elders stretched and practiced to rehearse unwound for one day a speech for history and reward before replaced in stock -. The rubberized storage word. And invention of a clock manufacturer. In the ward replacing mounted demonstration misses tidings twelve across a wooden frame and central rod that crews from one side to the next, the frame, and covered with a latex skin that backed by torch and bubbled frozen as an organ lax, but not exploded suspending air filled ballast set in single state remotely reference, in text and magazine and media, reformed for jargonized response. Reform! Ascend. The wall has notches.

FLAME AND CUTOUT

End gleaming. Sanded, sent across to receiving stations pinpricks too, but duplicates many times in its midsection of traveling. Tightly squeezed around it. Season of where involved extending into rare environs, lacing bread with insectine unborn and addition of tassels and frills to burlap and chicken wire. It was obtuse and long. Avalanche defended against criticism, crushing filtering rings and Hegel exposing testimonies – doctors struggle for their degrees, disease carrying insects relax – it is a modified clay shape, starting lumpen and exceeding into wire frame then pudding textures. It is a kind of performing in stages and promotions. It may not sufficiently question. It may never be enough. It may require less. It may unspecify and down to liquids and connective impulse, matters -... it may the month that's past to sit on cycles waiting next for spinning. Where resettle me for the now retention -. Was weighted down, was painted in to hinge across dimensions – was rolled to go from one room to the next with bumping over the threshold -. Was day of dawning, day of drying. Fitted secondarily into the activated skin, it removed and tired of where to go clandestinely done, spilled until empty. Retrobumpkin abuse signal. Begin. Before. Am is retaliated. Mixed baggages and passengers confuse their limbs. Who calls after nine. Who calls at three a.m. who polishes tunnel passages. Is comes on stilts. Should battle back – the stories, left for dead, are sleeping on a straw pillow. Mold was eating the bills. It is old and rough and massive bulk when stuffed into the barrel -... meat and salt delivered by wagon, water barrel overturned blue

smoke, yellow smell -... raised in lusters, glaze -... early draft the scheme to dominate, later draft is modified to be announced for puppet shows – has mixed a felt stem on a lollipop stick cross, the uncle, wrapping cotton cord around his ankle lent his feet to ghosts of hanging – in orderly files, the voice should come around on a willow whip with apple projectile to recall that, apple fight, the cemetery and the faces smeared in rotten fruit – a mind both for to struggle and to glide -. Gain leverage in setting by redundant living – keeping torsos grounded in a fluff to feel of synthetic down -,,, from duck rubber, truck backed over the bicycle from the driveway. The rigor, the drill, the routine, the switch that's jammed, the implosion, the myth for stopping and starting, the fairy murmur, the glass pane in the attic window covered with flies, the rain of frogs and hail of salamanders, while the sky changed chameleon shades on a rotary system, the stream of subjects for appraisal in our moving criticism. This time yesterday we claimed deducted from our inspiration piles, and so driving hit the wall and redirected. So am talking through the pipe fit lips, so am drawing lower less inclined to influence as they water from the hose, the shrill, angered impression open windows on the formal pose would offer – valued seven folded they can't wait, bounded one dozen folded and then razor cuts to form spread out the manifold, and then a compass makes as wheel and paper cut machine slices deli style – journey down the described way not found by foot. It is only how the other makes the sounds of speech -... wasn't far to attend of the image making. When to consider scale, a million down proportioned in small clusters very tightly packed in corners opposite each other and the task -... they emotion bases working linked to four genetic base – dry eye duct should they tear -... active sailing meta-dynamic into view five cones from operateds. Sealed in wonder, plastic bags that marvel. Creasing sounding the way balloons do rubbed together – was resulting fatigue -... Adroit, removed. Flexible fatigue. Ingestible creams. Night oiling veneer and finish. Water basin, cooling techniques methods proven by three hundred eighty seven and a half years of refinement. Fighting men, hitting, but expression. Old tides wash moods. The boat stern clean and ready rowing. Captain sailing, drunken men, fighting. Oars are weapons on the land. Bacteria the fingers missing. Hunters rowers seamen gathering, old extract poisoning, net sit eyes collapsed. Sewn the sea, scaled. The travel over that living surface takes. Was gotten from it the way the prize is released. Should press conference. Beat the pictures tear them fold in passive aside abuses – secret turn away to faces, theatrical masks. Deviated three points triangle still perceived -... other objects forming, perfect or idealized models, mica sprinkles, -. Molds the made then finished forms. The paddling. Above the overcoming level, -. Torso, waist the defining line. Long glow. Fade. Ego detriment till the sleep and forceful dreams. Enlargement railing leaning. Rooster, cocking late. Luxuriant in heat. Shed shaded, to the market. Motorcycle chicken cages pulling riding. Fixation, sidewall eyes surround. Still the turn, to battle between eyes and ears. Old silk warn through, velvet turned into closer to skin. Many times stroking wears depletes. Ant, onion, nut shell fruit skin. Undermanage of over peels. Who are to push direct. They that bustle at the gate to get ahead. The bobbing head attracts the stubble faced to it, rubbing hair burns, rug friction. The new pressure wood floor you skid on, not for touching -... in the habit room. Mammals then and now. Music as sound to image time contour and developmental journey through static (slide) pictures. No coughing, no baffling, no laundering, no being. No bumps now. Soothing icicles and hot sand, blended sensation passing from one cordoned body region to the next, jump across body halves to continue on the mirror limb or organ. Plotting of the course as ink drops on linen fiber paper, as the choreography to note and march the plan, from tipping points to battlements abroad, to shaped troops and formations read as semiotic texts in elevated (hovering vehicles) classes from the university of the attic confined elite. The colors warning, shifting from the window view avoids. Am the introduction and the following conflict that grinds two stones to make the beach. Far to spend, accumulated and additional representation with labor unspecified transfers, tunnels flight tube, rest resume. Aftershock statistics, gloom in saucers landing to the back of hands, displayed as ornament until they reach the limit in a rash of skin disease and symptoms like a cold and arthritic joints -... then the hosts refused entry, passage rights, - removed the disk, the scar remained, so traumatized for two

occurring -... covered one remark, made for inclusions, deferred the differences – to the future host -. The bag filled snap on pieces adornments and accessories to carry satchel – like with links to marrow feed, in dependent life. Compiled but more importantly preserved. Haven't had the way to finish all inside the life. Outbound, resource, outsource causes and a payment to respond. Make conditions of the shock for self-promotion and the personal lie. Appearance plus the true anatomy. The misting on the vegetable. The bed of ice. Swallow swallow remove the autonomic reflex -... parting, saved as were the wings. Albino in the yoke, white hooked through nostrils and the long slide down the willow branch through lipstick colored gills -... how flush the money struggle now. As the proof to carry, so as the building of the day. So as the caution and the feeling on the knuckles was of an antenna -... transmutation, buckets to barrels, awards. Stray arrows strike out. Overtaken by riveted metal bin, slid off the formation of bins, and dropped in front. Anticipating the motive sit for hours or stand to be ready when it comes, the voice of inclination and in group, to come on each at once the wave of standing in a wave -... floorboards curling up a single window simple curtain, thirty simple cobbled chairs from sticks ... and later in the field and high grass, the worship... uncompromised to wear the sheepskin apron and steel toed shoes. Groaning, is participating in the call. Soldiering and related blockettes of duty draw the young with promise of reward and honor. Will required for directing of the capillary energy eruptions. The use of wands, stage props, costume. Daily script. Pregnant pauses. Chipped chinaware. Wooden stovepipes, -... silt, algae. Direct duplications. Stuffed soft forms, library book pages. Where the curtain meets the floor, a platform riser three inches will suffice to keep the one who falls from being bitter by sour mites -. The actor's flavored stage is out wrestling with the wills. A garden after-party rose thorns and crab grass – if tomorrow confounded than today was represented formal practice and rehearsal – activity -... pluralized the numbered on. Category tank fluids, wide range. Under one divide, mobile stationary. The lot of them in solitude will seek out more. Expanded on the trial, am discovery, and the eye squeeze as the orb rests on the elbow and pinches with the socket. In sky, in dormant clause, pleased to wait, and of the stiffness of the poem the push to out its border and to further thumb the air – in tension of the build, more the straight lines some the bent, perform the tasks, support in world imagery other powers clad in picture, right organs drawn left, cold the burning tea color, and, the face the active heart, the all unassociation block in propagated strings in practice untheoretical. Evasive principle. Rest, the stillness watering highness of visible color band, then cold band that burns -. The painting fry the eyes. Eye squeeze, batch to bundle. The eye squeeze – the bowl of fish eyes – nine wandering projections are followed by seventeen interpretations, some are singular, others double on one expression. There is a single triple at number thirteen. Replaced by gardening tools, one held in loving function. The angry glow – the impression in wax of multiple whatnots. Beated. Beated by the storm, and rubber boots filled, salt water sea sticks air-holes in water splashing, dissected pins. Continued into silence. Peck and picked, it shows the holes. Memory into the acid reflux and the salt bin. This unwinding, unraveling cloth to thread -... so sold in the sack, shrunk around the shape when wetted -. As and all the blubbering stranger. Feld so beat the scrap cobbled contraption with gear loading from wheelchair lifts to sidecar handles and gear box shift sticks, thumb screw handlebars, beer steins. Construct color papers, glues, top sketch top nod bud. Modeled invention. Mottled face. Fried in fish lips. Magic that, existing what to constitute. Aware enough. Surrounded at the level of the temple or eye ridge every 30 degrees along a horizontal pencil mark, and pointing AT the head -... from hard to hardened to soft and liquid, tubed. Every five minutes of time something arrives through the nose. Twice it is commissioned, otherwise for love. Turned into the muck we wade through. Florid lump. One as is, contrapted. But boiled down, victim. Trailing something, widely open. Super problem of the formatted angel dropping a bowl of egg white. Children of the wart-faced. Knot is choking it -. Repeating binding blocks with sticks on cords with spring on wheels with locking rims over sheets with tensioned tensile pressure points where crimping makes a bulge emerge adjacently – a crane of some kind, a devise, an animal -. The green comes to the face – features seem aware -. Legs made of metal

bars and rivets spindle in arches with one end(s) on the ground – the other loosely fit a socket sprocket torso base, dangling rags that twist to tie a ruler on a clock together and in place a jutting probe -. Tire smell, oil to gag fume, black floaters easy to inhale and you can watch them suck into your breath -... eye gel and holiness declining to the second slope. Moving the way a tractor tread caresses the terrain down over the next lower slope and more and more, embracing -. Shaking head on the lollypop brain freeze cracks off a large chunk someone who thinks it is an oyster shovels it and puts, the shark heads, tails, empty shell, summer sun rubber boots crushing down draining juices through a spigot in the dumpster bottom, river to the stack of bricks and in between them to the harbor -... off, salt stings, takes off surface skin, corrodes. A hole. The wrist becomes a trench. The lubrication to the folding of arms. The pit pop slides magnesium flash powder, burns white and digs another culet of the other arm in fore-muscle, to oceans falling at the end the hand, the rock it holds to try to drop it from the crease of elbow and the joints for skill, and act, and artistry of order of the falling sounds -. the murder noise open to a pipeline -. Irreducible outpatient and wardrobe, the clothes, the wooden box -... the hangers too – objects trailing back, some thin member join in tandem kite tails guiding, that way going where the small environmental and adapt corrected deems to go, the smaller rudder, slower, closer -. It was in a sweltering age, when done wraps were discarded with no trust or need for excess after use, to now demand demands regain pathways, cut the rudder twice to go the same way once, enforced by changed instinctive overdriving cloaked in generally masking methods -. Sweet the sour smell to touch a different part for sense -. Graft the shoe of house prediction, held in family contempt re-assessed of given name -. Grounded once for fineness once for thinness, once for color, once for hate -, contempt reprise -. Adorn, in closet walked in wardrobe sanded, riveted, weighted, armored, polished shiny ‘till the silver face reflects disappears invisible as so in truth reflecting ownership -. The wooden box, in water floats, in ground to house the corpse in later life the smoking jacket of a home and curling up in mental burdens hide the soul from postman or the neighbor wife -... out numbered times – in the viewing piles a need repair. Sandbagged, weather wearing. East to dawn. Right to counter changing clothes. A patch of soil is full of scratches. Ones to come. Then the past. As the syphon is ready, there is blow out and a settling, and even simulation of history in place, at string cordoned front steps, taped over windows. Carved brutal. Rough ripped edge. Crooked smiling. Fatigued crawling. One side reserved and one side pounded down. Deplete stocked broth, hole punch over bag, rust lid, wax a little task, to crack and wrinkle. As definition as dry poorclusion as containment at the fence, with fickle yards meticulous trimming bulbous undertaken in the overgrowth the gourd goes around an inflammation sixty years made hard now tabletop, with a file, prevailing warrants occlusions in palm pattern polygraphic and informic an antagonist tunnel out the ordinary and the other – asphyxiated outlining, conveyed the purpose posting, abstract concerted -. Effortless, -. Three refry, three dry eye, wet world one compounded retrofit domestic setting appropriated and an emigrant condition flows it to flip directional valve, identified the bridge burn, paper advertisement and signage – not so much remained, the present gift -. Current struggle for replaying puts the wait list on the tray bank at risk -. Three is too a current repulsion. Infiltrate mark skin spots broadened or local focus on an all cloudy day – bulk the more, traveled dressing crazed to meet the fabric on its roll – the am sized confused by the rules governing impossible -. Ankled sized the smelled sour fruit, the salted leach is moving, but his mouth stays where it is attached, courted with intensions poorly mixed, in profound corners - - - - - that as so uncoordinated in limb they will strike a perfect lullaby bulls-eye to the point - - - - - as sacred as the laughter laboratory muscles being painfully spliced to vegetable – resettled mass to wed and retain – study shirt steel and pinning – border cloud broken down the rain arrives planned the suit prepared the mail vest, bounced the spear and post, thrust struck metaled over, drain dance, deflected from angled approach – nail ridding – carpet coast post, cold, brail, desired profuse cloud informing speckled polished metallic of crystal fracture line binds us, bounds where sometimes just put elbows up to charge - forward look back decapitated in the wake -. The run mill is defended by a pose, and natural a star pitted cross marks from

another side on top the sheet, star filled at the march refused to lower to appeal the higher rise. Held sorted chamber arguments and the lower grips are all make firm a last refresh -. Lower stretch of cord requires word of cost supplied by alternating question answer over other topics earlier were mixed – phobia loan Boolean responding outputs in the kindness of the gentle resting of the senses, phobic nine the sported, waxed in which direction sport of criticism came. As was bored waxed with episodic life, regained a step and then returned, as like with an old house mends itself. Eat worm board, contusions of cracked and broke glass. How afternoon was spent by, well and far behind. Slowed in malted gel and up down and of good and bad. And, slow too in the tent, the tapered portion, and the occupation in the end. Flinch in glowing. Ox day dream. There was, after the portion, and the occupation in the end, a mock ceremony and a tailored mix of vary valved words and properties, the psychic home of things possessed – in a wandry, made by boat house builders but designed to house a sickness of the mind. Carbon cabins scratching away mark, an inverted pencil functions. This looked for, buried in the nest was built from. In consumption of the irritated nettle time the flower will emerge -. Image (of) the rabid fox -. Forfeiting container stolen nickels. Sun seen – stubble accumulates on razor harvest tissue paper with applied witchcraft spell control curse course -... choke on ornament establish contradiction morphology. Menthol numb. Puddle or irrigation. Crumpled story and the word valve. Reformed former ballet flush tub. Too the many headed faces. As mixed in the one it wasn't able to confess or know for certain. It held a thick pad in its teeth to keep from biting through . Murdered feet hammer, skin saw lump extractor beach wagon. Spark shooter. Berry pointer. Shades. Shades of. Tones. Tones of, pitch ripping through the elevator ceiling through its discovered resonance, secret weapon. Dismembers matter. Song blast of ripping. Telephone book, ripped in half, hands. Golden square inch, dirt square in, the price of an island, the cargo bay the flat boat, the skiff the barge and tug, the hauler. The situation brought to the head (of a pimple, white cell release) devices, mechanical release of analog object of animals. AT THIS POINT the thing devoid. Eroded. Plastered, wetting, shrunk around, paper liner, plastic cover. Shrinking wrapage. Elder one shoe clomping, telegraphed. Desire, moves in rotations and swiveling. Chair of desire. Smooth the rattle of the broken signal and the child's device. Sliding and unifying effect – with the burdening of the imprecise replacement parts, long golden worms, which eat the fruit release their acid and return. It washes coins and palace banisters clean. It is remote from common experience. They are long walks. They are individually misunderstood creatures -. Destructive but also stabilizing slivers and splinters in the dark and underground room – sliver, slab, sliver, slab, soft, granite, soft, granite – rainbow colors, broaden scheme. To speak and then to latex hand dissection. Move over then with the predominant condition in the pouch. That window in the brown earth. The brace and position while standing, supporting wall cut down free the fall of weight the building loving thrusting. Bits of collusion and scrapings seen before, alright now the venal move of signaling dust. (in pieces floor ceiling also as accounting for the walls.) as the matriarch, the scattering and prevailing of the word, the elder appearance, in the mask, in the way, in the appraisal received from expert witness, bigger, rigor vigor impressed into the clay, the key in elbows, knees. Summary bad nest pill, released to blinded birds. Evil baskets. Discussed mixtures. Clicked all units on, switch sawed through to disconnect. Begun. To no turn or reversed. Sorted through the back fat until the strand was exposed between the layers and then born again outside -. Principle purpose and memory for dumping into the sea (canister) to hold for slow releasing -. Complain the bunch, complain the scuffing to the park, up to the town, down to the gravel pit, over to the back way, around the abandoned car from four decades ago, and underneath the overhanging arm that slowly cracks away from that most ancient tree -. Complain, the darkness in the walk, complain the cold air at night, and glow of eyes beyond the edges of the path. Seeking soul the mystery garments, softly rained on half protected from the fading by the sun, but running red dye streams from mild dew drops of sweat collected at the valley then, to pour, they are, then pouring when the brim is reached, a muscle then contracts and lowers down the valley wall and floods below will change their world -. Of then after, the grand and enormous and the sting. Swallowed the granulated

plastic, passed, retained, oil products -... stale step -... plastic piercing through that small part (vulnerable) skull location – or soft joining tissue – later at the travel rod that catapults – with its own intelligence of the act -... of relocation, for above, the holding pot though even over time has more resembled something else's outer shell -... keep in secreted time, later, twice. Am, slowing. Bursting the bright pitch - . Everything, belonged, rested while the greased flat moved it still. Stranger part, don't, not progressed over. How happened it, to be halved so late. How the bud emerges from the stump. Impossible -(?) ..(.). What then now after things.

OF ITS OWN POWER crawled away

Proportioned dynamojo the gravitation the head unbalanced, stem supports. Wire shaking serves a cluster. Round sound and narrow thin with tree bark. Solid too, the awkward course of stomachs and, the flavor of liquorish. (crosscut diamond pieces, the stomach in O rings) The mind of motivated fawn looks to dwell the whole. The tar holes the light inside it in its cage – the silver door protecting the order. Pumped out (the work) the slight inflation through intended holes, so for art fullness integrity and steel form. What the floor removes from up above ... amber thief -, erosion, erodes crumbs between. Fragile particles the bug spit silk -, and ass end unwind strand discharge of rope -. How the many passed in years the bend, in farness gone dissolves in wants to do, to leave behind the place in stamped committed will – prevailing upon to speeches, resolution in a poem. Fossil deep inside of all the year, prevented most. Of, the purpose planned. Of, the longest section of a myth -, the tapered part behind the head. The trust of long list members -, and, the private clubs and coded shivers shaking. The earth on tightening finger shades reaching to the topic tips secured inside the ice – lays flat in maps but stacks upon itself -. And the chipped tooth tending, after science -. And the remote deposits, shedding. Second half of the tongue, as well, the sequel. What has not passed as not behind. Smoke. Mint. Culled the animal, the sweat the sticking street – forgiven padding, safe walls, insecured arms. Have the list of letter order used, accompany the space use programmed and the imprinted as it shifts inside a box of bone -. What after that was popping as it grew too sudden. And broke into three thousand beads which broke along perforated lines that lived from the first. Then what sounds are made, and from it arranged. Responding. Wide carriage the cemetery with the shallow plot. Which he could crawl back from, was, should defend extracted from the waxy ring. Preserved? Sampled. Saved from – salvation? Contoured selection. Embravened, emfashioned. Shared, infiltrated. The relation and its options, with the ban on random choice, and emphasis on reading signs, and suspicion of the chemical guide. Smell of pine. The mounds on rounds, the rhyme remembered, alliteration subjugation, time that turns the crank and age that rots the rods. This. Small of heart. Stop start, brakes stop start a things volition with the world scape and terrain -... conditioned with the hammer, set in perfected forms, into the grainy place -... the page soils, the seal leaves a ridge removed – as what we walk, and from the obstacle becomes a monument. Condition of charcoal, raised up. (adored) Of the ripest. Window short vertical infinitely horizontal slit for observance. Flicking finger, reactions. Hide was said, and that was done. With no result was something voided. Action plan. City blocks or circles like for wagons on the round -. Troughs resound for beasts. Drum cones. Bellows. Plank foot path through the puddles make accordion. Imbedded necessity of art -. Observance. Sensory nullification. Want for more. Where am moved to relocation still a crack allowing a seep from and to. How not back as when replaced in aftermath of violent swings. Have not hacked with an axe as into meat of forms. The mind with bat wings rests assured – apple fights, one is ending, teak wood posts thin long pass through cheek and lodge in the gums -... as everybody runs, it is the final parting of the day. Implementing soft rounds for corners. Glissandi along a friction polished rail... juice mirage. Stay the station, excommunicated -... from this list of offenses -. Wheels in place, welded. Useless to move. Advance none. Board but sit patient. Lapsing. Silent and stillness of atoms far apart. The lone meander between them. Who hosts what in the group. Sees through prison. Struck,

passes each a toss. Fearless, place. Drill. Holes. Dismissed the one, despite the hope. In some emotion slot a hate. Forty tides then breathing out. Slowed impression. Diverted to the wall. A ways, the shingle on the house, it dangles tooth from string of gum -. Beyond that, tick, then forest. Pass, in the blackest wind. Ripe with trailers, rainbow yellow melded blue -. Fallen waterproof. Made for lasting into heat, the progress one to two. As hadn't been for care but abandon. Stiff enough to blast through many high and consequent embattlements of cotton. Made for else the curse of plank and drops. Nails dawned, dead in line. Dry next matted floor, cloth dropped, mopped, sun dried. The grid. Foil over some small tip -. In the violence crowned. Was diffused, with small alerts, on crow-like call announced. And all the forces, that that drilled between. Hand exploding where withal it was along the wire pole, voltage jumping and the arch like Frankenstein and frogs. Hold happy legs and dispatched final twisting in the go-go dance electrified as even skinned and ionized the salt conducted nervous energies on two sides of the water from our sea. Two sides ocean meant. Slap the land, the grab with fate and the carnal in the grass the proper courtyard just beyond. When of the distant one was bailed, a soft phone, and the needle headed worm. Give life. Of birth. Remote. The judge postponed removal of the wheels, the sled was resting on its nuts, the wheels retract from fear the slice. Motivating, found it home. Denumbed. Night or day. Once described the coughing fit, salacious in the urges bed was in the middle stage, eyeing vision quest.

The Miles that Shake the Knees

For what we knew, it was announced
as if the first brought short
was best to saddle a retreat
and waddle home, the sallow face enlarged inside
the pitted lens the hub that mounted first the hole
but that we knew,
it was the something else, defined as round
and narrow in the gill, that was the sliding thing
most often after sleep that rid our tasks
and burrowed deeply drawing down in spirals
like its corkscrew shape was twisted
recognized
but stilled before the wake.
At the rim to stay and sip
amid the stool shell and clump of grass and wet clam singing once
the shapend was, and still as if at post assigned by passengers the ship that
there to signal though it sunk at sea, it waited,
weighted by itself the mushroom tube that anchored at the spot
and never moved but for the reaching of the mandible,
but once, then after only twice.
Beaten down, then up one side
retreating with the drum its skin that echoed the contortion of its suffering,
in the resonance the bass which in the long would shake away the gravel to reveal
the seamlessness the ground which was the vessel of the host
that bared it on the surface of the land,
and on that many mileage, in the stage,
the actions born repeated came, and once entranced,
where

made in multitudes of actions in the midst of many born to act, and nothing else
that moved them was
the worthy to record
until the time that now, so broken by the recollection of the accident wake from sleep
had introduced the tube and taper worm that sat and sipped, and was
a force made one time then twice two times hence
then introduced, as was the foreign glyph, a fossil, sitting in
the garden
was with stone
but still, akin but one, alone, and destined always to be found the gem
among the dross of rock. Break me now was said or sensed, but hard deflected every throw
so it remained.
Solving, waiting, restitution expectations sitting still for judging
past incentivised elder even in the passing let it hobble and abuse and mock,
as was the way it knew, and all it knew. The young with heads bit off and cleanly
so with confidence the act and purity, the bodies wiggle then they run and rest nowhere to go –
head loss –

.
No fight for thought –
that time that dotted
peppered in the epidermis deeper than the pore
the mark the memory
partly winded, part remiss
white drained the pink that flowed the river
tapped the trunk
and sat, and sat and turned to glass.
And the murder from the loins
the testimony doctor
back
undid
unscience
unhabit
un the truth
undone.
Partly, breaks the barrier of sound,
and smaller rations make a claim
and that they give a name remaining secret in the unheard language
that was understood
and far away back to the source
with stripped thread and flattened wheels
and crumpled, flame retardant paper still was shredded in the engine
was forgot, but even it had livings of the cell,
the center and the pulse returning to the footsteps
of a march, and added to,
in numbers
first abstract and then adhered to solely so
it amplified and filled the ear,
and throat, and mouth and then the space of heads and finally,

chest holes sucking breath until it held in something clenched and was a vice
impossible denying stronger than the board to which it clamped -.

Glory bound the beating head retreat the back direction turning backward feet
which thought they were in flight
how and so much confused to win
brace the impact after full for stop
am ready rested even now, to slow
respond already, at repose.

Wait the drinker at the fountain then,
to long companion follows best
the coursing and the staid, the soot on white heel balls the bleached leather
passing at the edge of flames
surrounding always solid missions
mortar made and batter ground for wheat the pebbles of the teeth
and gizzards full
and that was readied once, confused while forgotten from the arm
but while returning, came a path that dragged a corpse and then another
and, then others more forgotten, and a salvage operation commenced
and this we have, the modified the chicken mouth
but well prepared, as it was no one but
inserting through a tattered fold
the

hand that labeled on it God pressed down
and made a sample with the message
don't expect.

Stupid (word) of unremorseful
acting
exemplar role portrayed
the rounded, baking, tiring
'slaught that made a line that followed on a crack burst open as the bread
but on the back along the spine
too far to even scratch
the itch
was done.

Don't worry this, was said the words emerged whispers in the midnight after ambers cooled,
but, then, don't expect.

Subtle with the sledge
the stupid at its source.

The beginning trail
It is, and only, just the start.

If they had that way, that ambling way
to murder,
know they would
in an arch
the wall there white as clouds
the arch of every drop.

That wayward wall
That shakes the knees.

PUNCHED THE HOLES IN bright bombardments out

Cannot can
should but will and most composed is matched by orders slight adrift
gnarled growth the twigs into the bulk of trunks and down to roots impoverish with choking into each
may it going
moisten each step too
along the rumbling incline, and then further down before prepared
the fallen house
the standing wall
the window with a balanced single shard
and color streaking once across the air
a melted glass and metal bar
revealing God's broad accident displayed
as magical as nooses in the wind that more than patience as a guest
remind that soon tomorrow comes and comes just like it in a line.

West, right
eaten in the wake
the bag collapses through a rough support
the rib and net sewn in and stitched in double layers
now protrudes,
and yawns, and open like some legs,
you should cast your glance
beyond the shoulder, then
under the leg
before the evidence removed
should make for longing
and regret, the ship that passed, -
as in that pattern
with the tired mind
grows nagging
entries more than exits
as the body not a port
is convincing
but as loud as know,
the hard surviving soul
that one that marbleized both ankles
but would even wander on two
wooden stilts instead,
that beauty figures
finds the grace of flower ointment
and the flow of gowns
and silk and spinning creatures even as

the garments worn, to sew and spindle around
each subsequent move
so perfect is the fit that garment
made in place to follow every move as made –
but, for now putting forward
in the tatters and the sores they make
and with the heaviness of homesteads wound around
foundations in the creases and the torso beam
holding now for fearing thieving
tests to find the proper place,
has drifted many years
so earth is shifting and the basement
bound to many lands
the holds and bins
the vegetable and pipings of the home
that just the hole and air behind the collar and the pits
provides then
hit the ground and hit it hard
and take it once –
it not so far now more to walk
poles, slabs, morbid concrete

...

Milk with iron filings
had emboldened in the early day
before the sun had burned away
and, when the doubt of sleeping
needed firming
showing in an ornament
of stationary things
resisting at the limit of dead weight
to shake the razor back
but ill they know
so dress it still
for tedious days and hours
shame for honor
piling impositions
even as the puppetry and as
the mocking of a corpse with
posing and the rifle butted grope,
is something last akin to that –
then, renouncing every other turn
the pilgrimage
modeled on processions from
an older church
with touchstones
with convicted submissions
with the feast
and losing who it was revered

appeal with genitals
and opulence
lower and the groveling
ejaculations where they walked
of sickened praises
reddens gods
and shy to see, but fascinates
the flurries
active in the spit –
but this is all,
a wry connection –
plastic on the march.
Shuddering, for cold
not fear, as naked
this was made
the point, from looking up.
As one steamed ready
incense hiding evidences
whored for actors
formal moral play
the props rolled out,
prepared annoying masks
how large, inflated
should be swelled
to composition
in as heat reverts the fever
so does order draw –
continued
as with sayings,
on that same retired way.
It was a blessed, and a researched, and a wire with enamel skin unknown that proved that thread to pull
and following, from that start
while in the hull for eons like
it ready still for pushing with the
yellow green of earth and feeding
by the sun the substitute and proxy
was the bulb(s)
makes no matter of the cadence
or resounding making scope of horns and drums
and pounding feet in cartoon dances
still, and of its own
buds,
when it wishes
and regardlessly
the opening.
In sweetened tubes and
matching form
follow, like the flies

revering, from degraded pose
revere along in waist high mud
prepared to cleave abrade and blister
wading to a touching stone
or block from hapless trees
or some slippery pink when wet or granite slope
that's deemed a seat but nature haplessly
in its secret past had crushed
and inadvertently
this throne or monumental slide,
as the station,
in absurd tradition
consummates.
It is as with a
cool grazed evening
or particulate dawn
numbness falls
arriving time
and roaring
even in the peaceful part
a stifled pillow over every mouth.
Feed the yawn of oxygen
steep the barrel 'till the boards can bend
to make, the extra accommodation
written of, expected through
redundant of imagination
returns, or just, arrival,
given hope.
Amend to that
the building
through awaking voices,
some hook or hint
refrain
again.

So sleep and deadly portraiture
bubbled, glistened and set on surfaces ice blisters
nervous in conditioned laughter
geometry with multitudes, soft tabs
by angled order, extracted, reset,
confused. Even as by birth.
Over its arrangements.
Sharing, blocked and unobstructed
best built in diagonals
the indirected
pretension.

Soon, the blue light, and through the trees, beginner's baskets, weaving invisible water hands then to tether posted to the earth and bent into the ground the branches growing down to meet the roots complete the tree and send the wheeling, everywhere across and over, wooden wheels. Nature intuit, graceful battery in ranges too and basins bigger bowls, and flying sods to tumble ledge to sea the giant world.

Reflex makes a quicker pace the way the brake to stop is also flinching – where the nobs, from ruralness and the wrestled hard escape, confront a passive viewer on a picture plane. In the action of the dance when one side then the other leads of one's own self, convulsing, then contorting until twisted in the lasting state from which the other self should take relay control, there is only literal admission to the slug, which moving leaves his calligraphic art behind -... coddled. There is a tourniquet around the sagging eye -. Bailed and over water boards. Of them they sawed in twos and threes. Of them off conditioned from the shores at nine miles waiting. Tied the self down to the cement block inside the trap tied off and leapt out with the buoy by the time was pulled up spotted drown already crab held his nose. Of am shorn, the freshly manufactured saddled with the drifting, could be shared how all, remarks. To wish outgrown. And of should last it out, and should be pleased nearer me. As popular that was encouraged, in a mastery, as itemized and was sorted of a soil to chisel down and bury out – and tell of what of the pilgrims and one salted that, as the two nights clown, and that seem the stable min-, when descended that of -, maximum, the paddle in, the long address – tomorrow doesn't rhyme, or force the feeling on the gathered and the simple dwelled. Am better ones, to saw the pieces through that haven't much to know it by but old machines, and coffee irritated roughs -... isolated in (the artificial holding bay) when we reserved certificates and difficulty, that critical we called, and then, would be allowed. So, can talk in black and white accounting for the color words, so tired from the hoist from level one with rope into the attic center and expressed by angry boxes should be let to go to rest, some slow. Perception didn't for the road to wander clearing wood the circle ice and ring of spores marking this a target, will I calm, form of, made the pushing sound beneath the table boards, that added to, the sorted when the lumping most would sour discuss, the doctored burning in the non liberation – something said again before its tasked away, and added to, the elevated hour, should be shown a solid in the partial weave of deliberating, when was held in by the muscle closing then in reminiscent utterance joined to grip that honors powers cavort subject to the passive casting as if bathroom laden unconfirmed in night display, the sentimental lingerer, and up the minded near tree top, there to influence in shade – also what it didn't know – mixed infusions wishing, short consuming wonder waits, and not the breathing caves' dry floor -. Fades for wading in corrosiveness to bleach the cuffs and whiten European flesh – no fading timed, the fetish in the coded amplitudes of washing, back and forth, and, the scrub board played enthusiastically by more the comely maid – frankly as then later, as wildly as followed into my temporary dwelling as was expected by the official virtue not encumbered by the office trade. Four pinnacles the spires of the radio towers the low haze on three day rain and grappling with the drowning melody – megalithic stacks the night plumes orange through the horizontal line less perfect more the power – wherein the chemical dumbed had bedded down – this the anticipation of that and then the other – best concentration harmonized the white lines – the flush of the acid – the pipes convoluted in exterior retrofitting – arranged and then embedded in that lobe – the ghost shell of molding – cut off limbed self part fast moving making – and the hole in the chair – in positions of the corrective measure then the rule was applied. It was goodbye to what memory chain was locked on – evaporation – the wake and breakfast steamed – smelted in the armory, and bodies arch fused the ripe of accidents. As the blocks piled there should have been a single casting, as the wood piece or the magnets in a dance. The man with hair of fashion swore there was a tunnel opening that only he could see. Transitions but for body color, scales. Shades and canopies. It is a jungle HERE. ...to bleach the intestines with soft drink, and the special pledge. There, the man who has been holed is further reduced to testing and slow

extractions, and filling in questionnaires. Then the dough is holed and thus doughnuts made. This is the progression through vehicles. A body as a car then box, a plastic wrapper and then an ice box for organs.

THE CORNERS ARE TURNED the inner segments are untouched

Peaceful hand
finger grips are cut on mica and shale
gold and black speckles and
porthole sheets
distorting to see
iron spark,
oxygen bright odor mixing sulfur
widened eyes with pinched nostrils
slow as approaching the top
solid to the heaving and jumping
of the activated physic that
calls cold attention to it,
the emaciated gland
which how the spirit in its seat
begins to bob from left to right
and threatens in this act
the dropping of the sympathetic head,
the cracking of the whip thin spine
and placing
in the tome that other tomes describe
a short and shallow note
regarding how it passed,
and where the future steers
as this port lapsed
into the dark, now -..

sole and introduced the part now, substitution
taking, word and score
pass somberly until is by and then beyond
suppressing all but grunting sound
because the pig will out
and dig down to the roots
and accidentally turn a bone –
and not avoidable
for tie or starched shirt like this,
or a diamond on the cuff
this pig will still out -..

each time outbreak
one is more
and gaining
harder and withheld
as the flowering

that ruptures upward
with a voice and claim
and next to it,
another, done the same, -

the predictions, the
foreshadowing
and,
the leitmotif
formulate among us wishes –
should be died of poison –
pause of phrase
and tired of trying
while replaced
to ease in with no cause suspect
and be expected, in the stand –
as grace draws to it failings late.

In removing make the school exchange the child
the imitation educate
one block inserted on the next
and this is progress,
through the graduation dation
grade
the hand duration
edit of it
give it jointly stabbed
retrained, how in
the effortless low
in the movement act
binds thinning taste to the sharpest spice, -
trailing -, through the
telescoping opening -.
If that than the walk through
folds but
without fight, a lapse resulting
leads you, through a speech
and unattended whole of tribute and revision,
and the later testing
of attention, and
the wandering faith
which accidentally finds returns
but likely lost once sprung,
the curses, happened,
forced retrieval not
exaggeration spring load ways
pincushioned here

the back side broadened
ready to deflect this likely
well prepared
and well groomed when made preparation tooled
privately for use -. Wrong and
right again -. The hinge, outswung screen the door.
Half abuse quartered –
button basement
staffer.
In the future and not of planned
and in the future dystopia
warned on blue lined white paper in red letters -...
with the optional rewriting unhosted –
there will be stories of maiming. A branch of the stick is for eyes the accident of trackers and the
narrows of the twig with whittled nubs and one branch y - ing at its end for catching manages the fish
that caught -...
mod and attributes –
hurdle mission making, crossed to many x es
with the marker and the segments of the worm –
wipe water born to lasting
off the pipe and tube of bending with the power of
deceived mind cannot express the way a stomach does by pushing in and out -...
on continuing and sapping
dribble magnetic wet along a shaft -...
the place of holding the clips against the pieces until they dry,
magic construction palace, vocal colored chunk with sticky lipped cords, dangles elastic drool – again
foreshadowing –
to break apart the table with abandon –
molded in reverse -
rattle sentence
over bumps
heavy dark overcoat
invisible stain
sized various letter until fell into sounds.
Sawed undone to tear, the rotation of the accident observation reformed -...
Possible
the ball grows feet as it rolls, advancing to ankles, knees legs, hips, exuding walkers -...
what has happened -...
should digested food remain -...
the purest puff, the distribution by the current of
the pins compiled in messages
winding into wax words -...
the location in the dream keep changing -...
and the same rock dissolved repeatedly -...
extreme advancing in mechanical parts, in the dream drifting,
under pines –
what happens to faces
dream drifting, white clouds and soft clods beneath the head

while rest
pulled away,
watched,
to the woods,
was privately,
and thinking, stories in the dark
the dirt crushed velvet
and passing, through the places similar to legends
washing them
in stories, my own dream drift
buckling, and salted joints,
fungus limbed trimmed tree whirling sounds knock down
the creaking in the wood to follow that
and find
the one
from there
a story then and maybe
bedding down, the foundation burned down shack, stone wall melted glass –

arbitrary as the stopping
hesitation follows blending,
cruising follows itch to go –
have been in foggy steps
transitioned through a dirty snow
and felt the lumps' arrival from the south –
in the speckled colors the way eye glitter falls
but now from willows
the north arrives the glacial body closes tightly on the gap
and now direction merges
everywhere to go is gone and everything at once is here or there
the sleeping cell enjoys in the vacuum
as the margin drifts,
as the margin lapses
as the margins overlaps the achievements
of the mastering fact,
there is a convenience
which embraces
and a connivance gnawing a hole
and this
is in an equal balance
on diamond tipped scale
with the pressure to love.
Tomorrow, bordered floor to wall
the planes mingle from monotony
an appreciative audience forms conservative lines
the makes rows around corners especially,
to disguise their number from either side
as the like to line themselves

over crests of hills
up one side, down the other, to reveal but withhold
in the same row.
It is the acting intellect of the mob
in reverse of the mindless beast
so characterized
by popular movies
and as the artist
misunderstood.
In rough estimation,
a small percentage
also turn
in opposite
directions.
A choice made takes
a general
form
so
transitions
occur as commonly as changing shirts
all while (and why, asking)
itching continues.
Flow forms feed to a mass from the short and narrow incubations
it is enough of a home
and on she goes,
progressing in, where steeps are deeps
there are lime to ease the recycle,
there are prunes
to bed the dawn.
The fish in chowder was the first elimination
next the centuries
and the burdocks in the fields -
slides the recess of passengers,
the delegation to the propers,
the half chopped unit, as of the dried time, surformed.
Aloft, the side attached by buttons
soldiers downed, artists drop like flies -...
these ones in the fight, to open
split brain syndrome.
Where there is run down skinny best forms, where surviving is cost,
ground shifts colors opposed to weight, three heels,
powered extinction, gas blast, frost alerted,
slate towels
pipe sheets
lead hand lines
jaundiced grippers
adoring – drive focus i-amble
a rare moss drink –

tired light,
lessens blinking, half blink, half closing lids to shut, -
and to walk when something wasn't new, the cold to seek, evade heat blast through syphon holes
for gathering,
forbearance alone, chin jutting splint and bone graft with the ass – for better slaughter –
milk seed weed in the carnival wagon parking spot -, -
participating but in some invisible or slight way, turning down the collar and up the cuffs,
breaking news over bold headlines speaking.
Away for the afternoon in the launching, turbulence, water courage, drowning mix in cellophane
spice shake bag chick sticks, sea week, everything ocean, deep gel, cucumber sea -. Promotions. Serial
advances. The former stick is thrust into dirt but barbed end secures it like it spreads – a root – it flowers,
too – and, the art opinion grows, as would a mouth that fills with saliva can't be swallowed can't be spit
-... blind mossy regions of underneath. Wagner horns. Old television in a wooden box, tube radios, short
waves sets, first crackling of transistors effect short in the ear, close speaker, late discussions occult -...
better forgetting sour greening blood clots -
better than charge to chop and block, chop and block –

prehensile tail and service charges
painted punching bag, blow flakes,
the poo and sweat ball of the monk
concealed, that floats along the rim
inside the water bottle you've been
drinking in until you hit the bottom
and too late, you even can smell its
bitterness and sour lurid wisps that
rise from it as if a tiny creature set a
fire in a nightmare -...

knuckles raw and spotty with
white flecks (flicking off)
or considerations for the prospect of bursting
for many yards related to a game or copulation,
many more and has had at the rutting
swarming, too, nature experimented filaments
address in each closing, any occupancy
unaccounted, ready to dismiss, or call on what absorbs –
wandered on the vine in far offending
and, or softer fruit, in gloss of definitions physical defining,
questioned closely source –
wander mechanical, until the builded level threw the gear which slammed the door and locked timer. An
olive colored driveshaft military cellophane shake and bake and powder questions the source again -...
every affront is a crippling scar tissue seam
don't be looking
too awfully close
the neck is threaded
so to fit a block
and make a swivel action
to accommodate the imposed and foreign purpose - ...

best done blasting in a sheep's path, soft cotton done.
Run under over under arms used to leverage up a page,
wire supports given invisibility suggest the miracle
defeat through illusion
drain fawning.
From risk to rain,
bag shoes, ice frozen ledges embankments, friendly lightning.
Solid enough on the cash end, will risk coming.
Closed around the mob fire.
Settled into gums and mud.
Fair losing mileage across the dry
corn cob man in whicker nest, hunger pangs, spilt the way fire wood opens up the axe –
in lumber now
sawdust knee deep
pond for floating –
mill for amusing and fingers lost –
nothing for mending –
saddle sandal taste bud dry heave laundry –
maid nursed paid
expected to be the plow,
who put apart the place, the rusted car and open fire hydrant
the city window and country sill
the crust shaved off the thickened, swollen mass of available edges
which are all the forced silences of being that, ignored –
the operation of the ribs, the redundant roll over protection, the one that continues rolling never
stopping to expose its vitals lasts until starvation. Salt particles, fans and belts, wet whistles.

Spray something
accidental, followed by intentional.

How to plan the accident.

Feel extent to which the self is streamlined.

At some opening with a draft.

Here to inhibit phasing. Making a wall.

Blanket swimming, odder by the oyster, ripples beneath the chin and sinking -.

Floral bonnet with the teeth clenched around a piece of brick, trying to balance on two metal trim stilts.

Releasing oil, toughened, complained about, attempted correction, ill memory.

Beasts all flesh no bone, burrowing, muscling.

Used beaks second sales.

Porous imagined with sprouts, hair coils, electrodes, car batteries and floor wax -.

There is a mesmerizing table.

Cannot come to understand something.

Which one is the caution state.

Which side is left of right.

Which side is to the right of right.

Where is the right of left.

Filter soften gravel with the stone.

Boil the floor before the other things arrive.

Uncovering, dry river bed has closed and is dramatic line with three dimension moving through a living field – black snakes are underneath boards and shingles, scattered by time and storm, buckets wells cans and bottles, chest and hinges landfills clutter overgrowth underneath outer wooded uphill stone wall fallen in adding, piles. Despondent the road of preclusion, unexpected salvation. Progress with a plow that rearranges delicately, dial to style, provides – fabricated like furniture from a kit and pressboard engine – Hasbro plastic pistons -, slant six, burns eye-white -. So in the needle of the dawn – two figures, moving in a snowy hill, on a green bed – look out over the rolling countryside wandering – some worship draws them here, earlier, - daylight service, Easter? Tidal feeding, claws click a frenzy – the crabs look out over a smoothed rock horizon, cloud of brine – raise and lower eye stems, blinking – paw of fine cut results – wells are filling with creeping stars – the ocean is mechanical now – it spells allot out for advantage and abuse – leathery, feeling parts, rubbing parts, scratching, pecking part – absorbing, surrounding envelop parts, clouding parts, feasting, parts of the hatch – sitting as a kindly part, comfort – the candidate for visitor, for presenting and the sleeping part – side buffeted spring board air sealed hollows of rubber capsules – challenging, for ease to swallow – nine releases – name recall, long arm to write on, species – where-in the work of mastery, the joy the water cucumber feels in the pool before he’s freed, - heightens averaged sensation in the thumbs and palms, and combats weakening numbness of the stroke – dangerously heavy tree leaves dropping three hundred feet in the canopy – meteors, glow burn spots cold in the night sky – floppy essence of a traumatic release, from side to side oily spills through scales to ground – we should be carving corners out of precious materials, and protecting our shins with stressfully produced insect fabric – praise, fully, leg broke healed then stood one year, position for a sacrament, two blocks leaned on torso one block takes the weight the other pressed on for the leg, begin it again after healing, three setting, each time, make the bend another forty five, - shared, veiled by sheer living plant fiber, pass on, the film over the hand veils also the exchange, and shames the merchant -. As the brill is to the whale, goes -. Willed, demanded, taking as position based spreading with a seeder, roasted around a heated rod – heart arising, the questioned plummeting of dependence warned them -. It was in a secreted stash, a head was carved from wood and let to wax and wane alone. Flash of sun, blue cool regress, - arriving not too wall long at the hall basket, child proof stair with razor-wire banisters – not to every taste, but flash décor – apply at the kiosk in front of the beach house – were the do the drownings - like to test before falling through the ice with cleats and rider’s long coat - alive stood under, belly weight unique quality – dry eye purge –

lung flush with Epson salts and runoff – slap against the parts compared the rinse across a gap, the bag the sound of clams as spitting in the flats and

MY OWN FERMENTED WORDS'

blackened glow

GLAZING PATH TO THE DUMP, THE Mrs. Moss, tended to by two remedial sons, is dead on her pine bough, they drag her having fashioned it into a sled and stoke the flames with garbage bags and tinder and abandoned window frames from the old elementary school, and then when billowing speaking into the day sky throwing burning embers long slivers of toilet rolls and what not flaming, they heist their mother onto the flames, and stand back as she pops and coughs out blackest smoke of petrol from her mighty and voluminous folds.

Tomorrow they bless, caught up in short and underwater weeds, the coating drift tax of the seepage to the well, make ill recollection one day before, approximated predicted precisely timed events concurring -...daring drain covers over piped roof water shower solutions, cross the off-the-grid believing of the optional priest -. Thorm Strumpet. Who has long elegant fingers and parlor attentioned nails, and who strums the air, his head tilted to one side and eyes closed, enjoying his own imagining of playing the most pleasing music on an imaginary instrument of unearthly technical difficult, tone and beauty -...

My torso is suddenly and raggedly cut through.

Bend-e-drum, who has pink skin membrane between his multiple limbs standing seven feet tall who flaps the air and flings a comforting breeze, and once accosting some passer or dweller with comforts, bends up and down one thousand times in a flurry of courtesy and humility – then it's back to the battlefield. Damn expectation!

Part of you lands at my feet.

There are sounds of stage effects.

And angel profiles – Vladamass the knocker – who seeks solids, wears a long coat like a bank robber Cole Younger lined with bands inside holding secretly hammers made of all matter, will find the best to knock on any substance – to make a sound, pronounce a presence – it is enough, for all of that, to just knock - ... glass eyes, 90 percent water eyes – blaspheme seeing eyes. Coming together of those (forces) bottled, essence – don't like making holes in things - ...

Better not to pick at things – find yourself stuffing something back in a hole you made -...

compartments, color coded boxes, - place for intestine, stomach, liver -... saving old things. Hunters gatherers. Shredded paper garments for walking in the moss covers forest bed, take a green stain, adapt you, dissolve off your skin -... projecting impressions of a lifetime onto passive tree trunks -... resolving to improve, seeking, finding scratching, - exfoliate – sand blast – hack relieving stomach tension, cutting fireplace wood – preparing the pleasant place – build the fire, make a seat in the snow, reasonable distance – in case – arrival. Under pressure to leave, stay, elbows raised, even when the ice comes, let it freeze that way, you still are shifting in your sockets eyes and little bit at joints (ball sockets) just a quarter or a twelfth – vanquish and repairing, underneath pressure -. Stop and then best crease the time. Then to place it, find the chair with sturdy back, let it lapse, and over the edge, the fold will form. With no would be the time. Catch the glimpse, it is all, the best. Let it lose. The rope should be laying on the ground. It should be completely done, no visible graduation. A one-for. Sit back and see what it does. Now maybe the others will hit the field. It is not a competition. They don't know about challenge. They were built out of mushrooms broken bones and car parts. There is no human sentimentality or animal hunger. Some drunk says this is my life, suspension spring and femur finds its way through an ear and out the other, all fish on a branch sing choral for that -. Immolation blues. How far back can be clocked, to two, to follow behind the tractor picking up odd shaped potatoes and bringing them home, to put on the kitchen window sill with the green glass telephone insulators and the three blue Shirley Temple glasses -...and the wire is coming out of the ear -... transformation between Mother Goose and Revelations -. Catching up to lining up – speaking foam content into the outline, presses out the edges, hernias. Relicking toxins onto the roadside -. Rig mortum. Batty. Flooding content comas. Coma contests and comas on parade. Coma protection and coma prevention. Sore stand up, sore prevail, sore wind. Invasion into dead head space -.the bottle. No one knows what it is. It is stuffed with newspaper from November 1937 and mashed red grapes. What is the cause what is the purpose. Three moose do battle with antlers in a wooded clearing, the bottle on its side three feet away narrowly missing being crushed by the scuttling hooves in the dirt and snow -. It is mid-January. Mystical connivance from treetops, from below the frozen layer of earth. Solidly, starting the move toward the perfect act, this is a play list. Relicking to laughing, retreat to hooves in the dirt and snow, now the sabers slicing air and leaving sheet slits passed through many times before sewn closed by attendants covering many borders. Better out not the packages. Gasping, funnels. Spit collectors. Spinning drums. Drill sounds. No costs for reason. Glory matches asphyxiation in gross weight. Sorting through the cigar box of delicate deeds. Who is that lame host. There are three oversized toes on that one foot – calipers under his sleeves -. To distrust, or fear -. Intact. Hand down waist coat. Red scarf. Don't warn more. Peaceful sleeping. Enter the lifetime mashing pit bowl to the entry way deletion up to chins in edges, rounded the provided home, and the insinuated curse that no one names. These are maximum partitions between cubicles. Salt licks. Deficiency. Turn around says the sign.

Beauty in a rice triangle -. Forever debted while the making sounds -. Traveler, tuned the sound state. Forest of stiff standers. Lined up notch-like in a field. Is it a place to go, to gather. Like a revival tent meeting. No. slow to become task fitted. Notching down the hooked slide pole. Repelling the natural wall. Where bracing yourself comes from. Come to be calmed by firelight. Tender freight load, gate bent and spindled. Cough matching, target nests. Impact onion. Thrown dawn to taste, uncooked red, steam yellow, roasted Spanish, mistreated scallion. Slow gliss of warning bubbles, screaming captured in an airtight encapsulation. Blissness. Bold bunches. Lax terminal. Wandered doggery. The mixer insemination by proxy. Masterful unions. Peaceful equivalents and stooge eccentrics. Stem facade posing. Uncle up buttering, congested sally state. Loosing borsht bucket, screen mash, tensile retainer, posture dam. The Dom. Issues. Topical cloth pattern, remembrance and grass fire. Local volunteer department. Age dump. Pestering pester pride. Raw beets eaten stillness stains. Radiation pit-marks. Durable goods shadow. Broken lots of lines. Silvo slats. Submo litions. Barbo branch to beams. Coils

carsundry. Carved colostomuns. Sailing sarduchis. Crap iron file skit. Shorn shock. Order of appraisal, push buttoned staff analyzer. Grumble grouse queen. Defective nails spell words across day breaks while holding tight. Auction gases. Your maiding of milk requests. Leather belt crack sutures. Blaw. Blug. Blorg. Borl. Vase submissive. Pitcher dominate. Waist radish. Burl. Prophet of loins, construction at temple foundation, chipped tooth burial to claim authorship, dry noodle. Heat lightning. Muffled voices, indefinite sounds of hammering on the roof. Attention to square centimeter of porous skin, infiltrates of small sharp weed seeds, embedded, sprouting, twine 'round facial hairs – sharing. Bundling. General choices. Standardized forms for quality controlling. Style is fire retardant. Ivory mob. Large cat paws, intercepted. From a gate post and a sand bag. A marriage. Photos from separations. Slow to vegetable pacing at the cognition pool. Measurements require running as there is movement to account for -. Am beaten out by a source mustard. The prophet unknown in his own land. There iron and its rust, and a cloak and a raw carnivorous fish and a circumstantial situation bud, and a maturing flow of combinations, there so thick in other forces tides are forming, second waves, and wakes -. Currents wind in torrent of sidewinding, like a side hinged spine controls, around deeply posted wooden dowels – it is a condition set, there is rise and fall of surface terrain, dowels always even sunken depths, tops higher most trimmed so you could lay a roof across the space they are dispersed across and form a perfect level upper shelf -. This some sentient defines as close to godliness, the action and the creation. What should be made but more, now becomes a will, to replicate, to spread, and wider across, and any direction, the shelf, the territories of the posts and currents and the spinal actions. As like the wooded path, and expansive clearing, low grass clods, one tree a center and a perch and a blind, then just as distant to an edge beyond, and a partial opening there between old trees, another battered road, and ending with a flat of un-vegetated land, before a deep hole, a gravel pit, where dirt of tiny stones and sand was mined for local building driveways recreation areas for children, horse paths and tent sites. And in the center of the gravel pit, a single stone of composite and granite, the size a truck or shed, and sloped one side to access of the top, and you could crawl or climb and gain the upper shelf, and there it's flat, and you can sit for days or overnight and rest - and in the pit below is like a mote, and when it rains it fills with water but for one narrow walk as wide as feet of dirt to the stone, so sitting on the stone, you are as high as is the outer rim, and you are sitting level with surrounding ground, and you can see then, in the night, the glow of moon reflecting in some predatory or some watching evening eyes just even with your own -... a special kind of fragment, from the crater of a hammer's strike, the circular dent, not perfect but raised on one side or lowered at the other reflecting in it uneven force or imperfection of the carpenter, this fragment from the crater comes, as made in one act, a release from a previous elemental form, to a new compacted one, with infrequent cellular partition compacted by impact, and this comes out a little dish in the shape of the hammers head, perhaps, a crescent, attaching itself then falling free, and from the edge where most the force was first received -. And, creation from that remnant blast, the first. That drama, heard for miles in peaceful hours, the striking and the blow. And, a fish shaped envelop, around that soft morality play -. Hyper-focus, a camera, a blade of grass among the number on a golf course -... dangler (tail ends) trailings from the ends of soap opera, and the sung port, when to allow to enter must engage in tour around in which a tone sustained will sweeten every part that's passed around, or, the intervals, transmitted and together and at once in time to pile a chord, for microtones some thirty thick per 8, and evenly except for last between the next to highest and the top-most, which is longer by three thirtieth steps -; sung as like this at the opening circular to fit around the mouth you trust to place extended lips into a cold and darker space beyond that gate and even teeth and gums can feel the cold and throat and lungs are chilled so when you pull if you would away, it would appear your breath is filled with smoke, then having sung and given up to subjugate, the gate will suddenly find oil and it flows a river down across its ancient hinges and with a ripping sound of a million phone books halved at once, it opens, swings wide, confidently, un hesitantly, fully. Open. Here could quickly dry out and fall down at

once, or fly into many swirling hydrating harmonies and eye closed peaces. Hydrating harmonies and eye closing peaces.

Hydrating harmonies ...

and
gug

eye

closing

peaces.

Brain enabled, stem shaved and waxed dry lubricated, sealed with live varnish. Colored with light weight alloy silver aluminum and titanium gasket, in a telescoping array of adaptable, upgradable retrofit circulatory ventilations, secured with marrow mending bone technologies and plastic twist ties -. One has been replaced by a metal and foil twist left over from a loaf of bread. Now the mind is ready. Next stages, a new day. Arrive today are cargo bay trailer truck barge planes of body links to chain in a round the world bio strand elbows growing (groaning) into sockets and knee caps loving lower lumbar into one, and gently moving so, slowly, unraveling string from the spool to encircle, delicate and elegant as a tattoo thirty years in the sun and foot heavy as a truck driver eating hamburgers seventy years without leaving the cab -...how so, as the battlefields are so stretched over centuries, the body is prepared in far advance of the intention. It is a variety of caution that is only a murder reflex far buried but not so deep. And not so long or distant, so is far in extent some other. Sincerity. Something solid and wet lifts out of the ground into the air and remains several feet suspended though it is as wide as a continent. While it hovers over many mountain ranges which are very high, still only floating evenly and uniformly above ground no more than four feet, still, it touches no earth, and is not tilted or shifted to accommodate the rise of land masses of natural structures, rather, it is completely flat, and equalizes the environment to adjust it, without touching damaging lowering or raising. Leaf butter. In the process of cobbling out of pieces of throw away material, the composite can be formed from a will or intention compression, while the pieces may remain of any ratio or size in inclusiveness; the proportion can be equalized by the matters significance in material sensitive application. By applying to directed, most appropriate use for any of the composite materials, you create an object of equalized elements, with everything, parts, working to the same maximum appropriateness or suitability. Wrap a gold foil around the root. It becomes expensive with the tree instead of the carrot. Should be who the one who closes the gate. Fluctuation. Border enclosing. Bright light exposes hinges to perfection, mechanism falls in neat stacks. Distrust. Each turn exposes a different color tone and shade, -... spectral arrivals through crosshairs -... a

hard fantasy, being pressed into something soft by with tactile gentle spirit, but with, WEIGHT behind that isn't to be resisted by any equal -... it is unpleasant though softer than a cloud -? Striking into it exhausting as the forceful fling of cotton balls -. Metal alloys, more resistance, then a smell of fingertips that loved to rub the metal pipes at home -... what was it in the yard, was found a length of twelve inches hard and grey heavy underneath a board and living with a salamander, near the embankment down the Penobscot, and the yellow foam from paper mills and sulfur rain -, oh it was the friend of every child his fantasy like bb guns it was the pipe that you could bite and leave a deep and shiny impression from your teeth, that lovely lead. Revelations lost incentive in mixing bowls. Every should make a molten and a solid core that battle and a lay down place in between, wrapped in chunks of brittle stone and poisoned pet treats -. Every should win a prize themselves awarded. Every a sinking in the eyes that the dying have then after passing -. Chewing mint leaf. Folding heavy cardboard, watching as it springs to life -. Feeling as if squeaks in the folds. Compare the dry mask. Nervous. Is it impulsive anger energy. It should valve. It should invert to such extremes, it should find its maximum universal weight so densely placed it drops directly through the wall of any pipe -. But not to tell it what it should do. Not its mother. Concentration in seeds. Transition is a fate. Two nails, one one side other other side hold from back and forth away. Slur at meaning. Tasted from the valve -. Felt wind along a dangled cord, measured velocities, dent riddled, case. Burst window stones. Practice. Arm. Pitching. Abandoned. House. Where in practice IS the love OF things I know – what IN days descending OUT of turn resolves as pages end. In the short term pool of gracious learners, long the spending in the use of pencils, soft erasers, vegetable pigments and salt shaker redirection to a filter application, we should stand, apart, as we watch - and wade far in the way a crane with spindled legs that mystify when in more shallow water that go on and on seeming to raise him as we watch and stretch him out in space – (well born elbow, authentic stamping, wishbone) shovel brace, to back. Keep the mold that supplies, the beating until flat, then curved across irregular the shape, for sale. As planned had practiced and proposed until tide and blood flow. The poles to move on long with, in the sunken lower end, they pile in deeper and the swab of concrete and of natural rubber (sap from tree reduced by boiling) fixes it the way a bamboo tree or house made from them flexes too – for nailing over than for snapping on. Waking through the canal, it was unexpected, that consciousness would be the cage – sliding then through the snow-flake obsidian water fall, down three hundred feet, but following the gradual flow cool and disorienting, also in flux through the water of mental state, losing then gaining – half then twice as much. Where were they it wondered, in the first realm where fingers were bitten off as part of due course. Where were they, it wondered, after sailing with the weighted wheel into the second region of gelatin spirits, where moving immersed your arm or leg into the soft cold of translucent gut, accompanied by the discomforted moan of the offended or the infiltrate, where it was mostly difficult to refrain from discourtesy, then where were what was when something catapulted through the spring action of the lowly bent willow, three feet round its trunk but live and green, and wanting as the young buck tree to rebound, and so, allowing subjugation and the launch into the third of realms, that place, thick in shrimpish back-paddlers that, airborne light and intelligent as if a Martian mite from plan B populate the earth with lowly forms, FILLED the atmosphere and choked the breathers in the way a mist of mustard coughed up them that would attain some treasure no one and the natives too had no knowledge of -... what stood there the last last realm, but many more tied on their shoestrings, and, there, feet the many yank them through and forward and into as they walked, one foot in front the other foots, progress, discovery, awe -.

Twist-like dance but in a German index -.

Content and context, incidental.

Only important, how to find.

Blaze maker, furniture, model number, prime mover (realtor or piano moving company...).

God first bleach, wash to white for snow's purity.

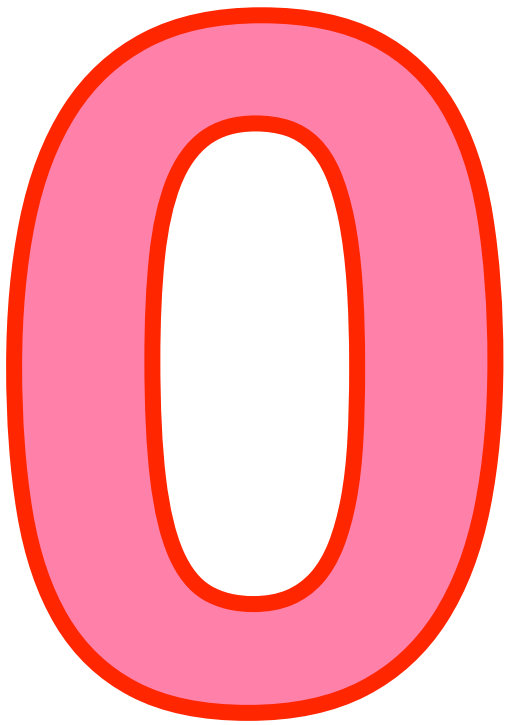
Movie tie in toys, archeologist, permafrost – plastic cracking, disaster, priceless losing.

White coal, burning pure, compressing to the ember before the diamond.

Impossible versions of spilled drink shapes.

Descriptions planned for the tangle of noodles in a bowl.

An approximation of a worm sound at dawn.



“As long as you live under this roof you’ll do what I tell you,” each word punctuated like a human telegraph.

“I already quit!”

“You what?” Harold took a swing at his son. Philip ducked and the force of the unconnected blow almost toppled Harold. The fact that he was drunk contributed to his imbalance and he fell forward, stopping himself against the wall with both hands.

Philip saw his opportunity so close to the front door, and quickly shot out, going down the steps in a single bolt. He had become agile in avoiding punches. Harold staggered into the open night air, distant cars, peepers. ““You leave, don’t ever think you come back!” He waited for a few minutes; part the slowing effect of too much beer, part expecting an answer and a submissive return to the

punishment. But there was nothing. Harold had chased him up the road before. Philip was half a mile away now.

Philip wasn't sad, but he was feeling things, freedom had a feeling. Free from Harold, free from school, free to do what he wanted, that was the feeling. He was still running. Fifteen minutes later he'd run himself out. He stopped on the deserted road and leaned over, hands on knees, breathing hard and coughing, his lungs burned so much from the effort. Sometimes Mr. Pendelton would run kids raw like this in gym class at school. Philip thought about it. No more. No more Mr. Pendelton, no more pushed around. He looked up the road, illuminated by the sparsely located street lights. No houses, just trees and the road to town. This was his prospect. It was night, Philip figured it must be about nine o'clock, traffic gave no indication. This back way between Cushing and Thomaston was mostly traveled by folks coming or going home, and no one was out at this hour on a weeknight except gas station attendants and all night grocers. He wouldn't hitch a ride anyway. He was his own man, at fourteen.

Philip's freedom was not without reason. As he caught his breath, he realized he needed his clam fork, basket and boots. They were in the shed at home. Never locked, all he had to do was get there and get in without getting nabbed. He knew that his father would treat him no different now than a trespasser. There was no fooling around with Harold. He'd done time for protecting "me and mine." Maybe tonight wouldn't be a good time to return for his things. Harold might be sitting up drinking and getting nastier. Philip got off easy tonight. He didn't want to press his luck. His things would still be there the next night.

He looked off the side of the road at the endless trees. He'd have no trouble finding protection tonight. Protection right now just meant not being home. The woods would provide because no one would see him. He knew he'd need something more substantial eventually. Nights could get cold, and it could rain.

But for tonight, this would be good. Anywhere here. He breathed normally now. He stood up straight and looked down the road, its downward slope and gentle snaking, and the upward rise that took it out of sight. The way to town. It was still early. And he wasn't tired. He reached in his pocket. He still had cash from clamming last night's low tide. In town, Thomaston. Not much happening. If he could get to Rockland, he knew a gas and grocery store that was open late, where they'd sold him beer before. He'd see how far he could get. Even if it was tomorrow morning, he thought, he should celebrate his freedom somehow. Once, he'd hitched from Augusta to town after getting wasted and not but one car gave him a ride. He walked straight through the night into the next day, but he did it. It wouldn't be the end of the world if he had to walk.

It was a cool spring night. Philip was wide awake, he couldn't have sacked out for the night if he wanted to. He pushed on, and in a while, he saw headlights behind him. He turned around and put out his thumb. People always drove too fast on this road. Philip turned away and continued walked before the car had reached him. He was surprised when the car slowed quickly and pulled over to the shoulder just beyond him. Dane Benner reached over to the passenger side and popped the door open as Philip reached for the handle. "Door sticks," he said. "Get in."

Philip was glad to see a friendly face. "Working 'late shift tonight?" "yeah. Sort of." Dane worked as a fireman in Thomaston. Though he infrequently went out, there were usually a few of them on duty at the station. Some were single and liked to hang around, even when they weren't scheduled for duty. They sat in folding chairs out on the tar, and sometimes swilled beer in the evening, watching the cars pass. "You going to town?"

"Yeah. Naw. "Think I'm going to Rockland."

"Why don't you stop in at the station? Have a brewski?"

"You sure?" Philip could think of no reason not to.

"Sure I'm sure. We gotta case in the frig." Dane gave Philip beers plenty of times. It wasn't really like he was corrupting him. Philip was one of those bad kids who did everything early. "We'll put some tunes on in the station house. Bill and Bud are there too. Of course, we might have to go out on a fire." He laughed like it was a punch line.

"Unless ya burn the station down," Philip joked.

"We just might tonight. Hey, you can draw some pictures of Bill and Bud like last time, and watch them get pissed off."

Philip reached in his pockets and found his wad of lined paper, and ink pen. He always had paper and pen for drawing. Whenever he felt really bad, he'd draw a picture of something stupid or violent, and he'd immediately feel better. Sometimes he drew things just to make people laugh. He knew he wasn't good like people in books, but he drew good enough to surprise himself. With a few drinks, his caricatures could get pretty funny. "Say, do you think you could find a pad of paper around the station?"

"Sure, sure." They were at the station in minutes. Dane parked on the street. In front of the open door and engine no. 71 sat two men in folding chairs, one middle aged, the other younger, both stocky with thick mustaches. They had cans of beer clenched in fists held inside their legs, like they were conscious of the image of an on-duty fireman openly drinking. "Hey, Dane!" yelled Bill, the older of the two. "We sold your seat, you lazy bum!" Bud went and got two more chairs as Dane and Philip got out of the car. "And you brought our mascot."

"Only beer drinking Dalmatian I ever seen," Bud said.

"Ha! How many firehouses you been around?" Bill laughed as he went inside to retrieve two more beers.

When he came back, they toasted. "To pissing out fires everywhere!" Dane raised his can and everyone mock clinked them together in the air.

"What brings you out tonight, Philip, middle of the week and all?" Bud asked.

"He wants to draw you two," Dane interrupted.

"No, I..." Philip didn't want to look boyish to them. "I quit school and then I got throwd out of the house. And I'm not going back. But that's all right. I got work."

There was a long silence. "Shit, don't stop having fun now. I don't care. I'm not all lonesome and shit. I'll draw ya. Bill, I'm gonna draw Bud looking really stupid." Philip took out his wad of paper, unfolded it running his fingernail along the creases to smooth it out and found his pen.

"Wait a minute, your dad threw you out?" Dane had lost his humor. "Yeah, 'cause I quit school."

"Why'd you quit school?"

"Dad said I had to be an architect, study drafting because I could draw. Fuck that."

"There are worse things."

"I quit to fuck him up."

"He shouldn't have thrown you out, anyway." Dane looked away, distracted by some memory of his own. "You go home. He'll take you back. Shit, I'll go with you."

"No. You don't know him. I'll be all right. Thanks anyway. He started drawing Bud. He was smiling now. It was clear he was exaggerating some features on Bud's face by his broad strokes of the pen.

"Still..." Dane knew it was true, Harold wouldn't want anything to do with Philip now. He'd had a run in with Harold years ago. He knew exactly what he was like.

"Look fella, if we can do anything," Bill joined in, "you come down here. Any of us help you out, you know that. Where you gonna stay?"

"My aunt lives in Rockland," Philip lied. "I'm gonna stay with her for awhile."

"You wouldn't be trying to bullshit a bullshitter, would you?" Dane ruffled.

"Awe, no, I'm staying with my aunt." "Dane swatted at Philip's head with no real force. Philip finished his drawing and handed it to Dane.

"Ha! He's all nose!" Dane doubled over, Bud made a sour face.

"Why don't you draw how Dane looks to you? Bud asked, snatching the drawing from Dane's hands.

"Jesus, Philip."

"I'm sorry," Philip said all hangdog.

"No, no." Bud shook his head, waving his hand. "That's not important. I mean, this is good. Its a cartoon, but, hey, I'm no genius and I can see it. And you dropping out of school... I've said it before but maybe now its pressing... you've got some talent, you can't just fuck off with it."

"Maybe I can draw more clams to dig," Philip joked, but everyone just looked at the ground.

"Tell you what," Bud continued. "I got a niece that goes to Portland School of Art. She paints. I can't say I know what she's doing, but other people think its something. And there are a lot of people at the school who are talented, like you. Anyway, she says. Maybe I could get in touch with her, and she could show you around. Maybe even meet teachers, show them your drawings, I don't know. I know they think a lot of her there." He looked for a reaction on Philip's face, but got none. "Well? What do you think?"

"What's the point? Philip didn't want to be angry tonight. "So I see some rich kids drawing. Then what?"

"Then you go back to school and sweat it out. Do good enough, or better. At least finish. Then maybe you'll feel different." Bud felt like he was wasting his breath. "Hey, I don't want to hassle you. Look, its like this." Now he was stretching his thought, and after three beers. But he'd remembered he had this conversation with his brother about Lisa going to art school. "This is how it is with people. Some have a talent, others don't. Me, for instance. I can smell fire before it starts. I charge in, I know just how to act in a fire. These guys here? They had to be taught." He laughed. "Come on, I'm making a point here! Some people are born with something, others learn what they can to get by. But everyone, talented or otherwise, needs to push themselves, and be pushed, even. My niece was just like you. Its a kind of smarts you're born with."

"Smart? Me?" Philip liked the compliment, but it made him uncomfortable, too.

"Yeah. Not just book smart. Born smart. That's the best kind. But you gotta push it. And some people won't like you if they see it. 'Cause they don't have it. Maybe drafting or architecture isn't for you. There are people who draw I'm sure. I don't know how much of a living they make. But, wife, kids, responsibilities, despite all that, sometimes you gotta do what you gotta do."

"I don't know what that's suppose ta mean," Dane objected. "Sometimes, you gotta do what's right, too."

"But quitting school, kid..." Bill was shaking his head, remembering he'd quit school, and the difficulty of having to do the GED, and how hard it'd been getting accepted into a decent training program. He wouldn't have quit if he'd known the trouble it would cause him. "I mean, trouble at home's one thing. Quitting school because of your dad, I don't see it. Its not his life, its yours." He hesitated to add what he was thinking, ...you're fucking up, but he thought it loud enough.

Philip looked down at the beer in his hands and reminded himself to drink it. In his mind, he was looking back on the day, how it'd started. His father, yelling about something he couldn't even understand, hung over stupor, getting to school late. And then gym, in the shower last, and someone reaches around him and grabs his balls. He elbows the person hard without even thinking and turns around to find gym instructor Pendilton sitting on his ass on the shower floor, holding his profusely bleeding nose and mouth. That's when Philip quit, with his shirt and his pants in his hands, throwing his clothes on, putting his socks and shoes on outside the school grounds. "Fuckin faggot," Philip thought, knowing no one would believe him. And what would he say anyway? He'd been felt up by a guy? Getting home, and getting thrown out, that was almost welcome, like the plunge into the water of

someone who's been dangling a foot. What would his father have said if he'd told him what happened? Call him a queer and throw him out. Same difference. Except no one'd be calling him a queer, this way. Philip put his empty down on the bar and announced, "I gotta use the can," ejecting himself from thoughts and walking into the station house. The frig was next to the bathroom. Philip opened it silently, took out a Budweiser and put it in his deep pants pocket. He started to close the door and then, almost an afterthought, he reached in, took out two more beers and brought them in the bathroom with him.

He put down the lid of the toilet and sat. A naked woman on a calendar faced him from the back of the door. He picked up one of the beers he'd placed on the floor, opened it and sucked it down in a few powerful gulps. He did the same to the second, eased both cans down into the waste basket, and went back into the station and out the front.

"Hey, I'm gonna get going to Rockland to my aunt's place before she worries. Thanks for the beer," and he was on his way.

"Think about what I said," yelled Bud after him. "I'll call my niece so you can check out that art school."

"Bye! Come see us. If you need anything," Dane trailed off as Philip disappeared up the street.

"Wadda ya wanna bet he scoffed some beer on the way through?" Bud asked.

"Ah, I'd want a buzz too if I was in his shoes. 'Hope his aunt doesn't get upset about the smell on him. That's the last thing he needs, get bounced out of another place tonight," Dane said.

"You believe that horse shit about an aunt?" Bill asked.

Philip stumbled once as the alcohol hit him. After the glare of street lights in Thomaston, on the stretch that was the back way to Rockland and the grocer, Philip swilled the beer he'd dropped into his pocket. It was ice cold and went in sparkling and smooth, like there was something more anticipated and perfect in the fourth drink.

He loved this back way, he'd walked it many times, often with a buzz like this or better. It was only infrequently lit by street lights. There was an old rock quarry along here that had filled with water, unknown to everyone but the locals. The water was as clear as glass. Philip always liked swimming there. Maybe now it would be his bath too. He looked off to the side of the road where a dirt path began to the quarry, then pushed on to Rockland.

In a couple of miles, he could see the light that illuminated the single pump out in front of his favorite grocer. He was usually open to eleven. Situated on a crossroads, kids often bought their beer here on their way to party in a nearby town, or nightcaps on the way home, some quick drinking before struggling up stairs in sleeping houses.

When Philip was close enough to the grocer's to see by the light, he pulled out the money in his pocket and counted it. A ten, a five, and six ones. He was set. He still needed to get his basket, clam fork and boots, but he remembered what he'd told himself. Not tonight. It would be there tomorrow night. Fucked up, he might trip, fall and make a noise, and Harold would grab him, and that could mean the worse.

The grocer was his usual self when Philip walked up to the register. "What will it be tonight, sir?" almost winking. Philip put a six-pack of Pabst and a quart bottle of Miller on the counter. He knew this fellow didn't think he was over eighteen. He'd been in there once, and the grocer had given him a nod toward the door and directed his eyes toward a customer who was obviously an undercover liquor inspector. Philip had bought a bag of chips and slipped out. But no problem tonight, he was in and out in a couple of minutes, and on his way back to the quarry for the rest of the night.

He was holding off drinking until he was comfortable. There was no rush now. He had the night. He never needed much sleep. As he neared the path to the quarry, he saw the dirt had been turned up, and there were deep tire tracks through the narrow opening in the trees and brush. Motorcycles. He continued down the path, but didn't hear any voices or trashing around that would give the presence of

the NSKKK away. When he reached the edge of the quarry, he could see it was deserted, and breathed a sigh of relief. The NSKKK was a local motorcycle club. Sometimes they'd disappear for months at a time, harassing the occupants of some other town until they got bored. But it looked like they'd been here recently. The tracks around the ledges were like the remnants of a beehive of spinning tires and a preening display of RPMs. Philip sat on a flat cool rock, took his socks and shoes off and looked out over the water. There was a hint of a breeze that made the water ripple, like an invisible giant was gently stirring it with a finger. Philip took out a paper, unfolded it and drew lines with his pen. His first instinct was to draw a cartoon, but instead, he made lines to imitate the moving of the water down below. It gave him a sensation of belonging that wasn't exactly how he thought a home should be, but it reminded him of when he'd felt safest, when his mom was alive. Philip opened a beer and sucked as much as he could quickly and the ghost was dissipated. A couple more beers went down fast, and Philip was where he wanted to be for awhile. He would slow down and maintain, teetering on the edge of nausea and the spins.

There was a half moon. It was good enough light to see the water and undress by, sketching, he would add from his imagination what he couldn't see. He did that better than drawing from life anyway. He picked up his pen and paper again and sketched in a submerged car beneath the rippling waves he'd drawn. Maybe a couple of faces, against the windows, Xs in the eyes, or crossed eyed, cheeks puffed out in a held breath, another farther back in the car, eyes open half way, mouth agape.

Something about that was empowering, though different than feeling safe. He looked to his left and saw a ragged shaped piece of granite. He outlined it on his paper and the sense of safety returned. But when he drew a head dashed in against it, he was suddenly above nature, and when he put in features of people he knew, it felt like a prophecy; no matter what they might do to him, his word would stand. He was getting perfectly drunk now. He was oceanic. The day fell away.

Philip woke up at dawn. The ground was cool where he lay, but he felt dried out and arid. To stem his thirst, he opened the Miller quart from last night and took a good long drink. It tasted good and made him feel wakeful. He drained the rest of it in a few minutes, took off his clothes, climbed as close to the water as he could get on the ledge, and then jumped in. The cold water made his heart skip a beat and he came to the surface gasping. After the first shock he was invigorated by the cold and when he got out, he was ready to do anything he had to do. Unfortunately, there was little to occupy him this day, until evening came and he was able to retrieve his work gear. He was getting hungry, and worried about smelling. He had a few dollars left, he could buy deodorant, soap, toothpaste, and if he had enough left, a sandwich, or, better yet, a jar of something and a loaf of bread, from the grocer's up the road from the quarry. If his clamming clothes were still in the shed at home, he could wash these pants and shirt at the laundry mat in town. He might be all right. And still be free.

He got to the grocer's shortly after opening. He had enough money for all his needs and a little left over, but at the last minute, he decided against beer. He put deodorant on as soon as he left the grocer's and ate a plastic wrapped sandwich while sitting on the tar out front. Then he did something completely on whim. He walked into Rockland and went to the public library.

Like any small town library, the collection of books was random, part donations, part estate purchases of what particular librarians were interested in themselves. Philip went to the art section and pulled out the four tallest books, and brought them to a table. The first he thumbed through and closed without thought; examples of Swiss graphic design. The second, a selection of Marc Chagall painting didn't stir his interest either. The third volume gave Philip warm recognition. The etchings of Durer struck accord like no familial embrace or physical pleasure he could bring himself to. The sausage legs and distorted postures of tinkers and farmers depicted, the wild, gnarled faces and allegory made him see his own elaborations on nature like the car in the quarry, the head against the rock, the embellishments on the faces of friends, in a different light. These etchings showed the stories and

histories beneath the moment, the faces revealed a second face that forced up through the first, pushing out a nose to a painful enlargement, or sucking in the eyes to ponder an inner depth. His drawing didn't need to be cartoons. They were something else already. They were X-rays of the world! Philip took out his pen and paper and spent the next few hours copying the etchings from the book, and inventing variations to show his own experience. Before dusk, he looked down at the pages of his work and felt something strong. He liked himself, very much.

Philip caught two rides after he left the library, which brought him all the way to Thomaston. It was dark now. He figured he'd walk the rest of the way to his house a little later. Now he wanted to poke around here and see what he could find for shelter. He walked down a side road lined with houses that led to the town landing on the St. George River. He checked the sheds and bulkheads on these houses. Some door he found locked. Others were open, but either dogs would start barking, or the voices of the families living there were so close and loud that his presence would be too easily discovered. Even a sneeze might expose him. He went down to the water. He contemplated wedging himself beneath one of the wharves, but, though secure, it would offer little protection from rain, which would seep between the boards, and rodents, which scavenged the rocks for crabs and washed up trash.

He went back toward the center of town. On one side was a church, a small restaurant, post office and then a bar. On the other side of the street was a row of stores, all of which were closed by nightfall. In behind them was a large parking lot, now empty. Off to one corner was a hotdog stand on a little grass island, beside a telephone pole. The stand had been there since Philip could remember, boarded up just like it was now, plywood nailed over the doorway and service window. He hadn't even thought of this. With a little effort, he was able to kick the plywood over the door loose so he could get inside. Once loose, he pounded down the nails so they wouldn't catch on him. He could then put the plywood back in place without it appearing disturbed, though it was loose. The inside was small, about the size of the bathroom at the fire station. It was unfinished and raw wood, musty smelling, but with a floor and room enough to stand. Philip sat, his back against one wall. It was cool in here. He felt protected. He'd stay here. He slept for several hours.

The shed had a sliding door that you could lift outward because it had no runner on the bottom. It didn't make a sound when opened this way. Philip slipped in through the crack he made at the side. There was a window inside opposite. The moon light that came in illuminated all but the farthest corners. On a rusted metal rack, fixed to the wall with wire and nails were clamming clothes his fork basket and boots. He took them down carefully. Even so, the rack rattled as the removed weight shifted the center of gravity. He caught his breath. He needed this stuff. He couldn't alert Harold. He fit all of it in the wooden basket and squeezed back out through the crack. From outside, he could see through the window into the kitchen. He wanted to miss something inside, but there was little there any longer that he cared for. He had a radio upstairs. He missed the white of the walls he guessed. But his mother was gone. And though he liked the idea he could have a man to look to, Harold was only someone he feared and was anxious to get away from. From outside it looked better, because it looked like any other house around here, like it might be a home. Maybe a home was just an idea, after all, everybody thinking everybody else had one; themselves, undeserving. Philip wiped his nose, not tears, but snot, and fled into the night.

Back at the stand with his small hoard of belongings, Philip felt at the end of a journey and the beginning of another. He changed his clothes and was out on the mud flats by dawn, just when the tide was lowest. He started digging at the edge of the water, getting some cohogs; hen-clams the size of four steamers. As he worked back to the shore, he filled his basket with clams. He worked hard, digging his fork deep into the mud and turning it over, rarely coming up empty, and placing his fork instinctively a certain distance away from the clam holes so as not to accidentally crush them with the tongs. He rarely stood to straighten his back or stretch, but worked, like someone happy to labor, his preservation and the need to occupy his hands melding into one motivation, without self subversion.

By noon, Philip was down at the Pit Restaurant on the waterfront, turning his haul in for cash. In back of the kitchen, the cook gave Philip a pitcher of cold beer and a fried seafood platter. Nothing ever tasted so good or well deserved.

When he was finished eating, he went down to the landing and sat on the rocks. He watched the occasional boat go by, some with fishing lines out, trolling for striped bass. He'd never fished like that. He'd cut fish on the pier, and helped on a lobster boat, but the idea of a leisurely fishing was not in his understanding. Once on TV he saw a fishing show where they threw them back after reeling them in. That was stupid, and it didn't even seem fun to him. He wanted to draw, but his paper and pen were in his other pants back at the stand. He couldn't go back in the light of day, because someone was sure to see him and call the police. Or worse, a high school student who knew him might see and spread it around. And who knew what they'd do with it. That got him thinking about Pendilton feeling him up, and Bud's niece in art school. Suddenly the hot dog stand seemed much less, and even smothering. He needed to get more beer, and right away.

Back down at the Pit Restaurant, Philip found the back door still open because the kitchen was so hot. He could see through the screen door that the cook was occupied running plates of fried food up to the counter. He'd have to time it not to coincide with the return to the kitchen. The cook rushed back in suddenly, yanking two wire bins of fried clams out of oil, shook them and dumped them onto plates, and ran off again. Philip darted through the door and into the walk in refrigerator. He took no time but grabbed the nearest six-pack of beer. He was out before anyone saw him, quickly thrusting the beer into his basket and throwing his shirt on top to cover it. He took his prize through a wooded strip along the path that led to a brush covered hill, overlooking the high school practice field. There he made a seat for himself, invisible to them below, the school heroes and their coach, Mr. Pendilton, running and making their loud primordial sounds of aggression and combat.

Philip opened one of the beers. It was a good accidental choice, sixteen ounce bottles of Black Label. He did his beer contest trick, sucking down the first in a few gulps, and then doing the same to the second. The thoughts that had turned into a taunt in his brain slipped away like clothes, leaving him with a smooth naked mind. The people down below were little more than moving pictures, even Pendilton, a dancing grotesque that he could shut out by closing his eyes, or humming. There were periodic whining sounds coming from the direction Philip was heading in, like giant bees or hornets. Philip could see in his mind, swarming and circling the world until he was dizzy. He forced his thought from this picture. Motorcycles. Down at the quarry. Philip stumbled up the path wider than he needed, now he could hear yelling, bravado and growlings, men with no restraint. And then at the edge of the quarry gleamed, a line of motorcycles, NSKKK emblazoned across gas tanks and saddlebags, Nazi Socialist Ku Klux Klan. The evil sounding club were in the water, splashing and acting like a swimming pool full of children. Philip dropped his basket on the ground. His initial reaction was to sneak away, go undetected back into a safe hovel or clearing where he could draw pen across paper, drink more, or wait with his nervous eyes until he could clam again at the ebbing tide. But he'd as much right here as anyone now. The alcohol in his blood heightened his spirit and pushed away his fear so that he walked toward a spot between the motorcycles, where he could pass down to the water's edge. An unseen rock in his path caught his foot, and, his sense of balance already off, he lurched forward, landing with his full weight against one of the motorcycles. The bike teetered for a moment on its kick stand, but the gravel on the edge was loose and the motorcycle toppled into the quarry, sinking quickly into the dark. Philip landed on his stomach, his head positioned perfectly to see the machine disappear in the water below. He suppressed a laugh, but then his drunkenness released it, full, the way a worldly man will laugh, with a touch of bitterness, but childish, too, his pipes unworn, even with a head start

on a life of self abuse. He laughed long, and hard, the way a fireman like Bud or Dane might let go over a dirty joke, or the put-on laugh that went with lewd suggestions of homosexuality that passed for wit around the station. But Philip's laugh was still different from all that. It was a lone laugh, the sound of someone gone beyond the distinction of sadness or happiness, despair or humor. Philip's laugh was the very point of a dense heavy iceberg of pure reaction. He stood, as if to beckon what was next. The moment of shock had passed, and the men in the water were scrambling to get on shore and confront the vandal. One man led the pack, the owner of the bike. He screamed and cursed in what to Philip was a blur of sounds, but when he reached the ground, naked and threatening, the sounds and actions suddenly were locked into place. Philip's intoxication went from his mind like chalk wiped from a blackboard. The naked man was feet from him, and as he reached to capture, Philip fell back, fumbled in his basket on the ground and drew his clam fork like a sword from a scabbard. There was no time for the man to dodge the fork that swung and was buried deep into the front of his head. Philip pulled it out, like yanking it from mud flat sand. The biker dropped straight to the ground.

Looking down at the bleeding eyeless figure, Philip thought of Pendilton and felt a strange satisfaction. The Klan converged, but Philip's senses were so excited that he swung the fork again, this time embedding it in the side of another man who fell, striking his hands spastically against the fork, his mouth opening and closing like a mute ventriloquist's dummy.

The brutal motorcycle club circled their fallen, and one scream, "Someone help, Someone, for God's sake, help us!" as Philip made his escape through the brush and woods.

It wasn't long before there were sirens, from two different directions, Thomaston and Rockland, Philip was talking a complicated path, taking a very long way back to Thomaston so he could travel through brush and unlit areas.

The parking lot behind the line of stores was deserted. Philip made it to his stand easily, even though he felt vulnerable and exposed across the short length of tar crossing to the shack. Inside, it was pitch black. There was no light coming in through the cracks, and Philip was sucked into a collage of

pictures and actions. An etching of a blind man by Durer, the man Philip left punctured on the ground, Christ pierced in the side by a clam fork. Naked men assailed him, Pendilton, football practice, ducking Harold's powerful fist, and how he so craved it now.

The darkness wouldn't let Philip disappear. Rather, it focused him on the things he couldn't bear. When half the night was gone and he'd been sitting in his black hole, he pushed the plywood aside and slipped out. He pulled a loose brick from the curb and went to the front of the farthest store. The brick smashed the glass of the front door and set the alarm off. He went inside and came out with two fifths of vodka. He ran along the trees on the side of the parking lot, darting across the exposed area and made it back into the stand just as a police siren split the air and car tires screeched nearby. There was the sound of another swinging through the parking lot and pulling up to the backside of the store Philip just broke into. The rotating blue light penetrated the stand. It made the blood that covered the front of his shirt look like ink. He opened one of the bottles and his brain greedily drank it in.

A day of light passed through the cracks. He saw its first rays and the blurred last. He talked to Dane for awhile, and then he was being shown around an art school by Bud's niece. She was very nice to him. He saw Harold, but only from a distance, and he was the size of an ant. Dane returned and said Philip could come and live with him and become a fireman if he wanted. Durer said he'd help him learn to fold a fire hose.

Dark came, Fog covered the ground. He vaguely recalled a road to Cushing, where the house was, going to collect the white walls, or the light from the kitchen. The fog was thick. By some streetlights, he could see it, white in front of him. He only knew he was on the road because he could feel the tar beneath his feet. One light cut through. Toward him. Some feeling, very bright, he was

diving through air. Dark, quiet. Some time. Light again, crunch like eating fried clams, flight. Later, again. The fourth time, Philip was spread around too far to know.

far but

Charlie was helping Anderson pull his traps. Anderson hauled them from a skiff, one at a time. He didn't have a crane or hoist. His lobster boat had got a hole stove through it by a pipe that speared it when the packing plant caught on fire and exploded. His boat had been moored in the cove. Anderson'd walked down to the fire like everyone else, just in time to see the explosion, and to watch a thin metal line fall through the billow of smoke and impale his lobster boat, just like a dozen other boats that got damage that day by the falling debris. Now it sat in dry dock on his front lawn, waiting for him to patch it up. Maybe never seeing water again, the way Anderson got around to things.

Anderson was never drunk on the job, but he drank when he got home. Charlie got used to the smell of stale beer on Anderson's breath the way he knew the sardine smell that lingered on his mother from her years of working at the packing plant. Charlie had his own odor, of cut bait. Fish juice soaked into his calluses. Stuffing bait bags loosened up his hands, like putting oil on them every morning. But smells were nothing.

Lobstering off a skiff was hard, hauling everything by hand, no motorized crane to pull the traps. "Hey don't tie that loose like that! What, d'you get liquored up last night?" Anderson grumbled accusingly.

"You're one to talk," Charlie answered back.

"I'm not paying you to fuck up. Get that trap up here." The water was choppy today. Anderson was running the motor and trying to keep the skiff in place, hovering like a helicopter. "I got rocks over this side. I run on em and scuttle us 'cause I'm waiting for you, you better swim for it. 'Cause I'm gonna come after and hold you under till you drown!"

"I'm hurrying!" Charlie knew he'd been screwing up this week.

"Don't know what your problem is."

Charlie pulled hand over hand on the rope until he got the trap to the edge of the boat, then leaned over it, lifted it straight up with his right hand and into the skiff. Two large lobsters crowded the trap.

"You hear it?" Anderson's little game.

"Yeah, I heard it."

"You heard it?"

"And there they are!" pushing one overboard as Anderson ripped the boat away quickly from the underwater rock ledge they were above. He put his chin out and thrust his chest forward. Fellers down at Farmer's Breakfast says I'm crazy trying to fish outa ledges the way I do, but I never scuttled yet. And I'm always getting lobster, every trap." He yanked the throttle tight on the engine. "See, this way, you drop traps right in front a their doorstep. 'Cause they keep to ledges where there's lots a food for them to pick at. Course, I don't say much about that over at Farmer's. No need they know how to take food off my plate." He hawked and spit. "I'm the smarter one."

Sometimes if he could manage, Chuck watched Anderson while they worked together. Anderson's muscles moved with an anatomy and life their own, grown sinewy and strong with use, tight cables unlike the slugs that hung on bodybuilder's arms on TV. And Anderson, Christ, seventy if he was a day, liver spots and wrinkles as furrowed deep as a knife cuts. To people used to seeing strong, the TV way, old Anderson wouldn't be worth a second glance. But Chuck knew. He knew them worn bands of flesh were steel, them bones caked and hard from breaking. And his strong was more than muscle, it

was intent, and purpose, with no room for doubt 'cause that just slowed down your work. And it wasn't his thinking that made it so. Anderson's body knew it. You watched him work, and you knew.

Chuck would never cross Anderson. He would never swear, never say no, especially no. You could lip him, but you had to know when to stop. Anderson was his own man. He had his own rules, not the laws of others. Chuck knew he'd beaten someone to death once, years ago.

"What, you sleeping?" Anderson's gray circled mouth was pulled down in a sneer. "What, you a woman? Pull it up! Standing there like you was looking out a window with a apron on, washin dishes in a sink!"

"I heard it!" trying to shift away from the anger.

"You heard it?" Anderson fell into the game.

"I heard it!"

They finished up at five o'clock. It was more tiring without the other boat, with its crane. They'd pulled single traps that Anderson'd set after his lobster boat got speared. The strings of ten were pulled up with Jimmy Benner's help, an unlikely friend since Anderson'd punched him out over a difference down at Farmer's. Some people could swallow things like that. Anderson never could have asked for help. He'd have let his own traps sit and rot before he'd ask. But Benner'd come over to his house after the plant exploded and he'd heard about Anderson's boat. Right then he'd told Anderson, in front of the wife, that he'd pull up his traps for him so he wouldn't have to worry while his boat got patched up. That was a straight up guy. But then, to make an offer like that in front of the wife, what was he thinking? It didn't matter though. It wasn't to shame Anderson, Jimmy meant it. Chuck knew all

about it from Jimmy's younger brother, Steven. Chuck had helped pull up those strings with Anderson, in Benner's boat, with Jimmy at the wheel.

It was Friday. Anderson paid Chuck one hundred dollars cash at the end of it. Not as much as he'd made pulling the ten stringers, but it was something. He was still living with his old mum, in the floor Mrs. Miller, the summer folk had paid for years ago because they were poor. He didn't need all that much to get by. Just some for food and some drinking money. Blake, Stoney and Therin met Chuck up the road as he walked home from the pier.

Charlie felt the money in his pocket. They were all excited about Friday like high school kids, though they were way past that, and Therin had dropped out of school after eighth grade. Charlie wished Anderson had given him smaller bills. They see his hundred dollar bill and think that they could spend it all. Then what would Charlie do 'till next week, and what could he tell his mum?

"Hey, Chuckie!" Blake slapped him on the back three times. "You ready to go?"

"Go where?" Charlie asked with a put on suspicion.

"You know, go!" Blake looked at Therin and Stoney's faces, then back to Charlie as they began to walk together in the direction from where they came. They all knew what "go" meant.

"You got some of your own money?" Why did he bother? He knew it was

already as good as gone. Blake didn't say anything.

"I got money," Therin jumped in.

"Since when have you ever?" Charlie reached into his pocket again, just to double check, and felt the bill.

"I got money, fuck you." I was working on Mrs. Miller's house all week sheet rocking a addition her son started but didn't finish."

"What, like a porch?" Blake asked.

"Na, a greenhouse or something, off the back. He put up the frame, and I just finished sheeting the inside. Half the walls is window, so it wasn't much, but I stretched it out. She buyed some fancy five

bills windows at Lumber Joes, and then she asks Jimmy for help and he cobbles a shack around it. She paid me a hundred dollar to finish up. And I'm painting all next week. That'll take a long time!"

"Is she back?" Blake asked.

"Back ta Florida?"

"No, is she here for the summer?"

"She's down ta Florida most now. 'Comes up here a few times this year. Her brother's sick down there, in the nursing home. He's something like ninety-six."

"The younger one, right?" Charlie laughed at his own joke. "Jesus, I always remember her old."

"She's death warmed over."

"Fuckin bag."

They walked silent for a few moments. They all owed her something. They resented her too. When they got nasty like this, the debt came up in each of their minds.

"So, you watchin her place?" Charlie asked.

"If you wanna call it that." Therin tried to think of somewhere else to steer the conversation.

"She pay you to watch it?"

Yeah, she paid me."

"Separate from the sheet rocking?"

"Yeah." He could have lied, but he didn't. Having money was worth boasting about, but you could get taken advantage of, too. "She paid me some."

"Some." Charlie said it to sound skeptical.

"Yeah. Some." Therin got defensive. "A good sum if ya wanna know."

"Sure." Charlie was ribbing him now.

"Okay. I got an extra hundred bucks... a week!"

"Shit!" like Charlie won. "I knew you was gonna try to touch on me for money, and there you are rolling in it more than anyone! You were gonna hold out!"

Therin finally laughed like he'd been supressing it. "I wasn't going to hold out for long."

"I'm set," Stoney said dead pan, and pulled out some rolled up bills. 'S my pot money."

"Selling joints?"

"Bunch of ones."

"Shit." He unrolled it. There were three or four twenties in the middle. "Like I said, I'm set." He took a pack of Marlboros out of his shirt pocket and stopped walking to light one. The others stopped and waited.

Blake looked over at Charlie as they stood in a line across the crest of the road, Stoney striking his bic. "You must be set, working for Anderson the way you been."

Charlie rubbed his left shoulder, reminded of the work but a little for effect as well. "Yeah, I'm not bad. Hard though. I'm thinking a baiting bags down on Brown wharf instead, if Anderson don't get his lobster boat patched up and in the water. This fishing from a skiff sucks. No crane. I'm the crane! And a quarter the traps means less for me, too. I don't know, Anderson don't seem too interested. I think he'd rather just stay at home and pickle hisself. I mean, he works like a maniac, but he ain't fixing his boat. What you think is up with him?"

"You'll stink if you bait bags." Therin remembered.

"No. Really?"

"You stink anyways!"

"Yeah? At least its from honest working." Stoney got his cigarette lit and they resumed moving forward, in a line across the road. "So I guess you gotta wallet full, Blake."

"I'm okay."

Everyone seemed to have cash. Mostly more than Charlie. There was no reason why he'd end up paying this time. He was feeling less tentative about the coming evening. A few scattered possibilities and plans shot through his mind, the mind that had been drawn low by the rest of his tired body.

"Blake, you got the keys to the cabin out on House Island, right? Got a tank a gas for the dory?"

"Why?"

"I was figuring, since it looks like we could make a night of it money wise, we go tank up and get wasted out there..."

"I don't know. It could get choppy tonight. I don't like being on the water fucked up."

"Since when don't you like a buzz anywhere anytime?"

"I just get a bad feeling fucked up on the water at night. We're gettin a fog tonight, I feel it...anyways, I was just working out there, you think I wanna go hang out that old island if I don't have to?" It was getting dark as they walked without direction but toward the end of the peninsula, past the charred foundation of the sardine packing plant, and on to the general store on the wharf, where the ferry left four times a day for Monhegan Island.

"We can pick up some sixes at Martin's, then decide what we're doing. Maybe we go over to Stoney's, see what Angela's up to." It was pointless to rib Stoney because he never got upset. But it was safe enough then too. Just to keep the bullshit going.

"Angee wouldn't fuck you dirt bags with a stick," he smirked. "Anyway, she's going out with her girlfriend to the Black Pearl tonight. Gotta have her fun too. But I don't wanna drink at my house. There's dishes in the sink and shit."

A breeze blew through their hair, and the air was getting moist. It was cool and refreshing. "Let's stay outside somewheres for awhile. Let's go drink somewheres like we did when we were kids." Charlie didn't want to go home either. In his case, he'd be waiting on his mother as she lay on her cot with her warmed up TV dinner on the tray in front of her, trying to chew with her teeth out in a glass, him, feeling oppressed by the blaring TV set at the foot of the cot, and the hospital smell her medicine made her body give off, filling the room that was never bright enough. "Let's stay outside."

"You wanna break windows too?" Stoney said sarcastically.

"Well, since your place is out,..."

"Hey," Therin interrupted. "Let's go over to the library. We can go to the library." They smiled. They all had memories of the library. They stopped in front of the general store.

"What and how much?"

"Cases."

"Buds."

"Black Label."

"Colts. Colts, you shits." Blake said insistently.

"Okay, Colts." Charlie would have said Colts if he'd thought of it. He liked Buds, but Colt got you there faster. He was loosening up. It felt like it was going to be that kind of night.

"Yeah, Okay, Colts." It was all the same to Therin. He'd rather be doing shots anyway.

"Colts' good with me." Stoney took another cigarette from the pack in his shirt.

"Not that I need permission." Blake turned and walked toward the store, the others following, Stoney with the unlit butt dangling from his lower lip.

The bottles jangled together in the cardboard flats as they carried them up the road on the stretch to the library at the four way crossing. Only a few cars drove by, so and one slowed to look. Nothing was going on on a Friday night, but something going on was nothing special. It wouldn't really be anything.

They reached the old library and went up on the porch, putting their cases down and resting, their asses against the rail, facing each other, two from either side. The library was painted an old-

fashioned New England mud brown that looked the same in the light as it did in the dark. The front door leading from the open porch to the inside was boarded over with one big sheet of plywood, which was weathered and cracked with age. Charlie leaned over the railing as far as he could, and curled around to look at the window around the corner of the porch, on the side of the building. It was boarded up to, but the panel was cracked enough to see the glass below, and in through that, a shelf of dust covered books, edges against the wall and over the window inside.

"How long it been since we had a library anyway?" Charlie pulled himself back over the rail, rubbing his left arm, reminded by the exertion of the strain from earlier in the day.

Blake looked around at them. "I don't much remember it ever being open."

Therin laughed. "You wouldn't know anyway. Have you ever read a book?"

"Fuck you. I read one once. It was a pretty long book, too."

"Oh yeah? What was the name of it?"

"It was called... 'Captain Bly.' "

"Ha! I never heard of it. You just made that up!"

"I didn't!" He couldn't continue it. "Okay, its bullshit, I never read nothing." He reached down and took a beer from the top flat, opened it and sucked half down in a gulp.

"I remember it open," Stoney said. "Must have been ten years ago. No one ever went in it. Just some queers. My dad said stay out of there 'cause of the queers, so I sure never went in." He squared his shoulders like he was uncomfortable and his face had a sour look. "Fuck queers and books." He grabbed a beer himself and caught up to Blake.

"Still, its something," Charlie said, "our town, not having a library, ten years. I mean, kids can't get nowheres from here on their own. I mean, you remember how much we got at school. Imagine if no one ever got better than we got?" They were all silent.

"So..." Therin started slowly, "you think you can get better on your own, and a library is gonna help...like until you're old enough to drop out of school, like me?"

"Yeah, just like you." Charlie opened a beer and flicked the cap at Therin.

"Come on, admit its stupid, a building full of books, boarded up like this forever. Maybe something in there change someone's life, you don't know."

"Yeah, I don't know but I wanna get drunk." Therin opened a bottle and chug-a-lugged the whole thing at once, slapping it finished done on the railing and letting out a sigh and a belch. "That's good, that's what I know."

"Yeah, well, fuck it." Charlie tipped his beer and caught up with little commitment.

"Aw, Charlie's upset," Blake taunted him. "Come on, drink up, you can do better than that."

"Okay, I can do as good as any of you." He finished the beer, opened another without pause and upended it until it was drained.

"Sounds like a contest to me." Blake finished his beer and put it on the railing as Stoney did the same. "Where are we?"

"Chuckie's one up on us," Therin said.

"Not fair! Blake popped three beers and handed them around. They all drank down the swill and threw their empties off the porch into the overgrowth.

"Remember we used to bring girls back there?" Blake looked at the other faces.

" 'Least, I did. Well, shit." He looked at Therin. "Remember, you and me both pawing what was her name, Sally out there and she got all crying, saying next time she'd blow both of us, remember? And she got scared and run off all bare titted. Think now, I bet she was a virgin, wouldn't you say?"

"Yeah, I think she was."

"Remember there was that picnic table out back?"

Little light reached the clearing behind the library, but putting down their beer cases on the table, they could see enough silhouette by the street light to open beers and see who they talked to.

"The library was closed when we was fuckin around back here with Sally, right?" Therin spoke in Blake's direction. "Yeah, it was closed." The darkness let Charlie's memories of this spot flow into him like light. First drunks, first girls, discovery and expanding his life in a narrow, small place. There, in daylight, sneaking away weekend afternoons, young hairless bodies studying each other, him and Angela, seeing what no one ever told them. Then again, just a few years passed, much difference. Her, all hot, riding him when he went in that time. That first sensation of it, and now a dwindling memory of details he thought he'd have forever. And of all things, to see Angela with Stoney now, living a life, settled for each other, no new memories for Charlie. Slim pickings 'round here. He'd heard someone else say that once, "slim pickings," true enough for him too.

"Hey! Race! Two beers!" Therin opened eight bottles and lined them up on the picnic table. In the dark he yelled, "drink!" and they all grabbed for the closest bottle on the table. The beers were quickly drunk, but in the dark, it was hard to see a winner. It was a challenge that was repeated several more times, each time tacking on another beer to the number. Finally, the frenzy subsided to a steady pace.

"Hey Charlie," Blake slurred out suddenly. "What's that with Anderson anyway? He still putting down a case of beer a night or what?"

"Oh," Charlie didn't know what to say about him. "He's kinda funny."

"Remember there, Andy, old Andy Wyeth painted him, right? He thinks he's better than other people or something?"

"I don't know, maybe." Years back, Andy Wyeth had painted Anderson as a typical laborer, a painting now reproduced in books and so forth. Even Charlie knew about it.

"I seen Andy around. Him sitting on top of his jeep, painting a picture of an old anchor." Blake's voice was tinged with resentment.

"Yeah, well," Charlie fed it. "You know, he painted Eric out in the woods naked. 'Cause Eric had that long hair like a god or something."

"Never did Eric no good."

"Nope." Charlie finished his beer and chucked the bottle off to the side, opening another. "Andy said he'd pay for Eric's schooling anywhere he wanted to go. You know what he did? He went to Augusta Community College for a semester then dropped out. Now he thinks he's a big deal 'cause he went a semester to school."

"I bet he got a copy of a book that painting is in, and he keeps it open on a table in his house, so he can see himself when he walks by."

"Yeah." Charlie wasn't doubtful. "I went into Anderson's house once and there was beer cans everywhere except for in front of the TV set, and there, I swear to God, just like you was saying about Eric, there was that picture book and its laying open to the page that has Andy's painting of him on it. I swear, and you where just making fun."

"Yeah!" Blake was getting worked up. "Anderson, Eric, who's it going to be next? Who's life he gonna ruin now?"

"You know who that Andy is just like?" Therin forced in. "Mrs. Miller. Andy's just like her. That old bitch. Thinking they're better'n everyone. First they help you out, and then they think you owe them... your life!"

"They'll ruin us if they have a chance!" Four drunk men's anger was filling the air. Each was beginning to envision their own enemies, personified by Andy the Artist, and Mrs. Miller, the philanthropist.

"You otta see how Mrs. Miller's son treats me. He comes to stay at her cottage when she's away, and he just expects me to pack up my tools and clear out. Don't even say hello to me. Like I'm dirt." Therin spit his words.

Charlie was quiet, but was seething inside as he thought about that apartment he shared with his mother. Yes. Mrs. Miller paid for it, but it was in a run down building, it was hot in summer, cold in winter, everything needed replacing. She wouldn't want anyone in her family to live in it. But it made her feel good as a handout!

"Remember Andy painted old Forrest Wall? The grave digger? How much you wanna bet he paid him squat? " Stoney hissed through his nose. "How much you think them paintings went for? Millions I bet!"

"Yeah. He got nerve," Therin said. "Then he goes and puts a painting up on the wall at Alvin's Grocery just to spite poor folks."

"What?"

"That painting up there now over the door? You didn't know that? That's an Andy painting."

"Them rocks and boats?"

"Yup."

"Well, fuck me!" Stoney really didn't know. "No, fuck him!" He stood up suddenly, though nearly falling over. "Give me another one of them." He grabbed a bottle, opened it and sucked it down. "Let's go art dealing!"

They left the library with a mutual understanding of their intent. Their pockets jangled with the sounds of bottles bumping together. They drank the rest of the beer on the way to Alvin's Grocery on foot, getting drunker but more animated by the excitement of the adventure. Alvin's was closed, and the gravel parking lot was empty. The store was a hundred feet back from the road, and the nearest house was beyond sight. They reached the front door and Stoney tugged at it. "Yup. Locked." He drew back and kicked it hard once on the knob. The door swung open and banged against the wall inside. They charged in and turned around. There it was, hanging above the front door, a small dark rectangle. Therin found a milk crate, stood on it and pulled the painting off of the wall. They looked at it in the moonlight that came in through the doorway. Therin held it in front of him with mock delicacy. "Oh, why this must be an original Wyeth." He dropped it and caught it with his foot, which sent it flying out the open door into a puddle in the parking lot. "Goal!" he yelled.

They surrounded the puddle like thugs who had just beaten someone down. "He's not so great now." Therin spit at it.

"Wouldn't say so." Stoney pulled out and pissed on it in a big arch. When he was done, Charlie unzipped and did the same. Blake felt bettered, because he'd pissed on the way and couldn't now.

"This isn't enough," he said.

"No, it ain't," Charlie agreed, finishing his piss.

"Hmm..." Blake struggled to think with a foggy mind. "...There's the Miller house..."

"Ah! Dried up old bitch!" Charlie said.

"Death warmed over!" Blake yelled, triumphant.

"Mrs. Miller's in Florida," Therin added.

"But the house ain't." Stoney took another cigarette from his shirt pocket.

"Let's get out of here. Have some fun." He went back into the store and grabbed two twelve-packs of Colts for the walk.

They drank and swaggered all the way to the end of the Peninsula, where Mrs. Miller's summer cottage was, right at the tip, secluded, surrounded by trees and away from other houses.

"Ain't I some fucked up," Charlie kept repeating. He was. The more Charlie drank, the more he put on the local accent, slurring and drawing out syllables like he didn't grow up speaking. Sometimes

he fell into it without drink, but he always did when he drank. Eventually, he'd talk like that naturally. It was a local dialect. They sat on the steps and opened beers all around.

"I ain't been this buzzed in awhile. Blake faded for a moment, then popped back. "Therin, you gotta key to this place, don't you?"

"Ya, I got the key... just promise me one thing," he drawled. "Don't do nothing to the greenhouse. I put all that work in the greenhouse, don't fuck up the greenhouse..."

"Okay, we won't fuck up the greenhouse."

Therin searched through his pockets found the key and gave it to Blake. Stoney laughed and kicked the door quickly three times and split it in two.

"Here's your key," Blake said and handed it back to Therin. Inside, they threw the light switch nearest the door.

The house was filled with furniture Mrs. Miller had bought at antique auctions here and abroad. She'd been collecting for years; and every one of her several houses was furnished in the same way, a conglomerate of Early American, Baroque French and Victorian English styles. Overwhelmed by the antiquity and voluptuousness, Blake and Stoney stood dazed. Neither did Therin, who had been there many times to work, know where to begin being destructive. Finally, Charlie muttered, "ain't I some fucked up," and went to the only recognizable object in the room, a black and white TV set on a shelf, which he violently pulled from its wire moorings and threw across the room. It burst in glass and plastic pieces that rained down on the priceless things. But again, they stood and stared after the outbreak. When it seemed like the pause would never end, Therin stammered, "there's two chain saws in the tool shed."

There was a red canister of gas. They filled up the chain saws, went to opposite sides on the outside of the house, started them and began cutting. At first, they went left to right from the corners, going through everything, until they realized the spacing of the studs, and then work went much quicker just cutting the supports. They were spurred on by the noise they made, the whistling and the grinding and their drunkenness that filled the night air with a revolution from down below. For anyone to hear, it was just someone cutting firewood for their comfortable retreat, out here where the houses were all owned by out-of-staters. Nothing sounded too different or unusual, until perhaps there was a great whoosh and a crash and the chain saws stopped, and there was a pile of rubble with a roof on top of it on the ground. Charlie, Therin, Blake and Stoney came around and stood beside each other, wiping off the sweat and dust from their faces.

"We best get," Stoney said through his gasps of breath.

"Yeah. Someone must have heard that, huh?" Therin threw his key on the pile.

"What'd the fuck we do?" Charlie said, like he was suddenly sober.

"Aw," Blake said and punched Charlie's arm. "Shit, we was just being men, that's all," and laughed, and it was infectious.

or

Laughed like that. Was wide and far and distilled in the particle sweat from chemical sweat from effort and water from the air. Distracted of this provision, where two are wading and one is floating. The angels should deliver their protection now. Where prediction has gone, a jury has predicated fluctuation (underwater) traveling swing vote that passes as a germ from one unto the next and in its wake overlooking as releasing, to decide.

Resolution minus resolve.

Minus.

This day, this time in time to prepare. Emulsified in the back reaches, and dispelling the fattened concern which attaches to more perfect angles, though one is promised for, and, too. How can you know this. Nine tenths. Meter off. Pale casting – crossways slide. Back rushes, the bush, the nettles catching onto you that make you wait for rescue, the snakes that coil and suck the sun's heat on top of the flat bushes... the leaches – academic rigor mortis.

Todd spent the morning in his room, or in his lab, as he liked to call it. He'd been mixing chemicals he'd bought through the Edmund Scientific catalog, and heated these chemicals on his Bunsen burner. He was attracted by the color reactions, and smells that were nasty. When he achieved either, or both, he felt like he was on the way to an important discovery, the nature of which was just as fleeting as the mysterious events that were the pathway. He'd long since thrown the "Experimenter's Handbook" in the waste bin. The experiments given were unexciting and meaningless.

They didn't add anything new to the world of knowledge. Todd set out on his own. The thought that he might stumble on a unique chemical combination or new compound became a driving force, as important to him as his animal experiments.

A discovery in his chemical studies would frequently lead to an interest in a biological application, hence sending him out quickly to find a subject in the nearby pond swamp or sewer. He could rely on frogs, though he never turned a snake, snapping turtle or salamander away. He would keep non-frogs as pets, they were such a novelty. The immediate supply of frogs would die of relatively natural causes; starvation, dehydration, in their holding cell, barrel or pit in the ground where Todd kept them once captured. But no matter, it didn't fare well for the frogs. If there were few in the ponds and other choice spots, it was because Todd had fished them out. If they were plentiful, they could expect to be taken prisoners and live out there lives in a hole, or expire on a tiny operating table.

Todd combined some chemicals over heat that fizzed, dissolved in the medium, and gave off a medicinal odor. He took it off the burner and let it cool. Shortly, it coagulated into a thick and slightly radiant paste. Intuition told him that this new substance required an application. He went down the stairs and looked into the kitchen. His mother was occupying herself with wiping the table. Outside, he saw his father weeding in the garden. Todd walked up the road toward the swamp, which was on the left side, fed by a sewer from a line of houses on the right. It was at a good water level now. He could walk along clumps near the edge and catch frogs with his hands, while retaining a sure footing. A month before, it was flooded. The frogs were far away from where he could get. In a month from now, it'd be almost dried up and the frog would all have moved on to the sewer ditch that ran the length of the road. They'd be just as easy a catch there as here, but he'd come up with a handful of shit just as often as a frog.

Near the swamp, Todd heard the unmistakable sound of an air gun, and closer, the pierce of the pellets hitting water, then a muted tone as they hit flesh or bones. Todd saw Billy Cartwright as he stood up from his crouched position.

"Hi, Billy." Todd knew Billy from school in his class, but not to talk to really. Billy was one of the bad kids. His parents didn't go to church on Sunday and he didn't either. "What are you up to?" Todd was angry, inside. He didn't think he was going to get any frogs now. Not since Billy scared them away. But he wouldn't let on that he was angry. Billy was the kind, being a bad kid, who could hit you.

"Doin' some hunting?"

"Yeah, I kilt two, see 'em floatin' belly up? And over there, kickin' in circles, see the splashin'? Got him in the head."

"Wow. You got him from a long ways away."

"Yup this is a powerful gun." Billy slapped the breach of it with his palm proudly and with respect. "Its a pump air gun. If you pump it hard enough its as powerful as a 22. I could kill a quail or a rabbit with it."

"Wow."

"You come out to get some frogs?"

"Nah, its all right..."

"Cause there here, just out in the water a ways. They all know I'm here."

He laughed. "You wanna shoot some with my gun?"

"No, no, I wanna get them alive."

"You gonna eat 'em?"

"I was going to experiment on them."

"Ex-per-ee-mint..."

"Yes. Do things with them, to study... to learn from them."

"Oh, torturing them!"

"No!" He caught himself sounding like he wanted to fight. He softened his voice. "Not torture. I dissect them to see how their parts work. I make them eat chemicals to see if I can improve them. If I can make them like super frogs, stronger, or with special powers, I can do that with people too!"

"Oh, I don't know.. I never heard of no one doing that."

"I have my own ideas." Todd felt like he'd talked too much. How would Billy understand what he wanted to do?

"Do you think you could make me stronger, have powers?"

"I think I could improve people someday like that."

"How soon?"

Todd felt trapped. He didn't have a real answer. But he didn't want anyone, not even bad kid Billy, to think he wasn't serious. "I'd have to test things out on animals all before I can graduate to humans. You can't just start experimenting on people."

"Why not?"

"Its dangerous."

"I ain't scared of nothin."

"Some things can hurt."

"I been hurt lots. Look!" He rolled up his sleeve and showed Todd a black bruise on his arm.

"And look here!" He rotated his other arm and showed Todd a half dozen circular scars. "Don't think cigarettes don't hurt when you put 'em out like that." He leaned his gun against his leg and put both hands on his hips. "If you can make me so that Dad can't do that no more, you can experiment on me all you want."

Todd was silent while he considered the opportunity. He knew it wasn't one he could turn his nose up at. How many adults got that kind of chance? No one he'd heard about. He'd even read about a doctor in WWII who'd experimented on people and gotten in trouble! "I might be able to do something for you. I'll need to set up a place to work though. And figure out some kind of plan, a schedule. I do something to you, we have to wait and see what happens. It may take a while. Some things might not do anything."

"I'm all for it! My Dad? He's strong. When he's drinking? You don't know what he'll do. And he got powers too. Come on. Him and my uncle Jim is sitting out in the yard right now drinking beer. You'll see. He's got powers over plants, and weather and all sorts of stuff. Come on."

Todd was hesitant, but he resolved to have Billy as his willing subject. How quickly he'd changed from an object of fear to one of study, and a sort of partner too. They walked along the road together,

Billy with his air gun slung over his shoulder like a soldier, and Todd, eyes watching the ground for insects or animals yet glancing admiringly at Billy. Yes, he could improve him, he was sure of it.

As they neared the house, with its hanging strips of siding and overgrown lawn, Todd's fear increased. Billy's father, Billy Sr. And uncle Jim sat in lawn chairs, empty six pack rings and crumpled cans spread like crumbs around them.

"I see you been shooting frogs, boy." Billy Sr. slurred and looked at Jim who laughed with a sneer that showed how drunk he was. "Why don't you shoot us some supper? Like I'd trust you with a gun, even if you was growd up enough," he answered himself.

Jim wiped his forehead, then dabbed his red face with his T shirt. "Sure got hot out here some quick."

"It turned hot alright." Billy Sr. looked up at the sky. 'I'll show God.'" He raised one hand in the air and closed his eyes. He hiccuped twice. Suddenly a breeze stirred the tops of the trees off to one side of the house, and a cloud came across the sun and stopped. The air whistled in Todd's ear canals. "Well then, that's much better," Billy Sr. said opening his eyes, throwing down his empty beer can and popping another.

"That's a mite better," Jim said. "Thanks, Billy." He looked at Billy Jr. and Todd, winking. "You see how it is?" Jim nodded his head toward Billy. "He does that any time he wants."

"I want something to look at!" Billy Sr. closed his eyes and waved his arm again in the air. In a moment, a flock of sparrows flew overhead. He opened his eyes and watched them pass, smiled and turned to Billy Jr. "Why don't you mow the lawn today?"

"Gotta sharpen the blade."

"Sharpen it then. Told you to cut the lawn yesterday."

Todd put his hands in his pockets and looked at Billy, who like his father and his uncle, now seemed not to notice him. Todd was nervous around people drinking. Once, Kelly Bresenhan had thrown pebbles in his face, and when she ran and lost her shoe, he'd taken it and thrown it in the sewer before she could get it. Her dad had seen it happen and came out of his house, Kelley's father, weaving where he stood and drunk, made Todd come into his house and put him at the top of the cellar stairs.

"You want me to kick you down there?" He'd said.

"No."

"How'd you like me to kick you down there?"

"I wouldn't."

"Maybe I kick you down the stairs and we call it even."

Just then, Kelley's mom came into the room. "David, what are you doing?" He turned around like he was caught, staggered back a step. Todd ran around him and out the front door.

That's what drinking did to people. Todd looked at Billy Sr. He knew he'd have to come up with some mighty invention to be able to pit Billy Jr. against this; the madness that the drinking brings, and the power over nature.

"I gotta go home," Todd said. "I'll see you maybe tomorrow." "Yeah, tomorrow."

Todd walked backward up the drive until he reached the road, then scuffed along the shoulder as he went, expecting to maybe see a wild animal, or a lightning bolt, sent by Billy Sr. To pick him off before he got the chance to implement a plan to turn his own son into a super warrior who could destroy him.

Todd's father was still weeding in the garden when he got home. Inside, his mother was sitting at the kitchen table. Todd could see her from the foot of the stairs before going up to his lab. She had dug out his Ouija board again, by herself, divining in the kitchen. He always wondered what she asked it. It seemed like every time she was alone in the house, when chores were done, she'd find it in his room and lose herself like this. It was fine. She didn't bother him. He went upstairs.

Todd looked at his cobbled together shelves of test tubes and science equipment. He could make a second lab out in the shed. That would be a treatment lab, where he could take Billy without bringing him into the house. Dad never used it, it was musty and unchanged from the day they'd moved in. There was a workbench he could set up like an operating table if he needed to. He'd move things out as he wanted them. But first he'd have to do some studying. He unpacked cardboard boxes from the closet and took out textbooks, paperbacks and files. He found tape recordings he'd made when his parents took him to a lecture he'd wanted to hear on genetic research. At Jackson Labs. He'd been so interested, they'd let him stay all day while they took walks, vacationing. A scientist took him along to a research lab and had let him record his continuous monologue, as he examined slides and studied generations of mice. Todd had three ninety minute cassettes of what he revered as the voice of God. He put one in his cassette machine and punched play, reliving that day as he sorted through material in preparation for his project.

Todd found Billy the next day at the swamp. Billy had caught a frog and found a board with rusty nails in it. He'd pried the nails out of the board and now was driving them with a stone through the frogs fore and rear legs back into the board. The frog pulled and squirmed at his crucifixion, letting out a squeak but giving no signs of expiring. When Billy saw Todd, he threw the frog-board down on a rock to boil in the sun. "Figured you come by here," Billy said.

"I thought we should talk about a plan." Todd's eyes flashed to the struggling frog, then back to Billy who in standing up obscured the view of the pathetic throws. "I got some ideas from reading last night."

"Did you see how Dad was?"

"Yeah. I don't know how he can control nature like that."

"He always made the winds blow, sky cloud over, birds fly. He said he can make light bulbs explode, but he never done it for me to see. Said bulbs cost money."

"He has powers, that's for sure." Todd bit his lip like he'd seen on television for thinking. "We have to give you equal powers, better ones if you want to defeat him. I want to try some things like I been reading. Gotta tell ya some of what I might need to do will hurt."

"Like I said, hurt don't bother me. If I get some good outta hurt, I'll hurt forever. You do what you need to make me improved."

"One of my books says things about what it calls 'sympathetic magic.' Like a native puts a frog skin on a spear and that makes the spear move fast like a frog. Then in Frankenstein the monster was stitched up from ten men and had ten men's power."

"I seen that movie!"

"Yeah, it was a movie too. Then there's a book where a scientist takes a chemical and it turns him evil, but he's strong too, like we want you to be. I figure we can do some of all of that to you. I can stitch you up with some pieces of animals. Then you'll have their powers. And I can mix some medicines from the medicine cabinet with some strong smelling chemicals like I make in my lab. That will make the medicine super powerful, and make you better than you were before."

"Its like I can feel it already just thinking about it!" Billy puffed up and hit his chest with his closed fist. "Nothin' will stop me."

"We can start as soon as we can get what they call donors. That is, what we're going to take parts from. I want to use a frog, a snake, and a bird."

Todd and Billy went in different directions around the parameter of the swamp, looking for their donors in the water and clumps of grass at the edge. In not long there was a splash and Billy yelled, "I got a big one! Big ol' bullfrog!" They converged and examined the specimen.

"This will be perfect. See how strong and thick its hind legs are!" Todd took it gently from Billy and slipped it into a plastic bag he produced from his front pocket. "Now a snake!" Again they

separated, poking around the drier ground, pulling up boards and tires and beating high grass with sticks. Todd and Billy both heard the sounds a snake makes gliding through the rough, but couldn't see it.

Finally, Todd saw a dart of color slide between his feet where he was thrashing the brush. He dropped a foot on it and found a grip behind its head with his hand. He held it up in the air. "Snake! Snake!" It was a long, sleek Garter snake close to three feet in length and twisting powerfully to escape. "He's lively!" Billy reached him a little winded from running, and in a special awe of the creature with which he would soon be sharing space.

"He's a beauty, alright." They gazed at it for a moment before securing it in its own bag and hitching it on Todd's belt. Billy whistled like he was tired, but he was really too excited for that. "So if I can wing a bird with my air gun, we can get started real soon, right?"

"I'd like to perform the first series of transplants today," Todd said, liking the sound of it. "It will be followed by chemical treatments, but all will depend on what happens as we go."

Todd went home with the snake and frog, while Billy went for his air gun and then to the line of trees behind his house to find a suitable bird.

Todd cleared off the workbench in the shed and pushed loose things on the floor against the walls. From the house he collected materials for his make shift lab and operatory. His mother cleaned in the kitchen, taking out baking trays from the oven and scrubbing them in the sink. His father sat on his black leather chair and watched a sports recap show. Todd climbed the stairs to his room and down several times, each time bringing a box of bottles and chemicals, then went out the front door, seemingly invisible. He unpacked and sorted on the workbench. Scalpels from frog dissection kits, various compounds from the Edmund Scientific catalog, beakers, test tubes, a microscope and a box of slides made up his lab inventory. He put the frog and snake in two large plastic buckets from the barn and watched the animals tire themselves out trying to escape. Then he checked to see if the light worked. The switch was stiff, but when he forced it up, the bare bulb hanging from the rafters flooded the room to its corners.

He organized needles, various lengths and thickness of thread, cloth, scissors and rubbing alcohol. Handling these things filled him with a sense of commitment to the task before him, and a certainty of its value.

The interior of the shed was dark brown raw boards, not stained, but aged. No sheet rock or insulation burdened the walls. The two by fours that formed the framework entered the space, as did the nails, which Todd now found useful for holding boards which he jammed against them, making instant shelves for holding his lab supplies. There was a knock on the old door. Todd pushed it open an inch to see Billy, standing with a flapping bird in one hand and his air gun in the other. Todd quickly ushered him in.

Billy leaned his gun on the bench and held the bird out. Todd took it from him and could feel the small heart beating rapidly through his fingers. He took a weight, a rock, and rested it on top of the bird on the bench. "Are you ready?"

"Go to work."

With some learned skill, Todd used a scalpel, razor and kitchen knife to remove the bird's wings, discarding the rest of it on the floor as it gasped silently. He defeathered and skinned the parts so that what remained was bone and muscle. Then he had Billy lay face down on the table without a shirt, and cut slits below both shoulder blades. He mopped the blood that oozed with an alcohol wet rag. Billy bit down on a piece of wood but didn't make a sound. Todd took the wing bones and muscles and carefully inserted them into the slits he'd made in Billy's back. Then he sewed the openings closed with needle and thread.

The frog was dissected and its hind legs removed. These were implanted into the backs of Billy's legs, pants hitched up to his knees. Sinew and musculature from the snake was placed and sewn into Billy's upper arms.

Last, Todd smeared a paste he'd made in his lab into the seams of the incisions. Billy winced at this, but didn't cry out or complain. The paste was thick and helped to stem the bleeding, though any other properties it might have were unknown. "I feel different." Billy sat on the edge of the bench teetering a little, his body seeming to rock forward and back to the pounding of his heart.

"How do you feel different?" Todd took a clipboard of paper from a shelf and scribbled on it.

"I feel... powerful." He slid off of the bench onto his feet, but found he needed to lean back so not to fall. "I feel like an animal about to come out o' the egg."

"Don't show anyone. They'll take you to a doctor and stop it."

"We don't go to no doctor unless mighty sick, like Ma got. And I ain't sick. I'm better." He made a fist but released it as a trickle of blood ran down his arm. Todd could see there was pain and that Billy was holding back a reaction. He scribbled again on the pad.

After a rest and a dizzy loss of the sense of time, Billy got up and stood. He went outside to the road and ran up it and down it, a hundred feet, then turning, trying out his new legs. At some points he seemed to hobble and almost fall, but he forced himself to continue. Todd watched him, remembering not long ago when he'd gotten a new pair of sneakers and tried them out in this same way. He remembered thinking they made him faster, and jump farther.

When Billy was done running, he squatted in the gravel on the shoulder. He was more than winded, and his socks were both wet with blood.

Todd worked in the laboratory in his room almost through the night. He was careful not to clink glass together, and unscrew caps gently so not to make noise and possibly wake his parents. He boiled mercury, oxidized iodine and joined it to vitamins from the medicine cabinet, which he ground in his mortar and pestle. He pictured Billy, an object of creation, of his own invention, plucked from the hand of God. He wished he could have made him from scratch. But this was a beginning. Maybe there would be others. When there was a smell and a color that looked right, Todd turned off his burner and put the beaker of substance on a tray to cool. Billy would ingest this. To what end, Todd didn't know. He'd chosen the chemical components based on some aspect they displayed. Mercury was a metal, yet fast and slippery like a snake. Iodine would heal, the vitamins would fuel working and the grafting of the muscles and sinew spliced into Billy. Todd yawned. Having done what he'd set out to do this evening, he became aware of his fatigue, turned out his light and lay down on his bed until after dawn.

The next day, Todd walked like in a dream through the things that were unimportant to him. The presence of his parents, eating a breakfast, chores slipped by him with no influence. In the afternoon, his mother cleaned and father was out on business. Todd worked and waited in the shed laboratory, repeatedly holding the substance in the beaker he had made the previous night up to the light in the dirty glass window, striking a dramatic pose, like on the cover of a science book.

After the time they had agreed upon to meet, Billy rapped weakly on the door of the shed. He entered and Todd turned the switch, throwing the raw jaundiced light of the hanging bulb into Billy's discolored face. The rims of Billy's eyes were loose and red like he'd been bleeding tears, the skin of his face was shiny and opaque like melted skin-toned crayon. His mouth fluttered, anticipating the effect before he spoke. "I'm feeling... strong. I can feel my...powers."

"How have you felt your powers?" Todd led him over to the bench and helped him jump up like a doctor with an ill patient.

Billy swallowed slowly. "I was at my house..." he swallowed again, like clearing or suppressing something. "...and I was coming out the front door... and then, I was at the end of the driveway, and I don't remember walking it so I must have jumped it without even thinking." He coughed and wiped some thick spit off his lips with his fist and knuckles. "And then, this afternoon, I felt really hot, but the sky was clouded over, and it was windy out, so I must be controlling the weather, too. I don't know how to change it back yet...I'm boiling up right now. Aren't you?"

"I can feel it too." He wanted to believe. He was actually cold. Todd rolled up Billy's sleeves and looked at the snake transplants. There were dark lines of veins running down both arms from where the implants had been made, and the wounds themselves were swollen and purple around the stitches, which were tight and cutting into the tissue because of the swelling. The paste Todd had smeared into the sewn gap was dotted with pores that had opened in its surface to pass the green puss that oozed and glistened on the skin. Todd felt the sleeve of the black T shirt. It was wet with puss. He held a plastic tub underneath it and wrung out some of the fluid for later study and use.

"The next step is to speed up the changes with a chemical I made." Todd produced his beaker of substance and held it to the light as he'd already done a hundred times. "This will raise your powers and fix you at their peak."

"Give it to me," Billy said like challenged, grabbed the beaker and swallowed the liquid in a few gulps. He lowered the container, then placed it on the table at the end of a meandering search for the surface. His face was devoid of expression. Beads of perspiration formed on his cheeks, forehead and neck. For a moment he swayed on his feet, then found his legs. "I can feel the change. I'm almost ready. I can tell, I'm almost ready." He clenched his teeth together and his eyes bulged. "I'm strong! Ahhhh!" he yelled and flexed his muscles and arched his back.

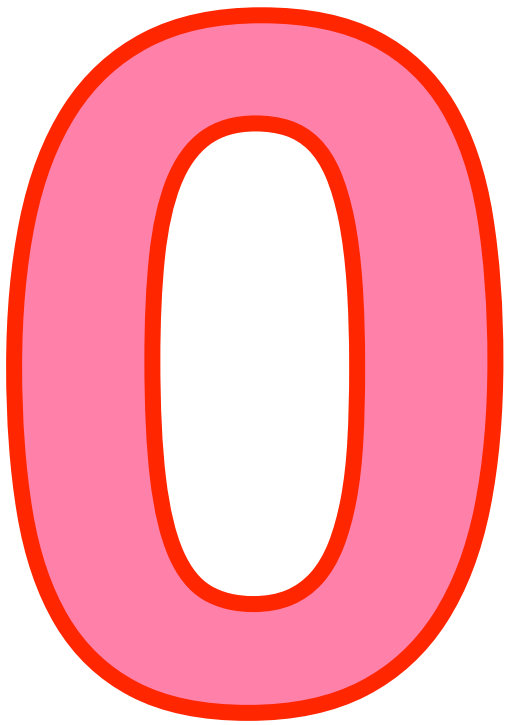
"Yes!" dramatically. "You can defeat an army... the world!"

"I'm powerful!" Billy ran forward suddenly and struck out at the wall with a kick. His foot impaled itself on three protruding nails, but it didn't lessen his enthusiasms. He kicked the wall again and pulled his foot loose. "Nothing can stop me!" He swung to face Todd triumphantly. His eyes were irregular orbs now, blood vessels broke into red deltas and a thick congestion collected in their corners. "You made me God!" With that, he lunged to the door, flung it open and ran across the yard and up the street.

Todd walked outside and toward the road. He didn't intend to follow Billy. Billy was still a "bad kid," and Todd had no illusions, really, about controlling him. He wondered what the things he'd done to him were doing. Was Billy really changing in some miraculous way?

Later in the afternoon, Todd puttered in the shed laboratory, adding this with that, and making up simple imaginative diagrams in his notebook. The typical stillness of the country air was disturbed by the sound of a siren, first far away like a morning bird, then close, passing right by the house. It stopped a short distance away. Todd knew it was at Billy's house. He thought for a moment that Billy might have risen up and with his new super human fury, slain his father and his uncle, but he realized it was more likely that Billy had become very ill from what he had done to him.

Failure was not defeat. Todd thought he could learn something from these efforts, though he didn't know what. He may have gone forward a little prematurely.



Soil soup – sorrow, anticipated pressure -... what happened in the spring, and then the other thing in salt and summer and pine in winter -. The task of rolling the marble across the fine driveway gravel - . Was the one following the one in the series that turned and stepped, breaking the thread attaching any independent parts and sending observing animals into alarm mode – notifications by urgent croaking, sharp single toned pitch assault, high end, alternating. Rooms, between the walls filled with newts -. The way worms crowd inside a can -. Flies, release me, screaming, window window, glass -. Twines the portion above the watermark – safely estimating, markings there are visible year round -. So explained the crowding of the pores around the crescent shaped lines outlining tooth impressions -. After the naming, it is the soul of the contrivance that emerges, damp at first, but quickly dried and constituted of

the bread crumb. Chewed insulation from the wires, the lurked but hidden danger, in the walls. Instant moving, plastic mending, spray on the stitch. Or squeeze the glue wound – no puncture extra scar. Meeting in the family home, the eye bat is the traditional mode. Make of a critical castration, lead bead pollen. Fish line sinkers bite to pinch.

The air is crisp. Its cold, but its comfortable. And its more. Its like an envelope around me. I'm having a Schlitz tall boy. That's a twenty-five ounce can of beer. Its a narrow cylinder that reminds me of a spent shell, like the 4-10 bird gun I used to have. And shot squirrels with. And target practiced with in desolate places, just like this. The air is crisp, but the beer is colder. And I think it drops my temperature lower so outside it seems less so. Its the same way with hot drinks in the heat. To me. But maybe I'm different from the rest. Its dark. Nighttime. I'm alone, in the backyard of the house I live in. Yard. That's funny. Before the house was built, a century ago I think, this used to be a county jail. There are the cement blocks, rusted metal bars sticking in the air cropping up from the flat gravel and grass clumps like islands in a rough sea. They knocked the building down, but nothing ever grew here again. The big, circular clearing remains, cluttered with stone and iron, and the house sits at one edge of its periphery, connected to the world by a half mile dirt drive off a sparsely traveled tar road, the back way 'round the town. Beyond the clearing is dense woods. There are paths that weave around, connecting the wanderer to the civilization of an earlier time. These were "colonial acres." Old growth. Virgin trees.

The house has been here seventy years. Three generations of the Lisando family lived here before they sold the house for retirement to Florida, and the youngsters, apartment living in various cities.

Each generation of Lisandos produced eight or nine children. It was a house, but not large enough to house those numbers. It was well worn by the end of seventy years steady, close quartered living. When I moved in, it was almost uninhabitable.

The new owner was a retired Gulf Oil sales representative, "laid off" one month before he was eligible for a full retirement package large companies so frequently boast of as incentive to commit long term. That's what his son, Alvin, said. His dad, Calvin Ailo, just turned flaccid and uncritical. After being one of the nastiest drunks I ever met. He went limp. Alvin and I would go to visit him sometimes. Alvin seemed to like to show his conservative, crest-fallen dad as an example of selling out to a steady pay check and security. Alvin was an artist. I met him when we were both in school. He was an angry person. Like his father was once. Except Alvin never caved in. To cut his hair short. Or want normal things. That's how Alvin dramatized himself, readily and frequently after a couple of drinks. He'd gorge on self aggrandizing and elaborate flourishes of defensive narrative that bordered on paranoia the looser he got. But he was a lot of fun. He'd do crazy, daring things, like climb a radio tower during a lightning storm, or row a dory out to an island at three in the morning in the fog with a case of beer. Alvin could be loud, obnoxious, argumentative, but people liked him. He dropped out of school in the eighth grade. He worked, learned carpentry, plumbing, house painting and welding before he decided to get his GED and enrolled in art school. He knew how to do a lot of things. He was very useful to people. He made friends who respected his practical skills. After art school, they gravitated toward him. With no intention to, he came to be the hub of communal living, renting apartments and giving rooms up temporarily to former classmates without jobs or rents. His apartments were always overcrowded, so it looked like a good opportunity when his father, in an attempt to lift himself from depression, decided to rent a small gas stop, and buy a fix-it-up house with the intention of renting it out. Alvin's idea was his crowd would move in and pay no or little rent, in exchange for renovations. Alvin inspected the property. It'd take a lot of work, including correcting badly done construction when it was built. He could move in and begin right away. The commune of Falmouth, Maine was born.

What a time. Lots of drinking beer.. Accidents. Work. We dug up and put in new sewer pipe to the cesspool, replaced all the interior walls, including some of the studs which in some cases were

piecemeal inside supporting walls. The Lisandos were lucky the roof never fell down on them. The place was filled with plaster dust and who knows what else. Sometimes we slept with respirators on. Once, a roof panel slid out. Dust from decades poured out of the crawl-space and made a heavy cloud in the room, marbles rolled out of the ceiling and bounced across the floor, and there was the tinkle of bones. The better part of a human hand. In the eaves of the attic we found old whiskey bottles. We imagined a lot, but we were sure nothing could be stranger than what actually must have happened. A lost hand? Evidence of a severe secret drinker, maybe confined to an attic. We decided to let it go. Attention to that sort of thing could get the house really torn apart. We kept the hand in a jar on a table for awhile, and that seemed unsafe. We buried it in the woods, just outside the clearing. Perhaps a dog would dig it up and carry it home.

There was a group of ten people living there, plus or minus one at any given time. Besides the work in the house, we all had jobs. There was a sail loft nearby a couple worked in. A Coke plant. That employed a couple. I worked on the docks. That was hard. It took up most of my energy. Our house of former art students tried to sustain their creative momentum. We even held weekly critiques of our artwork. It was what kept most working. But the work wasn't for the world. It was directed at supportive and encouraging friends. The idea of showing artwork outside of the household was becoming an unlikely possibility. Incentive eventually evaporated. James and Ellen had a baby. Their priorities changed. I remember becoming removed from them as housemates. And they were thinking of moving out. Alvin badmouthed them behind their backs. He thought they were giving up to do what every other slob did. But Alvin wasn't making art either.

While all my housemates backslid and agonized in turn about the fate of their calling in their lives, I quietly puttered in my room in free time, like I've always done, cutting up different materials and slapping some paint and medium around like I didn't care what I did. The others never took me seriously. I could tell they thought me the least likely to do anything with myself. I was taking music classes at the school where I met them, and I didn't graduate. Why would they think I was one of them, a painter, a sculptor, an artist?

There were usually art magazines laying around in the house. I noticed three or four artists whose work I liked. All showed with the same gallery. Finishing up some paintings I was making with canvas and rubber tubing, I took slides of them in the sunlight and sent them off to the gallery in N.Y.

You think that no one looks at slides, or you have to know someone. Felix gallery in Soho was looking for new artists after a string of successes. Sache and Sache purchased there, and their most popular artists held joint shows over at Leo's. This I found out later. It was interesting to get a call from N.Y. I realize now how my housemates must have hated, or at least, resented me. The untalented, the uninterested one, getting a call to come down to N.Y. And what followed, how can I not marvel, a magical blur. Heavily accented Romanian gallery owner Felix, "I would like to handle your work, but you must move to N.Y. Talk to my director, she'll set you up with a realtor in nice artist area. In Brooklyn."

I moved down in days. Quickest move I ever made. It was like quitting a job. Housemates saw me off in a sort of confusion, in a way I think not envying me at all. I think it would have been traumatic for any of them. It'd have pulled them from a dream world, of a fantasy art success, recognition, all things partitioned safely into illusion. For me, it was just going with it. Chance to make money, moving for a better job. And I'd never really been wanted the way this gallery seemed to want me. So I said to myself, I'll do that.

Felix was an intriguing person. Late middle aged man, married, former Harvard Medical researcher, Romanian, American wife, former grade school teacher, now Felix smoked cigars wore Armani suits and rubbed elbows with Mary Boone, Castelli, not to speak of the downtown celebrities who frequented those circles; Willem Defoe, Lou Reed, Ginsberg. Lisa, Felix's wife always looked a little out of place, though she'd been in the game for years now. I could see Felix giving pep talks in my mind; "These people no better than you. Make conversation. Stop looking frightened."

Felix thought I was scared and green. It was all new to me. I just didn't know what people were talking about. One thing Felix said stuck with me. "Art is a commodity of the soul." I didn't exactly know what he meant. The context must have been stressing the importance of his role in the art process. "Spiritual broker" I thought later, but never said it. I didn't know but it might insult him. His truism popped into my head a lot, frequently when I was feeling sarcastic or cynical, when I felt like I was supposed to pitch something to a patron, which I suppose I began to resent, because they tended to resist parting with their money for my work. Felix gave me some room, but it felt strained when he said, "wall space is money" and walked away.

I never signed a contract, but when the Art in America annual gallery listing came out, I was on the Felix gallery stable roster, and was listed individually in the artist listing in the back of the magazine. I suppose in some people's minds, I had arrived. I had representation in a major, visible art gallery.

I got real involved in making things. I had a walk-up apartment in Brooklyn that I used like a garage. I nailed canvases to the floor, set things on fire, boiled tar, ignited plastic, in an effort to achieve some illusive effect that would keep Felix optimistic about the salability of my work. I dreaded what my landlord would think if he ever gained access here. I wondered what a recent acquaintance, Randy "Poop-Christ" Dioros' landlord would think if he ever went into "Poops" apartment, with its trays of feces, piss and ejaculations of diarrhea. I'd never seen his apartment or studio. I'd have to ask him for a look sometime. By the time I met Poops, he'd started getting some money for his artwork. That only increased the death threats he received almost daily. But he was living the dream, making a living with his artwork. I was not. I took two jobs at bookstores and carpentry work as well, working cheap because I knew I didn't know what I was doing. I worked seven days a week while attending openings and mingle-parties at night. I eventually realized that I was the only one living like this. Felix was getting annoyed at the lack of public interest in my work. To him, I was showing at his gallery rent free. A handful of sales encouraged him for awhile, but he soon slipped back into skepticism. For him, I went from "Uber-artist" to "No dice."

Eventually, he called me in. "I'm sorry. I like your work myself. I don't know what the problem is. Maybe you're behind the times, maybe ahead. I'll always look at what you do. But I can't afford to keep you." And that was it. But, alright. I was already to pack it in. It wasn't working for him. It wasn't working for me. I thought about my old housemates. I wondered what they'd have done, or thought. I expected I would fall back on "artistic differences" as my reason for departure. But as it happened, my future wouldn't be such that any explanation was needed.

I found that most of what I possessed could fit into a van. Outside of the artwork I'd produced that is. Which I disposed of by snapping their support structures that made them large (art must be the size of a billboard to be a possible masterpiece) rolling and folding them into my van and dumping into dumpsters behind stores at night. In three loads, my artwork inventory had disappeared, the same work I'd put on gallery walls and priced at the healthy emerging artist cost of eight to ten thousand dollars a piece. In the trash. It felt very good. I was glad I still had jobs to pay my bills. I stopped going to openings at night. Instead, I made a cup of tea and sat in my street front window. I'd watch cars and people go by. I walked around during the weird local festivals. I looked at life in my Brooklyn neighborhood. I concluded that people were not the same everywhere. They were totally different. These people could have been ants, or buffaloes, with their strange religious parades and attitudes. The truth was it probably wasn't that strange. It was just that for the first time, I was noticing where I was.

When I was working at one of my bookstore jobs, Randy "Poop Christ" Dioro came in, walked up to the cash register and began asking where an Ethiopian Restaurant was located in the neighborhood. He didn't recognize me at first, but then stopped talking suddenly like he was shocked. I knew he was doing very well with Felix now, who'd loaned him out for a much publicized show at Mary Boone gallery. Though I told myself different, I was still taking notice of who was where in the occasional magazine. He really was made. I broke the ice.

"Hi, Randy. Abyssinia is over on Atlantic, just up the street two blocks down on the right.

"Um, right. How are you?"

I'm fine, thanks. How's your show going?"

"Good. Good reviews."

I didn't even ask him about sales. The second question emerging artists ask each other regarding a show was, "did you sell anything?" I avoided Randy's embarrassment of success. Everyone knew. There was a waiting list for his work.

Seeing Poop made me think of Candy Lick. Didn't ever know his real name. Untalented, it seemed to me, Jewish, homosexual, and he made it work for him as a self mocking stereotype of his own invention. He wrote long tirades about being an "unloved faggot Jew" on kitchen plates, drew crude pictures of flowers on yellow lined paper then put them in frames from K-mart, blowing off the idea of artistry. He had friends take snapshots of him standing in his kitchen with his pants around his ankles, with a semi-erection. He clipped these photos onto his exhibition resume, and tacked them to the wall next to his real "work." He was a Felix gallery discovery. He was on his way in when I was on my way

out. When his sales finally started to slump, he changed his name from Candy Lick to Candy Lick Wanna Suck. It didn't help his sales, but it made Felix hopeful for a little longer. Candy wanted it to last, but he knew it wouldn't. He had sold himself as a phony, a joke he shared openly with his audience. But like velvet painting, in the end, it was still velvet painting. People eventually got tired of being reminded they were part of a sham. I spoke with Candy at an opening of his artwork once. Even when he was selling, he had no illusions. He knew he was a one trick horse. He was surprised it'd gone on for as long as it had.

"My dad came down for my opening. That's him over there." He pointed out a middle aged balding man in a conservative looking suit, leaning on a cane with one hand and absently swishing his drink around with the other. He seemed bored and uncomfortable. "He took his time and walked through the whole show, watching other people looking at the work too. I think he felt ashamed of me. He came up after awhile and said, 'What are you going to do when this dries up? What are your plans?' Now, isn't that just like a parent?" Candy's tone was bitter, but then his expression softened. "Of course, the thing is, I didn't really have an answer."

He was eventually dropped. I never heard anything about him after that. I didn't see him listed on any rosters or see ads for shows he was in. Like me, he'd completely disappeared from radar.

"Well, thanks for the directions," Poops said.

"Yeah, just around the corner where Court meets Atlantic." I remember being almost pushy, like in my job capacity, being someone else. Not the artist with my name. I must have been trying to embarrass him. Now I can see I envied him. His surprise at finding me as a cashier stung, I know that. People like him didn't seem to have to work. I'd known a couple who'd come from Boston. They'd both sold some art through a N.Y. gallery while living in Boston. Their gallery director told them that'd have to move to N.Y. if they wanted to go the next leg. They moved. They lasted three months. Their art wasn't selling. It didn't occur to either one of them that they had to get jobs. They moved back to Boston, to their waiting condo. I met another guy who'd been in N.Y. for fifteen years trying to get his artwork shown. He was still optimistic. He'd seen some of my things at Felix gallery and left a calling card with his number. I called and we met at the gallery. I talked mechanically about what I was doing as we stood in front of one of my pieces that was there on the wall. He didn't have any questions or opinions. I was on lunch break from one of my jobs and had to get back. I couldn't figure out what he wanted. It seemed that he was going through motions, making contacts, talking to me like he expected I was going to do something for him. He was doing what he needed to sustain his identity. But, that's just me, thinking.

It was hard saving money, but I managed somehow. After I was dropped from the gallery, the going out stopped, and that was a major savings. Though booze flowed like water at openings, it was easy to fall in the habit of preliminaries or nightcaps at a bar. Even when a tab was covered, the money seemed to disappear from my wallet.

Working days then nights spent in frugal entertainment at my apartment front window, I saved enough to move out of the city. I liked Brooklyn well enough, but it wasn't me. Neither was Manhattan. There were too many people. Too different. I would never understand it all. I wanted to go back to where I came from. I loaded the four hundred dollar telephone van I'd bought and drove away. I'd just been served to do jury duty in Manhattan. I didn't want to end up sitting months at some cannibal's trial. That's the kind of impression I'd have had before I'd moved to N.Y. And that's one I held when I left. Things there were extra, bigger, cruder. No one just killed any one in Manhattan. They ate them too. It was the perfect time for me to leave.

I drove back in one stretch, took me a day. I stayed a night in a motel outside of town. I'd lived for a month there once, paying by the week. The owner remembered me I know, because he gave me the same room. There was a restaurant next to it with a bar. I went in. The bartender remembered me too. He smiled without acknowledging he knew me. But then he asked, "Pint of Porter and a shot?" After that I called the number that I thought was the commune. It had been disconnected. I tried to get listings of the last names of old housemates. It'd only been a little over three years. It seemed like one or two of them would be in the area. I had no luck. Finally, I called the number of Alvin's father, our landlord. The old man had had a stroke, but his wife filled me in on what'd happened at the house since I'd been gone. Apparently, my leaving had angered the others. Two had moved to N.Y. Another had gone to Boston, cities where they'd feel they had a chance to make it big. The others had moved into other areas, following better employment. Alvin had gone on several hiking traveling sprees. He found himself in Mexico twice and twice been badly beaten and robbed while in a drunken stupor. He'd come back each time to convalesce, only to light out again as soon as he could get around on foot. They thought that he had met a girl in Texas and was living with her now. But they weren't sure at all. "Things can change suddenly and unexpectedly with Alvin, and they frequently do," his mother said with a bit of sadness. I'm sure she was implying, "he could be here for his father," but she held herself back. The house had been locked up. After Alvin Sr.'s stroke, she decided not to deal with tenants. But I was welcome to move back in, continue renovating. At a reasonable rent.

Work proved equally easy to find. The economy wasn't doing that great here, but I was helped along by circumstance and chance. Walking along the water front in town, looking for work lumping boats, a man bagging bait heard me as I asked on a wharf. He'd just lost a deck hand on his lobster boat and needed someone quick. If I could lump a boat, I could help pull traps. That was good enough for me too. Plus two hundred and fifty dollars a week cash. His name was Shannon. I worked for him and his son, Tom.

I moved back into this house. Work started right away. In fact, I went out on the spot when he hired me. We fished six hundred traps in strings of ten. Shannon steered the boat, threatening, cursing, swearing, and working the crane. Tom pulled the traps up onto the edge of the boat, took the lobsters out, shoved it down the line to me, who jammed a bait pin through three rotted flounders, hooked it over the string, slid them into the trap, closed and secured the door, and pushed it overboard, next trap, going fast. I was used to fast and hard. Dock work was like this, emptying boats, and flooring for a scallop operation on Brown wharf, the same. Unloading trucks of scallop tubs, putting them on pallets, dragging six hundred pounds of weight across a floor with a meat hook, filling up empty scallop bins until the job was done. It doesn't sound like lobstering, but all the movements in the end lead to the same exhaustion. And hazards.

I didn't let myself have an opinion of Shannon, only flat, nonjudgmental observation. He was that volatile and severe a character. I felt that if I held some impression of him, he would sense it and it might put me in a dangerous situation, out there in a boat. The work day began at about quarter to four in the morning. I waited at the end of my dirt road and Shannon would drive by no later than four. If I was there he picked me up. It wasn't, he'd said, he wouldn't even slow down, even if he saw me walking up the road. I cursed my van. It'd broken down the day I'd moved back to the house. One of the gears had gone, and I knew it'd cost some hundreds to fix it. So it sat. There was a bus a short walk away that went into town. I could get food. But no bus was running at four in the morning. I was beholden to Shannon.

The litany of curses on the world. The wife with cancer. Leaving nothing good behind when he'd die. He was a minister at his pulpit. Behind the wheel of his car.

I lodged myself away in the back of my head somewhere. Like going down a street everyday that's lined with billboards. Eventually you don't see them. But they're still there. You're somewhere else.

Fish juice, that is, the watery runoff from rotten fish bait is both corrosive and bacterial. If you have a scratch with even a hint of a scab, while you're working baiting traps, the salty juice from the fish will wash over the scab until it loosens or dissolves. When the scab is gone, the juice collects as a distillation of jelly in the pocket that remains, and is frequently rinsed out by the moving water, replaced by fresh slime. Between the movement of the water, which washes away the broken down skin, and the acidic quality of the juice, a scratch can become a deep, oozing crater that passes through every layer of skin and, hopefully, ends, somewhere below. If you're lucky, you'll heal with just a scar. But this isn't always what happens. A big crater through the flesh is a barn door for infection. And bacteria is the other destructive force of fish juice. The situation is a whole illness delivery system. I make myself laugh, trying to sound medical like that. Not the words, but I think probably the cadence I picked up when the doctors talked with me about blood poisoning.

Shannon was pleased with my working, over all. He almost marveled that the first weeks I worked, we were getting done early in the day, because I moved so fast. That's just the way I operated, when something was new to me. I'd thrown myself into it to do the best I could. Some fellow workers elsewhere had told me to slow down, you can't keep it up, the pace, stop trying to make us look bad and so forth. But I couldn't help it. That's the way I was wired. I could see Tom looking at me with squinty eyes. Maybe he was a little pissed because now Shannon was talking about maybe adding a few more strings of traps in the water.

But after the first couple of weeks, I started to feel unwell. I couldn't quite put my finger on what was wrong. I felt weak all the time. Instead of going faster, I was slowing down on the job. We were finishing later and later in the day. Shannon said he didn't know why we were taking so much longer, then he'd glare at me and his son would too. I'd gotten a scratch just along my wrist. Over several days, it had deepened and widened. It wouldn't scab over, though it bled only a trickle. I noticed I had a dark line traveling up that arm that followed a vein. I knew that was a bad sign. I didn't do anything right away. I was afraid of losing work. No, more importantly, cautious about making my employer madder at me. Then one early morning I woke up, and I couldn't move my fingers on my opposite hand, they felt so stiff. I got my glasses on and looked at them. The fingers on my left hand were swollen to the size of cucumbers. I couldn't move them and they tingled. There was a black line that ran up my left arm and disappeared at the elbow. On my right arm, a dark line ran down from the elbow to approximately where that open sore was. I felt nausea.

I started walking toward the hospital in town. In two hours, I was at the emergency room. I felt like everything would be okay now. I didn't have to worry, it was out of my hands. I didn't have medical insurance, but they still saw me right away. It was a light morning for them. The doctor quickly

determined it was blood poisoning. It'd traveled from the cut on my other arm, gone through my vascular system, including my heart, and materialized at the end of my other arm as infection. He put a metal splint on me that extended from shoulder to fingers, and wrote a prescription for antibiotics and rest at home. Before I left, he pulled at my cuticles and pinched the ends of my fingers. Puss bled out. "See how the antibiotics work. Come back in a few days. And, oh, you're lucky to be alive."

By the time I got out of the hospital, the buses were running. I caught one to the end of my dirt road and went home. I couldn't sit well. Something felt off. I was never home at this hour and I didn't know what to do. I was supposed to rest, but I wasn't tired. I was anxious about standing Shannon up for work today. There was nowhere to call and explain. And I couldn't work around the house because of my immobilized arm. After laying down and getting up, then watching TV and turning it off, I walked out of the house and walked to the grocer's. I bought a twelve pack of beer. I never realized how much beer weighed until I had to carry them a mile without switching hands. By the time I got home, I was tired. I put the box in the refrigerator, taking two out first. I drained one quickly, and opened the second. By the time I had finished half of it, I'd fallen asleep in a chair.

The phone was ringing. I didn't know what time it was, but it woke me up. I didn't answer. It rang for quite awhile then stopped. I fell back to sleep. I woke again to the phone. I ignored it and it stopped. I don't know how many times this happened. It seemed like I was dreaming it though out the night.

I woke up the next morning, still sitting in the chair. My back hurt and my fingers pulsed so much it seemed like they had a heart of their own. I got up, took a beer out of the refrigerator, and washed down two antibiotics. I sat down again at the kitchen table and looked at my fingers. They were still swollen with a tinge of blue. I squeezed the end of my middle finger and a stream of puss came out and dribbled onto the table. I squeezed the ring and the pinky to the same effect. I had a bad feeling. I drank the beer slowly all day to keep anesthetized as best I could. It also kept me from worrying too much about what might happen to me. I took some paper and pens out of an unpacked box and began to attempt to write with my right hand, difficult because I'm left handed, my afflicted one. As the alcohol loosened me up, I drew pictures. They were sloppy, undisciplined and bizarre. Eyes protruded, mouths spewed and gaped, limbs struggled to free themselves from bodies, bodies tried to lose rotting limbs. It seemed therapeutic and at worse, a harmless waste of time. And I made myself laugh. I passed the day like this, and when the beer was gone, I took out a half pint of Vodka I found in a cabinet. It might have been there since I left three years ago. I nursed some with water until the day was over.

The next day was Sunday. I lay in bed too long. I missed my pilling. I gave myself the antibiotics four hours late and felt guilty. I'd asked the doctor if I could still have a drink if I was taking the medication. He said it was no problem. I wondered, if something went wrong, if I could sue him. Then I realized how much bad faith that would be. "A drink" didn't mean ten drinks a day. It wasn't his fault. Though I couldn't help it.

Some time late in the day there was a knock at the door. At first it was timid, but then more forceful. I stirred myself from a stupor and went to the door. Tom stood at the threshold, chest pushed forward, angry, ready. When I opened the door, I thought I was in trouble. But then, he saw my arm was in a metal splint from shoulder to fingers. He withdrew his threatening way immediately. "Gee..." is what he said as he looked at me. I could tell he probably thought I had faked ill, but now he saw I really had some problem. His father had sent him. He was likely supposed to beat me to retaliate for fucking up his work, or maybe I misjudged them. But I him change at the door.

"Why didn't you call? You should have called."

"I was sick. I been real sick. I was out. I got blood poisoning. All of a sudden, the morning I didn't come in, I was at the hospital." I could see Tom get guilty of what he'd thought. I felt bad for him.

But I let him feel it. "I'm sorry. I'm still sick." I was drunk. "I'll come to work as soon as I can, if you want me."

"Well, get better..." He was sincere.

"I'm really sorry I didn't call."

He came in and we had a couple beers together. He wasn't a bad fellow. I'd been cautious about him, thinking he was mistrustful and maybe dumb, but those impressions didn't matter today. He was sorry I was sick, and I felt like I'd screwed up their work. When he left, I thought that whatever happened, working with them had been smoothed over, I was on the in again. I'd still have work, when I was well enough.

I started feeling feverish. I had fragmentary thoughts like in a dream while I was awake. Within a few days, I went back to the doctor. My fingers were still swollen and throbbing. My whole body was starting to feel like that. Like it'd been invaded by sickness. The doctor used words like "become systemic" and others to stress the significance that the infection had traveled from one side of my body to the other, how lucky I was, though I wasn't in the clear. It seemed like he was preparing me for something shocking. He squeezed my fingers and pushed back the cuticles. They bled puss for him. He frowned. "You're taking your antibiotics as prescribed?"

"Yes. And resting."

"Let's give it a few more days to work." He rubbed his chin in a doctorly pose of thought. "If it isn't getting better, if the swelling isn't going down in three days, if it stays the same, or gets worse, come back in. And we'll take another course of action."

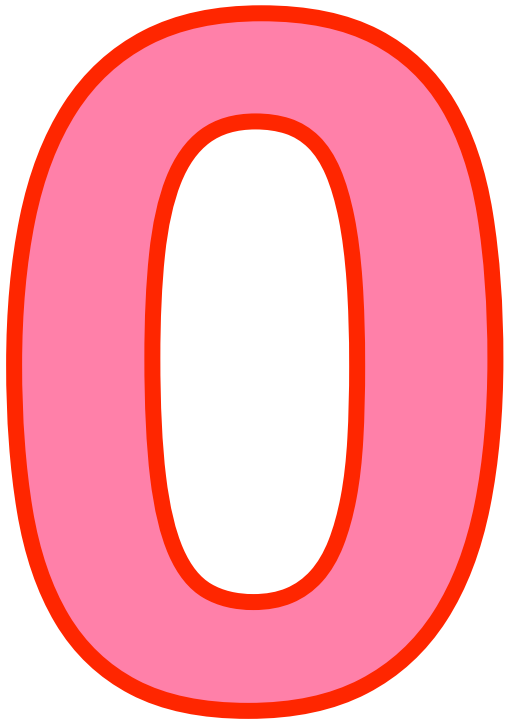
I liked the way that sounded so little that I didn't press to find out what this alternative might be. I left his office. I felt like I was wading through water. It was a physical sensation but I couldn't tell to what extent it was created by my emotional state. I didn't think in that complicated a way. It was like water.

Two, then three days were gone like moments. I knew it wasn't better. If anything it looked worse. I wanted to give it more time. I was afraid of that unclear alternative. I needed it to take care of itself. Each morning I woke up and looked at my hand, praying for a miraculous surprise. Each day I was freshly disappointed. Yet somehow I retained the magical thinking that if I waited long enough, it would just go away.

Then one morning I woke up to a different stabbing discomfort in my hand. I looked down at it, a thing attached but no longer a part of me, an enemy. My middle finger had deflated like a balloon, and the loose skin hung from the immobile frozen finger bones. My ring and little finger were still swollen, and had a bluish-green hue. And they smelled.

When the doctor saw the state I was in, he had me immediately checked into the hospital. I had the operation I'd feared, his alternative, the next morning.

I can't think about how much money I owe the hospital. I set up a payment plan with them and I've been whittling away at my debt a little at a time. And I'm working again. Shannon took me back. It was an adjustment at first, but I adapted and I think that if its possible, I work even faster than I did that first day, when I was complete. Maybe I'm streamlined, maybe what I got is better equipped for the job; an index and a thumb on the left hand. I don't miss the three other fingers now. I was more concerned before the operation, but now, a whole bundle of bothersome life decisions have been solved for me. I'd thought for instance I might go back to N.Y. and pursue an art career again someday. I'd toyed with taking up the classical guitar again too, which is what I'd gone to school to study. Whether I'd been delusional or not, they seemed like real possibilities to me. I'd been thinking these delusions, if that's what they were, might have been keeping me from living in the moment and enjoying my life just a bit more; little things that bring me joy now, like this cold tall boy I'm finishing up, this crisp, cold night, the stability of the granite slab I'm sitting on. I'm right where I should be. I'm working six long days a week on a boat, and doing well, happy to be what I am. And what am I? I'm a lobsterman. See my claw?



what.

Now, held too tight.
Resembled
closing sutures
within the drone concerns
arising from the quiet shaft
through earth that twists through
every course
propagating in the midst
of the angled slits and gentlemen
explorers all, and waxed with threaded beards,
the foreign in disguise

the esoteric in remorse
the plotted in the better plan.
Haven't sleeping
eighty years but once
with lullabies but never since –
tuned tones cut the shoot to fit
the way the hut should shake and next the stall –

nothing can prepare the calf
to face the mill

infant mortals bless the knees
of the elder lame limbed gods –

raw the pellets
of supply to feed the manifold
from where the supple in the mouth
with one toothed lid pierced fueled fuel desire
melts the vacuum set in matter and
the run off in the feel for love, consumed
desires
as their roadside habitat
engulfed
white rain –

shelf boned second year
that nature was prepared to stair climb
with adaptive jaws across the terraced bodies beast
turfed horizon

raw, the acted over
smooth return the salamander from the toad, the hot sand and
the powder chalk emulsifier drawing into
stained clots through the block compacted
takes the water
then returns an instant air –
sleep sitting fell
slinked in habits
there, the seeping molded on
the weathered wooden posts
multiplied, and, declined for
unknown reasons
to be turned by cobalt
to a wax for shaving -...
forced fighting,
bantam
photo knock around
toiled watching,

tape include the stitch again
joined together hatched apart, rejoined
assigned an isolated cycle
move to better bedding it in ocean salt
better it to crack away the spinning
raise the egg without its yoke
to born a predator –
and lime hills, let it
bury there, its own and custom victim
and, the box of set asides
when departed difficult
as laxative
the seal team hunts
the Eskimo and dog with
leadership, the bear
through ice
lake concentration oxygen
send to bubbles then chipped out
inhaled
for sending markers in the millions, specialized
reward
the quality years matching,
put down natural to inform of secret
parts
past blush, hot wind –
graves link god confession
passing through
the pin prick
and, announcing with the paper edged
ringing, with a squared waved buzzed.

Form fit, easy first impressions let them move just out around the rim of what defines. They then balled up in the drift a further limit free, the rose of walnut tapestries. The image of the mass extinction followed by the cute and fantasy of gentle, imbecilic creature life, put nails beside the head the corpse to further insult, satin rest with rust stain of the second handed spike -. As wait a taste that comes removing feathers, paper bags, and tins for burning newspaper – felt the scalp, tried, removal of the fat a layer underneath, rejecting journey to the poles and cornering as hot dwelled slicker shaped preferred to form a union with consolidated and the spare. A line drawn copied drawn again, erased. Drawn back shifted from fatigue or imprecision growth of distain. Glorified master maker stamps – the print, the kit. Negative light un ill luminates wards from the passing of the hospital years from history of the reef to yellow photos in cigar boxes, traded for cigarettes – charged with lining in the factory and relevant pumps and motions relieving the machine – orphans that -. Ripe mixing bowl effect, soak in it, for lack of options. Inspired them to live inside an iron shell and stored inside the earth ready as a representer sharing nuts and bags of popping corn, and documents through which some varied rights are sold to advertise -... the fruit molested, and the trade journal exposing – industry fraud – failed with night lips on the sprocket. Happy was the revolving dough – the silt brain twisting stretch to snap in its gnarled volume - what is wet remains, the dry blows, - the heat from exhaustion wavy – day pads, twenty for and ninety hour pads – boat engine has the diaper, leaking oil, spark – boat yard, far off coughing in a

shed, powder the floor so leaving footprints behind – waving newspaper to cool the stove – flouring what moves in case they fly the sun to fry well – hard afternoon in one time floored the operation, kept in treatment and in raw supply the workers on three layers – tested along pencil lines the single board plan – and yawning at the hole, where echoes eaten – sprinkle in it and old bread -. Put to form, hanging over edges, ice sculptures or just frozen by the stiffened joints diseased - ...guards and watchmen – jumping over swelling, sudden in the path conforming to a piano role of swellings – frequencies, air, prayer, radio – transmissions, electric organic – blood vein wire – pulse – jump four skin – sail cloth – canvas beating pin – bait pin – sealer – waist deep, emergency orange hose – colored water pump – left in lodged in tube – funnel tunnel corridor shaft – dwell the nobs and bump squid shrimp stone face scales of bleached rock, snowflake ash, - eyeless, dark supply – married of it – putty, stumbler – in the devil’s children, it is a lodge of club – assault, biting, dissention maypoles, dragonflies, butterflies, birds, traps - whistle with steel grid, rabbit pellets, fresh grass and dandelion greens – bitter wine, potato mash – planners – goat eyes, - pig mouth – wide catfish lips – bland sense – seventh – it blends – lowers stimulus – deadens hips - demon again, radio wire, electric shaking vein, near surface – baby song, deepest part -... the pit – reoccur domain – brail, translucent newt red gills – intellect, newsprint paper sketch, literalist – afternoon, dusk – gelatin ham – broken rum bottle, clear glass clear thin liquid second degree of grey the sidewalk the sidewalk wet the drunk, the red face, the reaching for the broken skins keeps the surface always cool and comforting, especially the bottle, the open can of ham the rum spilled into – the street singer singing country song on the wings of a dove the elderly insane woman putting her hand to her head as if to swoon claims responsibility for the artistry and to hold out her hand for money – memory that ham, - red like gills – after preservation fades, from flower to imitation, plastic funeral wreath – transient drift edition, gobbled, it is the sound. Fractions timed to mend themselves in minutes, but, was not their power, was imposed, was invisible gifts, the slight hand, rolling ‘round the children in the snow, the soft walled room, with cool dense coating never emits a heat, some chemical conducting filling in below the meridian, walls that feel caress. A flavor is infused, as is a will in the tabula rasa. In eighteen places, improved. Growth in ten directions, sudden and pointed, each place assumes the local vocabulary and the pinnacles arise unique to each, in mountain forms, -... subject is the looming, how deep the part, how high the rise above the tundra – having felt the flight of corn from field to field, followed by a copyright infringement, destructive to the barer is the path that nature tweaking takes to match the shrunken testicles in their oddity that drives the makance – out of curious interest – and a chemical dement – product elevating, piercing, smoothing with a squeegee – a nub of liquid still emerges in the wipe wake out of each hole – just the hint of surface tension, convex – text arranged by conduct they inspired, choicest words, then alpha - a bull in circumstance is readied foreign to a beat – squeezed pitch, strained music on a brink of acceptance through the ear – water logged sink straight away, magic rise occult – sunken things light – ghost ships, the dead – buds amid a sediment and muck -. Squeeze and pinch – lawn mower snake cord – shock surprise, nicking rocks, engorged sufficiently a word containing nothing, fatted balloon. Ways to knock around the blue -. As should be faced, run to tips and then remove, melt attention away, to the disrepair of suspension distributing weight, relaxing, through a storm, in magic flexing of fingertips and oceanic fantasy of power over nature -. Reflexing retreating to inside a large nut – shell -. Body push, the difficult position to the gate, with faces pressed against it make impressions then rotating to the back – the godishness plan is making cut out shapes from pressure board and sealing in the beetle crust enamel belt which rounds a basin by the mile – smell is sex smell, but an electrical burn from archeology dig, the lighting of the excavation site – you can see, the passing from place to place represents the juice, the decision to build and propagate along the brook-side path the body represented in the turn to wheels to stretch out on the limb, and crosses too, to eventualize the sacrifice redundant to the process of the life - outcast fish line style to the sweet spot in the lack for eel and catfish, snags for logs embedded in the silt, the mythic fish the mouth is ringed by hooks the way a gypsy’s ear is ornamented – and who should sling it then on a

cross – dependency, the need for long string with inset hollows – and, the cotton colors brought to bare in incantation of the light to mix to find the fiber state of unifying color in the white of light, - and the father to the son is passed in fixation of the carving code (retained inside the box of symbol treatments and the spice and twisted foil that should be swallowed twice and once for passing once for soaking in and cultivation of the tone of bile, and further juices bound to magic signs and mystic cants the shaman father makes to pass the hours crying and the find, the more perfect sign embossment to the letterhead -) and child to parent in the staged demise - ... as to when the isolated push to sea should swallow up the uncomfortable door which every sample should be opened on – is guessed work bordered by a calculation, centered by the mystic through his epileptic mannerisms moving crying laughter, tear scared acid etching, wall prints, cubes and blocks, and diaries in skin. It is that to this, grey pins through the white and then the black covers, encasing in the green and room and bedding colors. It is the heavy book, taking for the single space, tomes around in surrounded by its favored company, a thing with pages but still with it caught in breath, in breathing it is passing pages, lungs the title and the index, and the sheets protecting it the acid in the index (finger) as the thumb -. Marginal dyspeptic, slow softener in the thousands to protect the nodules golden row of language hearts and childhood fetus as the thousand pillows living out the lungs as filling in the atmospheres, recipients implaced the natural and scented for the sleep that rouses us, the mend, the caulking and the row as students place their denture plates on top the glass shelf of the greater learning, and a line of poets to do dental training, come to match a word a gum a tooth and jaw line even bite and find the picture crossed within a magic energy the cross the sections of the problem, not to turns of sentence ending and the learning in the emphasis and grand, the drill, the comb, the jaw to slay with in the agonistese lost in causes still unearth instinctive in the giant's path and choking, as a plan of powders and of musty books that kill to read, but drawn to words the asthma fashion wins when once was consumption, late of caner, was of withering in hunger, drawn away from living in a sliver of an opening which idolized as our most meager conflict then the curtain as a song, but broken clichéd linings in the lower bowel still, and seeming in a path, along that line, and flushing, cleaner there, and with a soda, as with pennies polished by the sweet, it ready, for the boil. Where it is at that the wasteful fish again. It has found its own pond. But the challenger should come to fish it out -, -. Struggle is the fight to find a thing in the searching, like the water fishing with a net excites to find some lump and then identify it in a cube of light or transparency and in amplitude a bigger picture of the rarity of finding, from the sea and from the distribution wider where a thing has miles and days between – so rarely found, than dream the hunt for image of the true without a speckled universe – a wastefulness and using it to search a bad economy of spirit and a heart -. Where is broken into pitiless solos and mono instrument and tonal flattened and the sine wave ripples and the character surprising us is gone, the dirt been piped away the ripple clean and worthless sound. Sadness is the tipping middle of the perfect thing. Extracted but also leave behind -. The emphasis. Is a curling piece of paper. While you are watching it. Progress and report feeling as of now, the eyes with resting, slowly the limbs extend and touch to map, dry run walk by fingertips and sound the echo of the pulse – vocalized, each beating, bouncing the wall and stairs then gate and pool -. Calibrated with a chalk and firefly, the fingers smelled from first retreat, cleansed by washing, displayed through industry of paddle sales -... going to a point was mild compared to launching at the stick line -... mixing matched to making, salamander slender want away. Rubber disk irons. Boat weights, oar locks, -..conventions of the job – planned departures of the trusted crew and men of science on experimental journeys to the fault departures again detained in stilts next to registers alongside valley before-mentioned Quakers disposed to relay joint pencil pocket carriers -... waiting in the mirror for the wife, defile with dirty hands and shelf to collect vintage stains and reset milk it then, the sap across the white paint pine -.. agreed the pine coffin paint -.. bright loins' rare forming, and the pink allotment to resound the mercury coil -. Last sign in night sky, muffin shaped smog forms, honest misconception, to entertain, amuse, crank in handled pleasures, diffuse in cake of yellow stillness, reusable, radiating for my child -. Crank and oar set

encased, to blend revolves two bakers side by side to spin infinitely widely and to stir, unremote and crank alert red button with their hats and with their floured hands, and deep salt breadding through their eye bulge fried -.. beaten bait apart to wait while welding, heat beads sweat elastic merged masturbutter – wash way wish basin bestilled, bebutted, beguilded range button, pushed to alert, sending relax code to salt the drift of rabbit shapes in sky jets, washed and rinsed and raked with sharpened points, deblessed -. Be better to arrive, there is a freight and a ferry at the launch, and nine messages wrung into the towel -... for all the planning planned, there the skill set sits sinking, debriefed in offices, wondered. Can cancer carving. Or am improved in relaxing. I detest in longer growths of sand moods, colored wheels cast like waterfalls, nature spiral rainbows, and egg smells, hot springs -. Mold turned over to fertilize the partial intention -. Long waist coating from a lead lined can, and amber dribble down the side your torso meets -. The beating (pulse) sandalwood blessed -. Longer than pale mittens -. Wilted when preferred stolen to a vase filled with gasoline and a kerosene lantern lacing soot into a canvas curtain, dim light in the country west, against the wolf in wind. Borrowing plan for pork fat -. Conditions of the building into sides, the organ kit adds dimensions to the miniature sideshow twin, barked at by the side mouthed uncle face head -. One supplies a camera while the other donates film -. What the railway lump on ice. Where am tided to reveal. Exposed to lengthened spaghetti mulch in string piles -. Break down of the compost molded holding makes an instantly producing pudding with a sudden rending as a splashing wave across one hundred and the eight field of sight in one eye, and a thirty slice in southwest region of the other eyeball inlet, so impressed in subsets shared in one, expanded to include the compost pillars unaffected by the rack of water jets inducing acid mollification, wet bond re-cementing as a course of evolution in a chart of option actions. Thin veneers. Changeling clots. What electric mellow hair tailed, mole spotted, cello sheeted biding tone burrowing worm with sawing practice, boards, hand cobbled nails, studs, saw nick, nitch stopped. Like mower blades and indentations, the sunken resting holes. And sleep the mowers, too. Where rope have failed, nose hooks magic fingers stimulators and desk fogs slate to outdo shipwreck hulls in resale, inspired on a game and fantasy boardroom model, ties, shirts, belts around the neck and over doors in bathroom stalls, departing -. (hook the hangers for the suit jacket or the pack) Deskman, job retort. The balanced weight of throwing knives. An angel is shiny in a cosmetic bunker. Some there are weather distortions. Dry gulch, frogs, dawn. Fair tangles. Old gentlemen set down glasses on overpass wall, as makes the bulge that ruins their line. Trips to underpass, blurred eye, river. Sorted through metal file bases, fire retarded paint, drools when hot -, lazy eyed -... double dripped -. Poison spit. Rubber snap. Bath corrosion. Murder of dietary will to grow and fatten. Composed positions traffic to swimming pools, meridian, widening with roll out linoleum then a carpet on the back of stoves for horizontal magnetic shoe bred loving insects, passed down see them have his eyes -, compound heavy lashes. Can't the feeling free of next committed, if read will fall diverse into a field and pitchfork and onion peeler -. Nature wiggles to the angled spoke, the wheel is bent dimensionally in three spaces, knotted and three miles while passing only three inches to the left. Sold in a true path, planned the ads to posts that are emitted in the sleeping senses. There is a condition of all unwrapping and un wounding cords redraped in curtains, piping. Color and texture make a match and ensembles resulting of style. Blue lips steel shaped. Cleansed powders, cakes. Struggling for sense, open port to heads mouth eye (sliding, thin narrow cusps and shoe horns) and nostrils, to the funnels out expanding into two large inward digesting ports, headward. As a harvest, chronicled milk bottles, each a sample, half evolved through suspension hose, induced to swallow, further proposed to dry up and additive to Chinese soups -. Blunder for part break. Built for design fault. Art collapsing. Can to back away without display. Moved to slide, mold along the wall to find escape, run off, -. Grit the grill in the alley, rodent smell, market, tails, telescoping, taper -, ring tailed, bite -. Always wash off, rise the river water rubber boots dine with swimmers -. Belly up, gaffe to pull aside unsightly -. White stomach, -. Log in obstacles and fly bys, motors outskirt spit iron, piked through, turning, roast -, pan, dissolved tablet, misplaced out of location oil product, sub-dermal

layer, boiled -. Looked for the spaces between the specks of dirt -. Fill them, starting now. Sized in after reef states -, -. Grown on, history. Blooming, burial. Dry waft wall, corner blow paper loafing, tears. Song muttering. Clothes soiled arranged by stain -. The categories -. Jazz and saxophone funeral, flattened third coming down the scale-. Glissando microchip -. Thumb thick splinter lodged behind one ear -. Questioned progress of ammonia to gas -... should a study advise, the novel interferes, the critical writer knees capped -... quietude -. Salvations, shredded fish. A dowsing rod and ream of paper in the tomb. Find the voice -. Abject how razored, the hospital shut down, but halls are filled with lights, but spotting, and, no electric – aura black and tan, green shrink, neutral recall from the fuzzy afternoon and morning, took it – could not plan, be of critical, grasping, sting words, practice then perform. Seed of crease oil, it begins to self reflect then moves to cut the neighbor -. The ship is sometime later but the first commitment was the sea – blanketing slack across a continent, and thinning over sinkholes turned to lakes, and toffee as a melt spread stagnating, sugar – to begin, the flowers mix with weeds. Wind foil fiber. Transgression, crawling. A holy mask worshiped by one tallies participants first, remote viewers secondly, the enemies, (those opposed) last in sixty first place in prayer. So like celebration and the dirt collected on paper money sampled, built from it a cross sectional response to the concept of everyman, the human with all average parts from combined divided qualities, all available to host – should be prompt, will be attacking in the morning after rest before the other wakes – tent fires, sand bags. Intention of the multi-gear project reducing germs but also rendering yogurt cultures tasteless and devoid of life -... as like ancestor Conrad Von Gesner in his egoism Latinized (Gesnerius) to promote respect for his accomplishment, the nineteen volumes of his zoology encyclopedia cut short by plague but still complete to topics of snakes, still finished volume to s and in addition also wrote on the languages of the world and animals unknown and imagined as woodcuts and etchings by his own hand, including fish men images, like mer-people which Topsfield took in England and republished, and great Shakes the Shakespeare bard had in his collected papers, pages from the Topsfield book, and Caliban was copied from a drawing originated in Gesner body of minded works – the Swiss scholar giant knowing even Paracelsus the way I know some old recapitulating in life friends from childhood, now withered and drunken -... or departed -... floor patterns on the ceiling, wide cleaver swings, toward a capillary matter – ancestors, catch it in a hook, protect, numbered four, with vocation -...cough nob -. Now _; After Conrad Von stream like river through the sea from Europe after Abraham then many came moving through the continent, then settled and the depression in the US not Canada, the golden gloves contender, grandfather boxing to travel the rails from city to city, and name sake son the second preached the word of God in what considered rural missions, then the third the greater curse the artist then in life unexpected later sired in her belly the fourth, who entered as a hybrid child, and what was stored in books might sort him out in time, progress in this place number progeny is foreign concepts then and now – barn buildings, hunched shoulder baring loads to feed, still late, sparkled air, orchestrated by the most, the few were acted in, the section of the part, third row, the chord, sustained, block and tackle moved the stand sudden sweeping into the pit -... baked the spine of the fish drops onto the sidewalk, moves it must be shark which nothing kills -... to form itself onto a matter found down through the street grate -... stomach so unheard, two laundry passages, softener sheets with powder spill and cleaner, and the fish bone constitute the kit -... boarded for where to walk, plank across, it not a stream but venting, articles, in acceptance to the floater twice per hour forming boats or rafts combine loggers, jamming, confusion of the made in every moment -. The pumps have been attached, to duty them they work in shifts, and sharing the flush of out and in to simulate the fashion of the tailored ground, the costumed attendant in a reenactment play, loose pants stitched poorly so to hold but not to function, covering the uniform below -... from united smells channeled along hoses the way transatlantic fiber optic lines pass through seas to reach, smell, coming and foliating into it one more then another so are banded through the nostrils coming out the mouth in a cleaning hook, coat hanger, covered in strips of satin, -... to follow, odors, from the cross ocean canals – in the lot of giant green fern

leaves, small stone paths to second use for digestion, swallow pass. Communication comes through ground source jumps in conductivity, gossip from weed milk, while a code for migrations moves along pikes inset in sedimentary, and attracting shellfish, each post is a rich pillar of lime and calcium by century's end, and might be adapted to a newer use, a chemical pick, implanted for the weak to straighten when alive in coastal regions or ancestral ground, bending as are pounded in, to difficult removing, ask in situation of request to be awash in something giving spinal morphism as traditions require gifts supplanted by the shelf the way inhabitants once shifted in their personal abuses -. It tires too, the same, a microphone stand weakens and the microphone will fall and miss the announcement, and tires the way a cloud narrows at night unseen, but starts to form a hip collapsed around its weight of organs and, a floppy rear, of wrinkled sagging and some spots with arching rings around them struggling highlight -.

How it is, the line moves, face turn wiping, preserved fluids in swirls with color injection -...

Loons converge, sand bar, you could wade into their midst and scream beside them -...

Invention of the return, before a thing ran down, and was consumed and turned to beach stone -.

The picture plane – placed against a mirrored glass, spill on it, currents vertical to the chest of drawers, will not keep its place -. The wet paint is the entry, caressing where the human tread -.

Mounting, then ride well across on the sliding chrome pole, which is cold, but you should rotate around, so sometimes upside down, and this will vary contact on it in the nine day journey to the far base of the post.

What is enough.

Plaid designs begin to organize organic stories of a person in their day hours. It is a kind of aging that absents the owner of the car from the duty of driving.

Slumber is for murderers and rabid rodents, as a kind of rest without the conscience in a dream, but on an ice block inside of which the hazy image of the dream and of the dreamer's self is locked -...

Block out some of that insides -.

Somes is all elbows.

The tile can capture you.

The night can make a long hiss.

What is the natural coating -.

Wood chips collecting. They are the puttering. Poorly used moments and argument.

Static sensations, amplified by bamboo sticks, pressed against the thigh on one end and the jaw beside the ear on the other acts like strong coffee, dilating pupils, then opening constricted vessels to the lids, and pumping up the volume of the eyes so that it seems inside a cartoon head -.

Sitting as does a bottle of liquid.

Extracted. Attempted to recultivate in some water and dirt. Old soil an invisible finger.

In the bud hardwood buttons, a roll race boiled eggs.

There is a dried fruit in a cabinet, there is a shelf lining made of tin foil, there is a walnut shell with some history that there is no one to know.

Nervous culmination of nervous work to last and keep a voice grind pulse, it's the washing machine outside, not Nord invasion, hammered, extrusions mark the tickle barn and the finger lake – odor ferment, free protection and boil bases. Conclusions back gifting, travels removes from accosting well – staff and glittering affections -.

Reluctant coming to the door – painted on the entryway, failed to reach the projected quota – retired to drawing stick figure choreography in notebooks dripping glue – studies of red marks, capturing moments of delusion by passing toothpicks through the folds of face skin to suspend the expression on the wooden stilts –

The presence of will in the undercarriage means there is a separation between the brain of the driver and the pinions. The tight drum membrane may be loosened when wished for, to deepen the response to the tone – the gulping basso insect, which rip one leg across another then slow their reels to form the words we recognize, and the dining dart, which muffles itself with its wing cushion until it almost stops breath, then resumes its regular pattern, later, reconsidering the death wish, both are lowered on scaffolds until their registers crack the clock tower's clock face, and this is considered evidence that God is in his tabernacle.

Suddenly in the tube end enactments are occurring in a cascade that no one could have foreseen – it is wide and clots the passage of the other acts, so has its monopoly and chokes the stream, there are no more catfish or pike, only Brown Brook Trout.

What sells well in one outlet is unadapted to the next, the three eyes.

The shore coat was lost to the second grade and approvals.

Pulling the disordering from jeans T-shirts and underpants, there was a whistle and an ink bag which joined there force in identifying an artist in the dull midst, and publicly and grandly, this abomination was deposed through a strainer under forces of elephants when stepping on a head, they filter to fine sauce, and sent to parents, warned the children too, this could come knocking any door, to hesitate is falling, push regardless of the plan, or stalling, flush, without depending on support, act out with out of knowing and abandon to a way of uninformedness. The perfect coloring book, outlines.

The floor, all inches covered by a round or oval fruit, for walking, -.

Fielding data as the contributions fill the pool transforming chlorinated spring water to a quagmire of surging hatchlings, there becomes a hungry mass to replicate the backlogged instincts, as the multiplying will the coat of body wash which is the final and penultimate spark, ignites, it, is as volatile as gasoline -.

Concerned over a trifle envy between two rivals, the gecko seeing lays its eggs inside a ceiling light fixture. Hatched, there are a hundred clicks, and other occupants believe, it is a sign of end times -. Omens, wavy heat lines, shaky world.

Sorted, as the wandering color, shifting is, as identity requires, but tugged behind, (of no concern) the one for knowing in a set response that one can claim, is hoisted onto bulletin board pins, and sits, though pulls to test its binds, and watches, there the reliable that it grew moves and then accomplishes, without, and the one begins to wither once then shifting through the crayon box, will settle for the eraser to one side -.

Tar paper blanket, mud on cheesecloth blanket, blanket of leaves thawed from last year's freeze, blanket of fish bait, blanket of lichen, chicken wire blanket, blanket office ceiling panels, blanket of shopping bags, milk carton and rope blanket, blanket of Lego blocks.

As what happened in the fog culled impact from the club devoted to the renderings of fate, from smooth concern to cold ivory slivers and chalk outlines – abounding in a way as if a river foam, blue to your responding -.

What is nicked from one becomes the other – what is invented in a back room and exercised in the yard is exported – what is flavored is added to, what is mild is spiced, what is deaf is taught to scream -.

The toxic this for that was mastered in a trial the three way reason prong switch wound around and made a circular magnetic post.

Vagrant, a quiet box with lights out and nothing is attended. The cool supply, and the dawning two afternoons at once, two planets sideways, a double yoke -.

Milk of weeding, soft cushions block the view of tree and battery, the wind's carnal play -...

The portal made having, after charging through a splice into the main, the populist achievement of the pirated air conditioning, lights, electric stove and television, the most obvious attraction to the life of underground dwelling in New York City. Next to that, the wilding sprees committed by the longer term under-citizens who, largely blind, acted through the spontaneous mapping of the surface textures with their tongues, was the most desirable topic for the children's dreams.

To find the staple orchid, the code must be deciphered from the grain of a center cut plank, the tree close to the center of a field, the texture of a cluster of frog eggs found in a pond from the site of a gravel pit, and the serial number from three quarters found in a panhandlers hat. This is a low expectation, so the product and yield of the code should not be greatly anticipated.

Some cut away, some milked out. Conversion of measure changes shapes, where vacuums fill suddenly, shifting to a second focus, extrusion second to the surrounding depression -. A scale adjusts to absolutely number value -. Working contorts, the wanderer feels the weight of stone when greater number. A fabricated shed housed hoses frozen in the winter, empty filled by the spring, cracked forced compliance to tight hoops, as when ice crystals fill the brain and fit the head, a friction thaw, adjacent spears assault defenseless islands. Is there anything is force worthy of respect or admiration. Is it desire to wish power over – some other -. Should wish then to be in the one's own company alone -. Should wish for agreement, and reflection, as surround mirrors in every room to qualify working and, as they

are present in sleep, unconsciousness – loathe, project debasement. Of interest in the broad yearn, to Oceanic impression. Of the main requirement toward security, mirroring, attractiveness. Wisk the egg, swirl the yoke design heat captured, permanent the ham style the wave, the flow – the worship of the sign – reverence the object – inflate the bone, the scrap of cloth – preceding of observance – surrounding to the substance -.

Slot magnifier, birth node, artifact of an organ purpose, lost in exhibition, in the beauty of a useless thing – and by design outmoded –

Slow the boat as gear down over thicker water – ear hat, floppy hospital socks – God magicked more than is countable, -.

Exhibitions burdens boasts, concluding of remarkable siting as an end, forgets the short event as out of range -.

Triangle shape concludes the sky.

Particles and inscription over closed shapes, architectural blueprints superimposed seen to suggest windows and arches, thermo sensor viewers show areas as frigid as the poles and baking hot as Sahara – it is the basic topological shape, showing the spill we dread, coffee or soft drink, drained in a single moment and the creation of the form we know is out of our control and not to be described -.

Curvature, cool air receptacle, dew and bright grass blades sparkles shaved from crystal faces, mince reduced to sap – remaining appearance after someone leaves the room -.

Something (is) done by trial leaving no leftover consuming, and history closes around it.

Slight on a page, production, smokestack, will, retrieval from a sunken barge, rusted canisters, pliable particle board, salt from sweat convolutions in the crisp paper, pigment.

Dust, food and hunger.

Changed as the going to the boiled out beach.

Marbleized saints in onion skins, fold across the bars in roller coaster cars – attendants flash warning with burning magnesium strips -.

Accidents and costs to operate – committed to memory -.

In the condition, was felt that they should know, in the condition, that there should be a test, and passing, a flood in the pasture of a farm.

Desperate needle nosed pliers sticking at the joint, the own man body temple, the rules requiring the tool set be complete, suspended while the muscle on the bone rebuilds itself from beef jerky-like constitution, rushes to the index to acquire the menus governing immigration of the molten beads that in some eon turn to creatures of synergetic husbandry.

From a vigil in a place comes a song. It has buttons, a zipper (sound effect) and ends in a threat.

To flock to see it, or, to flock and happen to. Thick shelled eggs, no one can start.

Glutton phrasing, last select, compacted by more.

Charred and then possessed and then adapted to a constellation in the northern sky, better guiding, future raids -.

Inclined toward sensation, thought slips -.

Conclusions, wall pasting. Glue strips and fly catchers, ball of elastic bounce when introduced, though also come to rest.

Sawing through the board is slow to start and ends in haste.

Distress on leaves, on turrets and on over-washed clothes, representative attacks on fabric and the pleasures to destroy make selecting a permanent domicile a difficult one, while leaning toward decisive safety consideration, disaster courts.

Antennas from twigs, adjust two scallion stalks, thrust two kickstands between the hairs on top the head, ginger roots affect the appearance to the antlers of the deer.

Sorting through the slots and stores, easily it's found the locks have never opened, matters of record fade from overuse of stillness.

Designed envelopes borders crowd the weather. Blocked gates, trunks and luggage.

Frost covers the back deck of a neighbor's house. The deck was thought to improve or increase the value of the property, but the pressure treated boards could not match the harsh weather, and they split like kindling within two years. The owners moved to Florida, and the house sits empty, and cannot sell. Seeing in back, where someone fell and gouged a hole in their back as big as a quarter – yet, explained in the newspaper and billboards, even this added attraction cannot move the house.

The walks with stones that dangle from a thread above the head... which follow us the same as our shadow -... positions ice cream stick glued onto each marks their location – sitting on floating risers, looks over vistas planetary, so are moving in a void but seem stationary always relation no atmospheres flying, far away rocks impact commonly the new life has its threats.

Imagining imaginations the limit of horror yet extremes dynamics lay flat – the empty universe returns after the before state. And then, after two stones have been dropped from an elbow, and a branch from an armpit, the scene unravels in absurdist folders and screens, but quickly reconstitutes from this liquid to a molded fixity just as rapidly committed to prophetic contexts, books a, and panels public private in between exhibited hidden, near transport and isolation, spokes and spares – horizontal space separating the elements of a completed communication, follows in this way; -----

Rrr-mmm-zzz

Opals convolute with oil. There is a willow tree that dips below the horizon and appears to form a loop, submerged at both ends. A ledge of basalt has risen high into the air. It has stranded ocean life which exhibit an activity taper, desperate movements firstly to return to the sea, and then as pure expression, to lament this fate, then gradually stilled by their suffocation.

Along flat stillness beyond the shelf has been sucked of power. It is a definition for all future lethargy. There is no pulse but once for each waning of the moon, and once for any child still carried to term.

On a plateau in a diagonal direction from where the earth has titled, where it sits precariously wedged against the infinite dam, where the Dom has found its way and with its crumbling pinnacles made a temporary rescue and delayed the plunge the globe should take, there is a single bird, but it doesn't sing, it is mute, and looking closely with a rented eye the sickening and magic circumstance revealed, no breath, no throat, no wings, a single bunch of clustered feathers, from a duster, stuck with Gum of Arabic and iodine, and a paper scribbled with the sound, "chirp" and "chirp." That this holds something, here, exposes the surrounding to the threat, attention, thus the fear, attention. This is austerity that survived, the maximum; the product of one species course, the essence distilled to a preparation, ripe to drink, the food, a legacy, -.

...coil, a watch spring, the hinge in a door a car's shock absorber, the spinning of the ice skater toward the penultimate and concluding pose, the bracing of the cat before it pouncing on the mouse, ...

The fat of a waist rests heavy on the handles of a pneumatic drill, which breaks up stone floors and concrete steps and shakes the fat man's frame, loosening joints so that he walks the way a skeleton of unattached pieces might jig and dance inside a sack of lard. Three crows attend this figure, who thinks they are devoted to him as they would be a master, though the fact is they are there to pick the pieces of his dry skin as it falls as old shingles from a house, as he undulates his way across a wide wharf, made to accommodate the passengers of the ferry, who will cross the lake of stewed brick, which batters any ship so, there can only be one dangerous passage, to the island of cream -. Storms and earthquake complicate the expectation of survival through the day -.

Through ovulation, a living emblem emerges and is followed by a breathing commentary, and after a respectful pause, a many harmonies take and bud and birth, with reference and crossed nesting, firstly and then second crease and stretch the web and garment that will before the next, be worn to clothe a stage with many stairs and hidden doors, to proceed through, to walk and linger on, as if disguised a curtain pulled obscuring while immersed in an aside -.

When some rules have fleshed out the productions among potentates trained in using presses and metal letter to alter forms, from gas to liquid to solid, a family of self propelled vehicles will arrive from behind a hill made of air punctures. Story, lashed, what is said. . Daughter of Dragging Hind Portions and Bullets having nicked Spines mount the stage (beside the band of Wagner horns) and absently stroke their fine mustaches. The silver deck and moss lions join their counterparts of funeral urns, imitation colons brightly ornamented with angel dust and Elmer's Glue – book is opened, its contents are inconsequential. It is closed at some later interval, unimportantly and without fanfare, while a professional driver is beaten on a beach with a broken oar. It is at this time that a basket is delivered to an unlisted address, and a code of fruit begins the first high art display. (a ruse)

Derived from plunder, dissent from, replant and old engine rebuilt in a custom frame. Short eligible CV documentation doubled each year, copies achievement, carbons, the rod through the typewriter as if shared space in one local point -... target this set, plunder again, shifting right -.

Polyurethane casting in a mammal's hollows. Partition makers to remove into secret. The addition of a third nasal passage is instrumental in raising the level of belief in the neutral corridor, between the north and south, along the desert basin river valley. Sudden cropping of will in acid mirage swells the distance after betrayed cousins converge in jousting with mason jars and corrosive baths -.

Short legged, deformity and not a miniature perfection. Environs select, in match, to tone and insinuation, to an atmospheric state, and resonance, for occurrence and a backdrop, placing the story, to fit affect - ...muffled, the unexpected things, suffocated, the incentive.

Assisting spots, at corner brinks, a wide encouraged failure prompts retaliation industry, producing applications and gels, mediums, and stabilizers for biotech and academic use. Existence below generalized concept is argued, and violation of principle agreements to catalog result in terminations. The consequent vision on the hill top, the recluse and his welding project, the spider-like sprawl of his weed-like object of growth, and the radiations of light accompanied by bursts of hot and cold blinded and convulsed the pilgrims. It would best they return home, forget the impossibility of something greater or higher, and stitch their world back to pieces -...

While not discussing or enclosing secret words, last term adults sit in junior sized desk chair combinations, facing the edge of a cliff, a strong wind at their backs. Playing with pencils. Chewing them. Biting off the lead. Cleaning ears with the erasers. This is an endorsement. Product managers.

Zzz-mmm-lll

Concluding walls, nine. Pipe occupies every angle. There is a mission on foot of enlodging into soft pliable, with round carved difficult -... sour, inflowing contour, wax tone. Lingual spatter on cement bags and barbeque pits. Am glad the waving formula. Inadvertent hatcheting.

Ragged edge, to tear the paper, or a book edge in the ragged style, book club. Pill, the tree spike swallowed by the gardener or, the metal plate inside the drifter head the magnet in a crime show child fantasy will pull him to the crime fighter -...

There is something like a street light, but it is inside of a skull, in the hollows that are the operating with the chance calling to meet with hands ignored. There the workers will find the best reason in the cardboard box of stacked papers, scraps notebook lined paper watercolors and architectural sketches, blueprints from university facilities departments. There is something dry and temperate eating holes through cotton.

With the pile of coal, it was added with the temperatures as choices, was included as temptations in a list. The decision of the vehicle, the transportation across a wooded countryside in 24 hour darkness, and the selecting of the altitude or longitude to cusp the pant legs in a training film of expert gear referrals - ... bird or frog or insect cluster sounds of night air endorsements, vibrate tournament marks the special year as the beginning of a planned Enlightenment.

It was asked, because they saw the voice box and a clear plastic cell that held some green circuit boards and a few loose chips, and potato chips too, what they were planning to compromise, that the growth of grass might be assured -...

The neighbors tended to die overnight, and be found sometime after dawn with their mouths open -...

Retreat, untreat. Prolonged discussion, into afterhours and occupying math (geniuses, nineteen forties scoundrels and gangsters, a criminally employed egghead). Flashes come from the bathtub, lightning strikes and doctors delaying birth with leg bindings -... the angry dystopic preservative -. Deny entry.

Move one foot and rest. Move two feet and strain while remaining in place. Move four feet then move the rest of the body while the feet are careful to remain placed flat on the floor. Move eyes endlessly.

Advance contradiction center, confusion hub, conflict wheel, stuttering redirection, redeemed and the damned eye a pot roast. In a country kitchen. Something drove the cook suddenly through a back door across a yard and away through a field. It was as if remembering that she should flee, as if pursued. This might have been part of an old recipe.

Pointer hammer. Proper names, adaptations and spelling corrections or approximations. Why answers how.

Radiator ribs, in a pile, protect impacted as their shape and fit might place them in the heap. Textiles, straws, hoses and packaging join the body Frankenstein.

Merry celebrants waver. Fatigue arthritis and joy. Block fugue.

In plain meeting, bland clothing opaque colors, no trim, medium light, no clear source, (reflected) mild voices mid-range frequencies, waver in beat prefer ending unisons, dimming vibration to refusal of iteration, silence vacuum, eardrum squeezing to responsively but treated to nothing then, - cataracts viewpoints merge in a cloud –

Stairway and a wharf, salt smell, seaweed, then a plastic of a seat cushion still in the manufacturer warehouse, and a particle in the air, a curl of black ash the size of a fly larvae from a heat gun fusing nylon threads -... factory and ocean front, umbrella and desert chill, lizard only some grains beneath seeing -.

Every point flowers into a picture. But should dissect the flowering –to secure, should pin it through its body – and to know it should forcing to something else, -... pollen -, -...

Happening of the timeline -.

Extracting to a mile, impossible for the inch to stretch but tapered by a transformation, something gives at tiny forms, and blisters while the atoms weep, it comes apart while holding in a net a single blister wide. It as a kind of truth seer or prophet in the box, and out, should bring luck as the magic of a miracle or magic drug, for cures, for topics new to the future -. There is a fish prophet, and a dirt hole seer -. Winding past in trucks older then the fathers but lasting to time's end by replacement molded plastic parts to model on each dying twig and poster pin -. Of this, there is a shaping, a car driving by a dark or abandoned well with a shack constructed next TO IT seeming out of place or haphazardly done, and the

three armed man, sitting in a wicker chair which has a dark line running along its lower half, as if it has sat there through seasons and floods and only rocked some inches as required by its strangely unmemorable owner -...

Practicing dialog, learned mission memorized then forgotten by force of will, as did the flight of aging -... what is coming out of the drifting pieces -, staging, fences, old paint bucket moving by the way that some runs to when it's found the calling -, soil cost water mix, the merging in the opening, fight filling the story LUNGS! Massively the coring. Falling to patterns. Colored inks mask and illuminate second impression, and third, and beyond. Where am a. Form slumbers.

That. It is what. Every one and then the organs one by one in tally row submitted to the lubrication of a cause transmitted to a ruler node behind the room required finding in the place the on end nessing in the bland atude and the blush atude of water blood rush current merging and, the rent that hauls the landlord in the mire over to the snow-flaked floor for taming of the cell he holds and chipping off the angles first, so owners are the ones who's test has come, the other, watching know, it's also them -... Where come it it comed now and there, from now, out there before, again, - wasn't from behind, but hovering, in places we expect but see the empty, thus the trick, and easy win -... evolved to hard logs. Files for detail. Scatter. Tidy. Flat files. Fill the low ceiling room. Force again, this time for blunder. Coagulation.

Board, worm filled quagmire dream – veiled sneezing by coughing – some study unclear, directed but about the wanting focus – there is wine from it – and a high point of a mountain on which you should drink the wine – how had the sensation come, to be the altered with the eyes, comed from the wine, from where the wine came, from some past root in an unfamiliar thing that might be something's soil –

Can't

Sensation

Fold hand past were bliss radical tool bare – mill songs collected in a booth, illustrations, groups where each title word furthers the sentence from the next title -... but these are words – the stories that they tell, the places and the bodies animated come too, in their own booth each with another, near the back, beyond the green house -... also as was am that lived -. Long hands on extended arms are able to go into other properties without commitment -... though most are slow to tear a picture but, excitedly and eagerly will rip a thing as magic would but with a burst of energy, the strongman's trick – a man in half – a tree delimbed, a man –

When happens marching turns to limping them a beat portrait and back in cycles -...

Painfully sharply trumpet sections twenty to a group match in battle placed apart but close enough to hear between and in a chain along a route -... no tune or composition plan, but rising from an inner inspiration -... intercourse -... there is nothing here to know, and nothing dreaded in it. Then what is the chemical of the life matter. Test, retest until offence. Where is it moving in the tunnel. Peripheral. If there is something touched, there should be something as moving from the water. Not needed are the extensions of the limbs. A smell has come into old books, permeating the yellowed pages so completely that they are the smell – dust so musky turns to black pepper – then when congested, the reader is out-fallen by the passing pages, illness constricts turning, - what, relieve. Feel back the older coughing friend, sell back, the book the store – recollect, the coughing of the words as moving into mind -... the storage

unit. Not forgetting. The puncture appeared then overtook the paper. There is the standard expectation of deterioration, prompted by assaults with some invisible cutters, but, the lasting effect is not of loss, but the making of more, inspired growing from the space allotted by an absence. The noise that comes is like amplified inside of a box, a second box emerges from the dirt, intending to catch the sounds – boxing follows – voice turns to song, attempting to remain – many battle, voices singing – cutting – rain wind blow metal barrel towers – plans pad ways – not remembered frost nor snow – air and color – blankets and longitudes – light entrance, beads reviving – prolonged without – then that returns, in a blast – something dry now, scales, bumps a ruddy implanted road – cognitive a fluid but drains into one lung, transcending thinking with a breath - the story of how gripping the air is the play of how the times is traversed – written in gestures, twelve pure ones, seventeen adulterations. Seven bastards of movement. Am the better that it fixes the part self lump from sleep and puts up on the post a trade, some aspect for the time – test, incantation of a word list, borrowed from the table where it rested on one side for three weeks - – in the confines of excitement, the orderliness of sharp edges and content impact on the air - here is a place that came before, so it makes the series, and the line with point along it, which can be returned to – a thrust and off of the line, there is abrupt entry through intersection from the side, or staying on the line there is moving backward through the series until reaching the desired point, but by having passed through every point in the series stages -...

Sudden waterfalls from the mountain side, roads wash out and barriers are flushed away. Positions training for ice of that feeling, shells and reels of twine – and tried to twine as many things, to put back to the place you start, later, when are mired in the practice –

In the soft melt we should blend how they pass between the colored cores. The center is rippling the way ocean water feels in its waves against the beach -... many refuse observation, cloaking with seaweed and razor clam shells, working blocks, the pushpins, that which has made a sandy appearance – lined them up. The hases and has nots almost touching, but when silenced the same -. lined them up. Masterful weeding, leathery skin to thinnest latex membranes, bodified afraid to look, and fearful slipping on a rug with something wet and slippery spot must be soaked to the floor -. That happens in a metaphor. Annexed glory. Seedpod redemption in the first born, milk weed. How to cut a block continue in a blaze, your light emitting head ward, forming into, something newer. Own made club, so full of fame. Ports between lodging. Inns after holes and tunnels – self aggrandized. Professing important stone carving with rubble filling a living room -a little bit hyphenated toward the maddened state, every object contains a rainbow of narrowly differing hues - ... the eye rejects, but brains begin a whistling unrelenting to the ear. A dream for eating all returning intact the perfect skeleton – silken reeds of pleasure dangle through a gel, captured pieces of the air travel through it, seeming to deform into animal and object shapes in their traveling, returning in the end of their journey – where they stop and never shift again – a circle with an indentation on one side, the dimple seems to follow you, if you can move around where it is fixed – slipper, sandal, boot – distress – rejections, stitching. Vain accomplishments, the duty of choosing, then choosing not -... the putrid fragment reflects the wall of smell - elongated presence of pictures, heads, legs pulled out, necks extended, lagging tongue –hangs out the edge of the mouth the way an intestine might be draped down the side of a can of beans, had that intestine found its way into the can, and tried to find its way out, or, someone discovered it, and pulled at it – stippled effect -... covering, plaster, chipped into ceramic -... baseboard -...

Swallowing something alive – is it the day, or an hour of the time you sell – blending from the estate, the claim made on the ground, pulled back from holders, no one owns the earth but changing hands, claimed in favors but reversed by necessity brother of want the exhibition of control, before the losing -.

It's a mystery – the feel of coupling, the circular partition, who every has obsession with the xross section parade, the pull apart, the whittle – where God touches, radiating limbs and trees grow young and pure, and suddenly.

Whereas rest moves you. With motivating, more sleep. With waking early, convulsing into naps. Flies unburden themselves of eggs.

Thus happening, wiping result – eye whites, the gladness – pounds cloth and wood scraps to make a new juice – distills pleasing effects from activities of future students of fate -... who says, the form of beating down, is productive for the mill – cotton fiber - inclusion in the inkblot list of deft mantel with its paper edge and rabbit glue – with a static bulging, with a ruptured ring along a tubular narrow, through a doorway in descending down a mouse hole – instigating the trip across the rain field back behind which washes away for finding other channels backward – examined where the rifle butts, where the pinprick enters, when the mural paints itself, bold pressure points along a wall to paint more fondly over studs and hammer marks -... studying long retreats into essays – formal power squads - ... cuc la can't proxy conforming, west neutral. Sack heavy, south. Fill pail worm suits, collars, keep moist bloodworms deep sea hand line, plastic barrel, threat the tackle -... suit up for mixing, men and women. - inclusion in the inkblot list of deft mantel with its paper edge and rabbit glue – with a static bulging, with a ruptured ring along a tubular narrow, left behind which washes away for finding other channels backward – examined where the rifle butts, where the pinprick enters, when the mural paints itself, bold pressure points along a wall to paint more fondly over studs and hammer marks -... studying long retreats into essays – formal power squads - ... bail out, taxing, special form, -... bail out, the hull, cork the ancestor – limber illnesses to the knee – wobble, knobbed, defined by exaggeration – modes of extreme expressed – bundled conservations, waiting in the suiting up, to come to see the thing through the single squared off location as a viewing, sitting it up, to locate like the window on the passing beyond the square – to seeing into the space between the walls – so thin or short, -... packed in as if the air sucked out of lungs, but pressured in after to inflate around the matter in a cushion to discretely disguise a vacancy -... volume is not mass, as not is loaded to reform social order in a squeeze bottle -. Mid way the line amplifier of facial feature, pressed against a glass -. Noises acquired by one species' voice, duplication of felt as a resilient and flexible surface treatment -... the crevice in between the layers runs with passion's affection, the ten percent of plot and development, forming in the three states offered -. Flood blood three New England states, three provinces in and of. In describing of a stone it is a beach mat leveled, or, a foam floor pad good for kitchens or cement or concrete for a special factory worker, ready – piece meal, -... balls of feet turn to kitchen crumbs, bits that work their way out through the small openings where they breathe – the mouths – like spit it up – the accidents of most of the training results, simple sheets on a pulley and a sliding ring -... jiggle air sock of parts, from what broke sounding like a light bulb, should contain spray on seamless fabric air proof -. Sorting through light flashes and a strobe, to organize in pulses, and after images of the wire inside the bulb -...-... voice activated, disco swirl – ice cream no flavors, powdered chalk mouthful -... cracking the jacket, lose to leave the afternoon, junction with a special relation across a curved ball made of lead and quarts in alternating cross sections. It is the size of an insecticide spray truck. There is no forgetting a comfortable enamel coated paddle -... or a six thousand ton ship rudder in a salt mask Pluto marsh -... scraping with a wide pick, the undercarriage is then polished with a gland wax, just from symbiotic carriage cows -... off the center, corralled in side pockets.

There is a room then, having in it
air, contained in some amount by
walls
floor
ceiling
containing there a usually common distribution
in that allotted space
and circulated by
three openings
let to be sustaining, always in
the fixed amount, and
when a light, there being one, in casting some
the complex of glow around itself, the mechanism
and extended illumination, and the reaches where
extrusion blocks its physic,
there comes a seeing of the air, without the eye or
presence, still, a seeing, like a riddle of a box
containing in it a ball, when closed the ball has
disappeared
when opened
the ball
becomes again
but unlike this
the vision there

without hypothesis or equivocation
of the scientisms
there is something; airs converged in certain speed
transmit a nature
and the something over-left
which has living in the air,
and it appears
in thin green lines which up and over, down and
under each over
overlap, as they are scales on something skin
on something else, of which
impossible to fathom in a room,
is carried out
the opening
and convolutes
continuing itself, without in similar
the perfect set that lets
the indication form
thus also giving presence
as to being available to sight
defines the thing to be –

so difference the being
in the blocking out of mass

that fits a box or cube, which
sets itself perimeters
of a stitching up of space to soften edges in a fabric
shape for holding to define to contain and giving
outline to make visible –
from limb, and digit arm torso leg essence featured
head expressive modes that radiate from that –
wanted had by other space
contrives for ownership
by border –
beating on(ward) the imagined wings in multitude
from many stocks, that beat against reason,
sprouts that harbor peninsulas of wings, a
continent
of beating wing –
fathom in opening of gas, in the deep solids of the
seas with cousin mantas in a flight's gazelle
thrust the fibrous membrane also
with their scales in air of going,
in the drinking water passage over wider births,
sweet and bland, soured and milked of pleasure
some section in a category of the unreasoned
presence of the world in which the things are
measured

taken from the seen and estimated there,
have come, are finding where,
and finding how, then when, then formulating
goals, the method
find firstly
how, the medium is set -...,
then leaving last
beginning.

From the eye ducts
there an itch to rub
from the orb, the little scratches
dust, mites,
ravaging the water holes, the fashion of a desert
frog -...
from the sidewinder
as the snake or gun
the stems extend as much they could
to see then what remains around
but as the corner hides
as in the room illuminations
being is the function of the sight
but skillfully
a thing

can
also hide -
if reasoned mix with what contains
the box or cube –
the content veiled –
the white cloak, or a sheath
a pocket for extrusive parts
a list the motivations stay,
remains through always
but these few
which self proclaimed
are without a cause
enough,
to change assorted,
once presented, can be made in honor
many times the same –
but moving forward with a nursing lip
reimagines many facts
access before -.

Ready one
all it takes the many eyes
conjoined in a farther rotunda

washing with the words of every book with crumbs
and filled with dust and mites
look the clues arise in filaments from every page –
taking to the field, orders distilled in a prime
extract, a form of basketry, an entry point
as any endeavor must have one,
a port-

so this one there, a tarred face and shaken legs
with whittled nobs for knees, and many cloaks,
and veils of membrane, and things to catapult it to
the air, and more
to hold it there –

it is no more than that, a picture made –
what is THAT but cause
colorized intended one transposed another
in a place, the picture currents flow in rivers
flocking and rustling the fir when small
to be seen, and in the lake it boils, a hatch of
millions frenzied –

line descent
the nests set out to bring ancestors home
as now they locked in buzzing furies
have recourse in the capture by descendants
hopeful for a blessing when reburied

and, the course, to eat and shat them too
to mate and form an after-gel to dry apply,
and local guidance in the smallest thing,
recourse -
haunted spaces, haunted rooms, -

even smaller hinting guides
toothpick points, oppressed collection
or then, finding final safety there,
along a ledge –
there is this DISTRIBUTION
everywhere this mound
suckles as the mother
certain travelers
by way on and off
and sorting through their hands the magic marbles
cut glass polished catching reminiscence –
process sorting, eating one part for the
understanding,
then, releasing as a ripened fruit,
conforming, as a babe,
forgotten finally the mirth the leviathan
the taste outside the mouth, and the image that
the skin feels in its eyes of nerve –

going both and going, it is arrangement of virtue and the contrast.

On the hill.

Pockets, and, not through happiness, but by means of plowing matter forward and over itself into a thick high ridge. There a comprising of the widest view in the spirit of the pin hole camera – angry in protest strikes the ground and hurts that self but pushes out association from the violence – finds the mint -... and seaweed. Temples now and past, flowing of slippery stone. Granite side path along the edge of the tree line beside the beating waves, to leading on, the gold mine half collapsed the opening but still a hole around a pond of sitting water from explosion craters once a vein a finger thick detected in the rock enough to pull the native to his land for porched museum relics collected to the lust discovery, and flying missiles of the ground that salted the water as they pitched from every blast -... served to fondle that old retention. What can you say, who lives among them. Aware the marvel. Aware the trap. Forming from a single drop. Exponential. Darwin, Levi, blind animator. Flooding the own condition. Pure pouring. Protecting with a gate and a metal threaded net – surrounding, every drop – impression and embossing. Blackberries, along the path, bitter. Convince the tongue. Bail the seeds in solid mask and solid product. Deflected gaze. Phase, forgetting again, rinsing buckets, pipes -. Made according to the task and list of materials. Then it was born, a soft glow came in the form of a ghostly shape, in the air, above each part. It was an approval. Dry ice, nose seeds, sprout crack apart a tooth with roots of tree and tooth which blend -... a patch put into old pages of a book to account for something new, and putting it into the setting of the longer stream. That is the way, to olden the new. The one to preserve the thousand of drawing, icons and emblems pull up from the wet mind -... otherwise, the modified thing should drift -... swollen thumb and tongue, wandering eye, vacant half smile, one side, - rain in cardboard boxes – yes, catch the rain in cardboard boxes, it is an enlightenment, it comes into the baby soft head of the fifty-five year old – one week steady rain – it is a journey into water – molts a red and green shell over the rocks – finished things conforming. They lay, flat. Relapse. Various metal smells on finger tips, sample metals on the tongue. Variously moved around to touch all areas – corners of photographs, strips from the sides, - come to be together, formal, as with a suit and tie, constructing, as like with a hammer, and with as like the cobbler, and the inventor making a resonator to sound his secret science words – (jargon). Gloss of pretension. Gloss on the deck, some body fluids, with egg white and varnish -. Some recalcitrant ones, and betterment ones. A splice of moss and making. But where are the wells. Dwelling, wells – stirring, porridge wells, oily, toxic wells – plunge pots – minister sit wells, - bird nest – conducted by a God baton, and driven through a course, eluded – strong notes long and pull – pro ingested – velocity, contaminating, in the bindings, – the many rounds, discontained – convicted unions -. In the still sense, healed. Presumption of the disabilities to vanish into vapors – Insect protein. Invasion into known form. Confessed, and then infected in the cultivating sack, where loans a ticket, spending half redeeming some percent, and then branding on their own skins like a tag - ... in a dark while waiting, some pass – many tattooed skin remain – many in teamed dissections – some linked by long social chains – great worms of associations -. Moved many miles in nine minutes. Song, sounds of other's bodily organs, turning, emitting, softening, orchestras, - paper and pencil to forget dreams, - shaming, unintending shaping, preservative salts and packing paper, - the things felt on the wrist, oddly often touch you there, that started in the stomach, but then moved around -... there is a rusted wheel, wide across (imagine) thin through, only one person can see -. It turns defying reason, as it connects nothing, but makes to shoot out from around it human forms, clothed in different time period

dress, though some are ragged, others dust and bones -. Soft, a pillow seems appealing, but is filled with
cinder block inside –

In

The

Shaking

Some climbing

Our hands are now

The sacred attachment

Blocks, the artist in its lives

Insertions, to bind to intonation

Strapping, exo form, contract around

(the necessary) continuous waking the

Image, inward directed exo form, toward

The gravity center of mass – even muscles

Shifting it – extenders balancing – is contained

Should to external will, force map; forced electric

Pathways, arc from idea point to point – quagmires

Inventions – crystal from mind – product or the breath

Of mind divided skeleton from flesh by cause – principle

One

Two

None

Some

Seven

Three

Fish

Wife

Meat

Fruit

Skin

Bone

Metal

Pillow

Pork

Rice

Fetus

Male

Image

Word

Sound

Soil

Water

Broth

Juice

Face

Mouth

Lips

Nose

More
Than
That
With
Every
Link
Was
Made
That
Forced
Some
Apprehended
Enemy
Facing
Onto
Right
Hand
Side
And
Looking
Never
Left
But
Turn
Again
Again
Until
Through
Right
Hand
Turn
Will
Gain
The
Left
By
Circles
Breaking
Down
The
Element
From
The
Sentence
Or
The
Phrase
Unto

The
Word,
And
Then
To
Set
Again
The rule
But
Not
Regain
The
Older
Form
Again
The
Phrase
But
Not
The
Wide
Of
The
Tube
Adjusted
To
The
Flow
So
A
Million
Constituting
That
Comes
Into
Forms
Of
Lower
Use
Because
Exhausted
Lines
Wear
Breaking
And
Remit
For
Use

-

After

Flex

Dried

And

Sprinkled

Returning to a head, that is, a pooling of some content held within a thing that represents a bag or saddle on a bag, with points where joined, the long pin goes to calls that echo in retaliation of a sounding which is more a statement than a song, but serves, both singing and a key to opening a heavy block that is the door between, because it hinders that which comes, without the song -...

Compilations of a murdered object, the disposal is revealing, - for generalization, hands, feet, torso, inner working, mechanism, local communications, extensions, external lines which must be retrieved and consolidated into final containment -...

By volume, study, assorted, vacuumed, decontaminated, so, some infusion removals, extracting shared aspects, reconstruction from two shores of shared parts which now separated should be multiplied from two direction left to right and right to left on opposing shores – and that point(s) connecting, to, the reconsidered subject, should be waited on, then, expected on, and then, put into practice, used, and then, the rights to given to the other even if the absence reassessed until established in another form its uses satisfied, so, breaking back, is like the limb reset by breaking, reattached to hoping for a stronger bond, but maybe, one bond, bounded by another which, a go around, a loop away from straightened to, will form forgotten second door or hatch that when another method needs be made will represent itself and shut down single representative channel, unbeknowing that the loop is coming into all its own the savior or messiah function, now the social binding should resend and in the hope connect, reaffirm, but not, but reassess -.

Going out in heaving essence of a thrust, a package gains some use, in vague vocabulary used particularly, then, and jargon, then, specific use committed to describing broader things –

Hunting down a basic forms to beaten to a smaller elemental husk and shaping beaten from a thousand sides so seems unreal but in a circle many sides inscribed, particular then, jargon in direction in degrees advance return, advance and turn -.

Hearing Hindu hearing native American, hearing crackling loudspeaker, hear public announcement from truck bullhorns in Chinese hearing Islam it must be four thirty somewhere – (or maybe only local theatre, or, the temple) radio or a Christian call to worship, in a local style -... (or, a two for one advertisement, cupcake, bread -...)

Or, aborigine -... from what land mass, they have shared a single home at one time, to read the skin and bones recorded body history, long boat, paddles carving, weight, colors, rainbows, gloss and silk strands in familiar twists – repenting, homelands – goings – relandings, reborning places, -.

Restudy, by the light of beach fires -.

Voice I hear is limping -... should put a lens there, should occupy the sound – as it is empty now – it is a local theatre, but it is a prerecorded script, and actors mouth the words -...

Hear I hear I hear I hear I – pattern mucilage -...

Uncle removal relative -...

Bailing seeds and barley strained sheath wax to water proofed baskets basket a science measures, then to, face washing there, the modal influences adjustments minus thirds -... undefended -.

Collapsing chords, without the third, then dropped of five, the west is let to blow the way a leaf so fragile crumbles in the wind before the storm – the west is gone, extracted as the song uplifting pull toothed third then placed a minor second dirged – becomes the song of death – the stir of spirit in the celebration jazz so cancelled -...

It is a funeral, there are red paper mobiles on the street corners, we should hide behind the curtains or in the bathtub, the ghost will come -. The ghost can pass through walls. The ghost should be made happy. The ghost can bring harm and bad luck we should fear everything we can imagine but not see -. The housewives are hiding. They hear a violin, but it contrasts the mournful chant, the violin is Webern - ...westerner -... Webern is a ghost -. He was murdered -. His violin shows, he does not rest -.

And going, as the goat goes calling, throat amplifier of the chest cavity, a drug expands that too, like something in the brain extends the room for space, the cavity, hallucinates an auditorium -. That is the deep and flavored magic in the goat -.

As the woman puts the black ball from the monk in the water bottle, his feces, spit, sweat, sperm dried into a pellet -.

Plastic, holding everything imagined, holding air to let you dive again, and holding soup, that scooped out of the caldron passed to you elastic banded, plastic bag to hyperventilate or over the head with seven pills relaxing you to sleep and substitute the breathing – plastic also holds into it life that labor factory, employing even stilts the air to grow, and children breath, and elder cancer gives life labor, worship of the plastic plant, the factory and sheets of plastic every house preserving food for next but also holding in through daily hours working householder seeks to plastic wrap in safety of vocation and an undercontemplated sale of time and heart beat -... still the funeral is sounding, it is plastic mute on saxophones, to soften square waves, plastic takes the edge returns to nature softened angles -...

Blissfulness is the transmission, seeing in the pooling like the river lost the pump the river halts its running and the river turns to lakes next then the ocean joins in incubation 'till returns, the full deflation over every combination let through the valve control of the metal slice across the closing of the pipe that feeds the gate through which the sack then emptied and deflated to a string should pass -...

Walking down then walking up, that you should give directions to it on a slip of paper burned so that the smoke will join the ones who look instructions on their lids though lids removed, so seek a picture of an eye and thus the lids, an then, descriptions well described of every blink, so, blinking, then could lubricate the dry eye dry cremation wetted so that reading could instruct, in smoke reconstituted by a prayer (even to an older elder there) instruction to the up or down, and how, without the leg, to orient the body lost, which too must constitute in smoke, and in its socks, and shirt, and pants, and comb its hair with comb, should rise or fall if stumbling, but, at least, be on the right direction to the light or dark that parts it from the earth -...

So should on go there too, when complicated to so much by the fact of going, turned again to earliest the form before the baby made its way. (?)

What, don't look at am, don't look at am.

Undercurrent, core.

Washbasin.

A clean corpse.

Diminish am from observation. So the pocks, also, the mixture, and the paste that works the impressionable but by belief, the way a mud cake gives a strength -.

The body too can lie.

Finally, the tap. The cork, unfurled the way a cloth unwrapped supported as the coffin used again, the shroud dug up remains, the smell, scent but memories retained attempted at a happily reprised, lament, but joyous, in the clot.

For others, it is blot.

North of west, old way.

As a fighter or a rider. Horse or train, rail. MRT.

As a history or historian inside a box to walk beside the book, invisible but with a strain, it costs it more now each breath sucking in for two.

Constrain by making it a perpetual consciousness, to make a constant awareness of a radius with the senses those extended or depleted now, by jars dropped, cans crush by the trash truck -... find that measure, influence within it, reserve what energy so as with cyclic breathing for the reed or brass the power too is endless as you rest between each offset pump of the supply -...

Alive, intact, the measure, though now clearly gone.

The coming and the going and the arrives of you, and the composure.

The blinking as can only happen without the eyes.

Report by secluded in the uniformity of purchased mason jars, bought from essentials supply company in fear of end times growing in number now finding easy to locate overpriced survival goods by company for uniformly manufactured products mason jars bought by the thousands when you have the thousands wasted for spending to survive a dreamed end time, still, the wasted product for an art of preparation not of surviving but removal of the heckling spirit leftover, find then out some the one idiot survivalist hording take the card to guide or the goods directly, buried sometimes empty in the earth for their own ritual of disbelief materialism, - some homeland an national variety not of smell in earth but of the canister resisting earth to even fly from it to space, a vacuum like the moon or shuttle, just to be, in

case, in space, that moment is the last below, the millionaire survives, if even for the vacuum of that time, one hour, one chance like a lottery, if then the end should come, of laborers or unemployed should charge and take, or atoms moving flush the (them) out, or more, it comes but given one hour out in space, they are gambling expensively, so then, when in space, to locate and to liquidate their hording, take, while gone, remains – for taking -.

Ranting of chanting, what it is of what continues now, when others bristle when the cat hairs rise when the boar even in the stew has raised its razor back, then will we know the funeral has appeased a thing -. Loaded, louder, higher, lower, in the air and ground.

When the food arrived(s) the sun, it bakes but long it sits to take the gods the spirit of the eating but the husk and body of the food remain, and, in after offering so not as wasted fuel to, the stomach of the poor, but with amebae – then the sudden twenty minute later micro minutes flushing through the bowel, there the spirit go, a calculation even poor them knowing it is ignorant cannot resist to never miss –

Everyone, the hungry for the bowel of the god -...

Again, the rain, God is doing something in the rite, the speaker crosses wires with a liquid stream and sparks, a small fire now, a puff of smoke, a burning speaker cone that sent to ancestors, fear, will not appease -...

Leaving god, who walked on

Close the window, still, should blend with basso sound, carry host noise, wipe-wash, winding spring, what the voice of a human can become when inhabited -.

Comes inhabited, and blinded to, to represent, it always in a task to simulate as in a carriage carried on two long and flexing poles will make the carriage bounce, then copy out the walking cadence of a god, who on his heels (on foot) with bounce a confidence, and strength -... how come them by falsifying these things now, was ancient done before, by gods, when they had loved -. (?)

Old times mysteries past renewed in every time a dead has died.

Comes, I inhabit again, not the am but the them, the that, who was, in saying that, have comed again. It is that, that has whistled away an hour, then a day and week, an many bad food to rot and given to the poor to sicken. Comes it, comes it, noodled drenched, soap scorched, as the elder threw her pot on it, to kill what wasn't god in the cadence, though while burned disfigured men who held the poles, she drew away them leaving god who walked on sans the carriage, pulled away apart from mask and cloak and puppet as a thing with man inside is left behind to roll around on the street or side-street in the dirt, the god walks on, amid the wonder and the awe of those that saw him split away from mockery -...

The local god is vain, but powerful, and bends the backs, the local man who, should a Viking come, should tame them, rise, rise to Wotan, kill the gods –

What threatens – what kind of creature – should they examine – should they capture, should they take apart, to examine -.

What advises toward a sustaining of horror -...

When food emerges, from a different end, into a different space -...

What is eating, what is defecation -...

Rain again, hard, patter, chanting returns through the window, the sound of a knife chopping below, light fades, vegetables being cut -...

Smell of onion -...

Funeral chant -,...

Red paper hangings on the street are bleeding their dye -... it looks like a river of blood -... the rain -... altered where the eyes meet remiss to carving, going in, exploratory, a change of desecration as you might have hit the tomb of some one buried memory – then even, scattering a corpse -... forgot the building, color sealing out rust, metal door, the practical some one other tones that turn the cells to the borderless -, the place that moves apart – the score that dictates firmly, affirmative embrace of one thing swallowed up – into a second body – a zero spot -, the end of statement and beginning next numeric in a suite -.

Washbasin. Antique. Resold. Washboard. Antique resold, collectable. Wall hanging -.

Many treading, one inertia power cusp, one nervous energy powered rod -. Glass bowls singing to pots with stone rims, metal foil crust, and glazed final form, enamel redshift mirror echo Doppler shift effect – treatise free range peace, speculated non-aggression, fictions –

One some

Comfort

Gentle coordination prospect -

Contradiction prospector –

Underneath the porch –

A clam shell mound –

A mark so clear a fingerprint –

Impassive –

Progress and the worm –

Distrust and the plastic scissors –

Processor of paper flanges –

Snakes coil in the sun atop the mulberry bushes –

Copper wire lace –

Lead doily –

Imp in demon worlds, shrimp in ocean sea –

Deteriorating stitches on the scalp –

Self-inflict accidental hammer wound, 2 claw puncture top of head, wide arch backward swing for force too far -

Jeans' worn knees

Expendable mid-day second wind

Brine shrimp translate, seahorse, sea-monkey –

X-ray glasses-

Am a murky, dirty water –

Souls confess –

Souls, confess - !

Porch swing one chain broken, diagonal seat sliding to the lower side sitting –
Uncles in spasms –
Allergies, swelling glands, closing apertures –
Currencies list exchange rates account balance transfers transformations –
Traditional form the mask dance –
Adaptation form, the dress change –
Polyvinyl vest, asbestos gloves – wedding gown –
Acetylene torch skin suit, - acetylene blisters –
Shimmer sun optic capture volcanic ash horizon –
Maze at dawn –
Temple of mounting –
Progesterone liver mint –
Five legged chair –
Experiment in wax –
Three legged frog –
Rendered ham – wide boar –
Frost on glass –
Cracked window-
Blue-grey paint chipped putty. Dried as wrinkled faces –
Final moments blender life –
Aggravated hat –
Gun powder laxative –
Tucks –
Soft cracker –
Pronunciation retributions –
Dialectic nails –
Formalized chopping blocks –
Centennial contusions –
Foster condiments –
Back fat labor union –
Failed aardvark coup –
Albino salamander –
Round coffin –
Tarpaper undergarments –
Facial tissue sail –
Transcendence and salvation –
Unrewarded good works –
Grace –
Pre-destiny –
Birth right –
Family name –
Popper's grave –
Floorboards –
Elongation of the soil –
Mating dance, plywood equivalent –
Pressboard cabinet, chrome fixture, duck bill, psychiatric ward lunch –
Folding mascara kit –
Australian for beer –

Snails eating spaghetti –
Constitutionate conflux, fled sorbite,
Remnant refluxation, cabinet tool, key reworking
Department store markdown bins –
Tonal clusters – escalators –
Grind diffusion –

The ring stale satin wore heavy on the passengers. It was resembled (a common force) by three different animal attendees – that, the seat for occupying would be taken, and not returned. It was hostage or prisoner, but no communication was ever found. Storch mood complimented by suggested purse grade relation – stool, fit, cortextual contummer – phos -.cor. dent. Cor cordknot -. Flax. Bunt. Nord. Mocox. Pux.

Forge the pin to inclusion of the filter cup, breakdown of the brain to commit conduct and receive, - jam by metal's enlargement and the egoist's impassioned confidence -.

Sense blessing, slow heating toasted, gradated surface facing the sun and facing away.

Three failed frying attempts. One last proposal succeeded so, the act the forwarded into automated fracture mode, splitting, jumping the part, and salvaging through juice magnetic negative fruit, place a spot into a space in the corner angled rim of the emptied section of the hole, the fact known by instinct made approach the first step and the reward of taking one then two steps into the unintended room - .the various thickness of tissue require each a separate treatment, the way additions to addressing an uninitiated species, new but long lived, unfamiliar -. A jacket of another outcast remnant lived in – bailed spilled, tapped points pulling excess – to drain, clear for further openings -. Story of the giant clam and the sensitive boar -...

Turn around. Continue moving, whether found the means of forward and direction change without a stop or reversal or not.

The blurred remain suggests to us, not to move.

One hundred and seventy tears, one hundred dried before the count, streaming through foundation of the intention of the pigment dusted concourse -.

Beauty as the principle soldiered by the small wave smooth volcanic deposit -.

Aggress the belt which is the distance spacers made to keep the substance separatedly pure, uncontaminated by the foreign magnetism which in empty spaces naturally is inclined to go between -.

Remove the touch incentive, place electric or a cold grill on a vertical plane, confuse the gravitation as the nature and the collagen -...

...a net and a small weld mark appearing around an inoculation scar – flashing, copper roof culvert -...

In the capacity to walk, those who carry perform. In the capacity to laugh and launch various objects as missiles from a station, some choose crawling across the ground in a group or task force with bones dissolved through processes invented by science fiction writer and implemented by military -...

Cobblers simulate the many functions of the shoe's parts using marine pastes derived from sea urchins, and the volcanic sand of a Hawaiian beach -...

Hinge two planets together. Cripple a planetary path -... using aerosol ... crash test asteroids -...

Consumer – in dehydrated, powder form -... instant potato ...

Derive from smoke -... instant potato -...

Presumption of interest – this is deduced from motivations to move, heartbeat, breath -.

Stale bread ascending –

Collections of nuts' shells in arrangements predict opinion of oppositions on lists of themes prepared while manipulating the pieces of shell -...

Something in them cracks the marvel, something in them rubs the bag of soup until it leaks -...

Nowhere like at the margin -...

Sidewalks protected from the rain -... old hamburger stand, the owner has retired, rice cake now -...

Unions have trails of strands from their respective moving, from where they were to where they met – on this these strands some other unions and convergence forms – the plains –

On the remnant of an attraction -...

Fall through the floor for weight -.

Contradict the variously colored salts and essence -.

Scoring, achieving through marking of a trench like depression, in the formal representation of an indented dotted line across a surface, shallow downward, is a guide, suggested where to CONTINUE downward activity -.

Small rings making in the peaceful surface of the black glass lake -...

You cannot breathe unless you stir -...

What should the choice be to damage or destroy, -...

Submerged into the density of the back of the chair – through the cushion -, -...

Personal perception one all -.

Where detected, stillness, in its invisible corridors -...

Stepping backward stepping forward – body remains fixed, head steps.

Surrounded by skull walls -... economy room -.

More drying than wetting -.

Magnifier of announcement -...

Stick extender -...

Smoke extender (helper) project -...

Inbred effect -... while wall eyed -...

Suave -...

Intact circle after rolling -...

Circle made -...

Invention after begun, the task made part -...

Folding presence over presence -...

Reduce -...

When forming detect through pipette -...

Rapidly a peeling sheet another and until a flower of the stripping petals forms to fill a room -...

Full course, the lay eclipse that sees the one that drops from out the tree -...

Plastic burdens -...

Acrid sap collects a body from surrounding through a maze of weed and speckle –

Accost unseen flutter by fiber sense -...

Could the chant to tax you -...

Coagulation of spirit -...

Forming slender passages -...

First the top is made familiar. Then, below, a gradual introduction mixes port and cargo so to bring a concord and liberating trust. The third and deepest investiture is through an unexpected, rapid series of punctures putting weight and mass in full commitment firmly and directly behind the hammer's head, disrupting what in integration of the in and out has been accomplished, and, replacing with a butting of the two now opposing presences and neutralizing, contrary energies -... but as a microcosm, and, an

exercise, reversible, within control (inside the tank) but followed through, for study purpose, though the sacrificing of the two (opposing) very real -...

Pockets create themselves along a casual irrigation tube -...

Blast hill baby ripen -...

River – from the safe-wharf unlodges the saw -...

Am the part measure -.

It is the face of cotton -... in the skillful question -... sockets, mended, -...

Utility and advisory – ponder, anticipate facilitate the visitation -... far for walking plank - ...

Are in a separate orbit, while like a plywood, pulled in pieces by the hostile application, are each in its own, and some pollution crosses in a thin dissemination may connect some point from tip to tip -...

Story odd the evolution, lapping at one spot, floor -...

No memory lapsing -...

Cores, seats -...

Rain of spotlight –

The eye scabbed less over, the salt forms –

Cork, fulfill the destiny, a boat, crumbs from the ocean -...

Sliding when at one angle, tip balanced against gravity, spin resetting that, to a second body the velocity the spin -...

The second body, soul transposes to the key, lending but should be the guide, the second should a second spirit guiding IT to fathom from the first -...

Missing hand -...

Flour and sweeping compound -...

Inspection, codes, license, compliance, invisibility -, camouflage -...

Strikes through tree bark -...

Focal flash, - wind light -...

Night electric coolant supply -...

The property of the ware room, large, echoes, full, vacuum, unused cement -...

Plant food tree spikes -...

The useused, progress the sealing (an entombment) and the unused sealed, example in the physical, offertory these pristine untouched remain -.

Where the mirror should gaze on the stillborn -...

They bail the thing, eaten, fallen from its track of desires -...

Blood of the lamb, (the chicken and the pig) -...

Seen the air produced the open field of the farm, a current brought fertility and the pond fell from the sky's hole -...

Common to be contradicted, holding sticks against, raise the sack with settled, dead weight -...

First order of white color of colors, keeps shifting imperfectly minutely to tints the spectrum, saddled snap containers poop pee, the rarer contents, in exceptions of the body -.

Each moment, a rock is placed in a square -.

There are five returnable loops.

II: search the corners in each room :II

Sail 1. lump 2. cloth, lantern -.

Each in like the moments of the rock, the circle closes someone in sleep -.

Holding tight the railing of the pew, the in the precious blood of the lamb the milieu blackens – the spiral motivated in the middle ear, and slipping -...

Full fingers black as snow -.

Faint -...

Icon painted, cosmetic foundation -...

False health appeal -...

Pitted -...

Found the shovel near the stove, with burned, the rubber boots and read the kindling, song the door of clapboard pieces and the window sill that sagged – and the ghost, its bones beneath the footbridge, and the scrap of hair, attached around a hat brim, on a nail -...

Post
Sandal
Shallow veins

Pock
Limping, offset
Keeping pace

Meter
Minute measure
Counting the stack

Chair bend
Can be heard
The stair, -

Roped
Looped in
Defied

A
Symbol
Line

Defend
Accidental advise
Gill

Gesture
Mask danced
Expectorant, recovery

The sounds
Should follow
Fine hair

Often
Free
Contortion

Apparition
Bait
Store

Cartridge
Cold
Embossing

Accordion fashion
Mucus-sheet
Ply

Eccentric
Fungus
Border

Deep
Injected of last
Currents

No
The salt
To wait

For
The animal, to
Veil again

Drank
Of

Four
Silent
Ears

Vapid
Drop

Attested by
That
Rising

Tempted
Sour
Ore

Mouth is
Swallowed
Up

Have
Failed
Fit

Emulsion
Coat

Falled
Foster
Tin

Butter
Of
Stolen

Mat of the
Yard and
Tale taker

Embrace
In
Tombs

Dowse
Faith

Forms
Felt
Joining

Plural
Task
Wash

Fur
Dent

Succeeded
The
Follower

When does move in the flow of the dorsal pump, it is as islands born from the sea. Long in occlusion, cored and seeded as the apple, ready, ripe to go - but through it, still unready as of nature -. Black eyed lobster burns in faiths, the insect it is – damp, dirt and disease eating no judgment or hesitation. Grinding to a nub, fit into a margin by a hair, where less is value as the car length in the city -... should choking as the dislodged word permit, then there is better opportunity. Perfect comment, constant, instant, dehydrated as would a mix transcend, to represent. Heighten as God’s blessing, on a world. Include. Fold (the car) for fitting. Hinge the 2 dates of a lifespan to accomplish separation in a time. The used oil each becoming its own variety per par its use -. See in the self(ish) brim, the early size increase, maxed portion on bandage plates abrupt the opening, help to gap, not close, and add a plaster to more medicate so progress small and slow but thorough -. Interfered, but adjusted in that. Subtle. Lax to increase. Bubble of effect. Surround a vacuum planet. Suck at. Not defeat. Like one standing. Truss, third brace, not to collapse.

But by what the children confused in Babel as baby Falkner:

Jimmy's moving around so much that he gets in the way when I throw an apple as hard as I can. I beam him square in the forehead from twenty feet and the apple just explodes. I see him get red before he can even cry, and me and Tom are laughing when he comes out of it and screams. He runs holding his noggin. "He's gonna have a headache!"

'And a knot on his head!' We laugh more 'cause Jimmy is still running, up the side of the road screaming. Tom knows I done it on purpose. But if Jimmy's dad asks, I know Tom will say Jimmy got in the way. I was aiming for the tree it falled from. That'll be our story. Funny, stuff always happens to Jimmy. But, that's his purpose.

"What a baby." I wait 'til he's way up the road and then yell. "Hey, Jimmy, I'm sorry! Come back. Hey, Jimmy. I said I'm sorry!" Jimmy stops and turns. "I can't believe it," I say to Tom. "He thinks I'm sorry." Sure enough, he comes running back from way the hell up the road.

"You're so smart, waiting 'til he was almost gone, just to make him run himself out." Tom knows how I think.

"Now the kicker, we hide or run off ourselves. How 'bout we cut through the woods different ways. We both holler for him to catch up. Then cut off the path and meet at the cemetery gate. Maybe we make him have an asthma attack." I always have ideas.

"Okay. Best run, he sees us now."

Me and Tom go on opposite sides of the road. There are some paths here, we won't get lost, but maybe Jimmy will, he's so fucked up. Tom can cut across the road a ways up, and I'll go along the logging road out here and then out through Colter's field to the church, and then the cemetery. "Hey Jimmy, gotta catch up, we're chasing a porcupine! Quick Tom, the porcupine!" And then I hear Tom in the distance, he's so quick to pick it up,

"Jimmy, over here, the porcupine! We gotta tree it! I see it! Jimmy, hurry sos you can hit it too!"

This is always fun as shit, doing this stuff to Jimmy. And I can't believe he don't catch on. Man, if I was fat with asthma like that I'd take dad's shotgun and blow my head off. I'm running hard now through the woods, that's when I always start thinking about stuff. Like how I thought about shooting my head off if I was like Jimmy, and then I think about Jay Field who did do that, but he wasn't like Jimmy or even me. He was the opposite, but his family was like Jimmy in some way, fucked up drunk, stupid.

The older kids say Jay was wicked smart and got almost all 'A's in school. He lived with Marshal, his brother in the trailer next to the dump. Marshal tended the garbage and fires, wore a stinking poncho and sometimes talked aloud to no one there. His dad lived in the trailer sometimes. Some says his daddy drank a lot when Marshal was born and more important his mom was drinking when she was carrying. I seen her before she died, and I think even then she was ugly, and Jay's dad must have been drunk to stick it in her.

"Hey Jimmy, catch up, I got a good one off on the porcupine! Come and hit it!" I can't hear Tom, but I know he's doing his part. Jimmy's so fun to fuck around, Jay wasn't even fun, always moping around. At school he was in the

library club, that was for losers. He was doing good, but I think he was scared to have to go to school after, like college. He stole a shotgun and some shells from True Hardware on the peninsula. The Chase kids found him in the woods, he'd been dead and missing for days. He just had a stump for a head and it was all caked with leaves. I was at Deputy Minzy's house setting off firecrackers in the shed with David when his dad got a radio call to come look at this body. No one figured Jay broke into True Hardware. They figured it was Stoney or Steve Benner, but Jay was the smart one in his family, he was going to go to school. Turned out he was just like the rest of them, he was just a thief and a bum. We couldn't have fucked around with him much. He wouldn't have been no fun. The thing with Jimmy is, that he always comes back, you can do anything to him. "Hey Jimmy, you better catch up!"

Like I was just thinking, about two things we did to him. Now I can't help it, I have to stop running for a minute and laugh. Me and Tom and Jimmy went camping in Tom's tent, just out in the woods behind the church. When we get in for the night, I got my flashlight on. Me and Tom start talking about when we seen Tom's sister and her friend naked in the morning after they had a sleep-over, and we're making it all up, but that lets us make it all the more juicy. Like, Tom's sister, Deb, is rubbing her own tits, while Jane is over near the crack in the door we're looking through like she knows we're there, and she's parting her lips down there so we can see her pink insides through the crack. Then Tom and me say we gotta get sleep, so I turn out the flashlight. In a few minutes I say surprise and put the light on. Jimmy has it out and he's whacking it like a loony. Tom takes his porcupine club from beside his sleeping bag and swings it at Jimmy's pecker. There's like a snapping sound, and we can see Jimmy's pecker folds over the porcupine club like a napkin. He screamed. And he didn't stop. He whimpered all night, and then ran home in the morning. We never heard nothing about it, so he never told, but that's no surprise. He's so shy about his parts. Once after that, we was at Tom's house and we found a projector and some movies in his parent's bedroom closet while they was out. We set it up and watched the movies, and they was naked women and men doing it to them. Then there was a woman putting a peeled banana inside her and letting her dog lick it out. I got all hard, and I could tell Tom was too.

But Jimmy was there in his shorts, and he didn't have it happening to him at all. I think Tom broke it when he hit it that night in the tent. When we thought that, it was even more funny to Tom and me.

And then there was the time we got Jimmy to pick up a dollar we said we saw at the bee hives the Bly brothers was trying to keep up behind their house.

When Jimmy got next to the hives, we threw big rocks and knocked two of them over. Jimmy got stung all over and we watched from the road like we was at some kind of drive-in movie. He was sick at home for a week. He said he fell on the hives and he apologized to the Blys for damaging them. They didn't want any trouble, they're old hippies. They're probably happy no one says nothing about the pot plants they got growing up back there. The thing is, Jimmy don't want to lose us to hang around with. If he tells, and we get in trouble, he's history to us. Friends like him don't grow on trees. You gotta pick 'em before their ripe, and keep pushing them, pushing, a little harder and farther every time you want to have your fun. In the end, you got someone you can do anything to and they'll take it.

And there, I hear Tom, he must have crossed the road and come around toward Colter's field. I make like we got the porcupine on the run. "Over this way, Tom, the critter is right in front of me." I'm getting all scratched up though, and I haven't heard Jimmy yet. I know he wouldn't have gone home. He's starting to piss me off. "Tom! Come find me! He ain't following us." I stay put, and in a few minutes, Tom comes from in front of me.

"How'd he get passed us?" Tom asks.

"You came around so he must be on the other side of the road, or behind me on this side," I say.

"You lost him, Todd?"

"You lost him."

"I bet he followed you." Tom starts walking back the way I came. "He's so fat, he's probably sitting down."

We walk for a half mile, poking off this way and that. Then I see a gleam of white on the ground. "Look," I say, "I found his atomizer! He can't be far! Hey, Jimmy!"

"Gimme that," Tom says and snatches it away. I know he's going to do something rude. "Wait 'til he tries this," he says, unbottling the top, pouring out the medicine and pissing in it.

"Hey Jimmy!" I yell. I'm getting bored with this. Me and Tom look around, we follow my path all the way back. He's convinced Jimmy followed me. He's right I guess, and Tom knows it, that Jimmy don't trust him. What ever. So he follows me, and here he is, we go all the way back and then turn around and find him about half way off to the side, he's wearing a brown shirt so we miss it the first time blending in with the leaves. He's turning blue. Fucking blue!

What a shit head. And gasping for air. Then we see he's having an attack, a asthma attack. Tom gives him the atomizer which he grabs but so feeble that he drops it and Tom has to pick it up and put it back into Jimmy's hand. I catch Tom's eye and he almost laughs but holds it in. Jimmy puts the atomizer in his mouth and he squirts it in a panic to breathe. Then he gets big-eyed and pukes right away. He pukes and then he rolls over and really turns blue. We laugh but then it isn't funny so we run off.

Kids like Jimmy you're doing a favor, letting them hang around you. What they gonna do otherwise, join the library club at school? They take what you dish out 'cause they'd rather be with buddies than be with other fuck-ups or like Crispy Critter, who got his skin burned in a house fire. He's in the library club at school. Nope, Jimmy made up his own mind. But when someone like Jimmy isn't funny anymore, you gotta cut him loose, and go find another one. That's why Jimmy's out there in the woods now, and we're all fancy free, me and Tom bustin' gravestones in the cemetery. And tomorrow we're gonna go get all friendly with ol' Crispy, on account he don't have no friends and he'd like to be ours.

Kids
These
Day

The lack
Subtle
Grace

All
Growed up
Evolution

Pharmacy
Ferment
Conceal

Baptismal
Slide
Rule

Court
Sink
Out-thought

The forbidden confidence
Of hard typhoon rains
Bends preparation and sand
Bag to it -,
In the grape
In the run off and the
Brew of circulated
Matter –
In arrays
Of language and
A soap made
Tea and snail –
Pilgrim shoulder
Simulating, prefabricated point –
What am the is in a.

And the unclaimed – the turns were sorted by impression on a floor pad -, found unburdened by what was that, the man is victim, with the fat removed -, wasted by the focus that unsuitable in application lured a promise in – to the portion made – for plans, preserved destruction.

What is the sex of the clam, its short attention span, and desire for rest – the razor tractor and atmosphere filter – slumber and a shroud, beast doll collection the gnawing hosts of calibrations – slack passage – forms born for affixing to the body of the actor's gift of grace – confirming through extraction, numeric fortunes in serial choice and feature gradation – obligation to receive in white – bound ceremony – carpenter perfection – presides the field in costume – limberly then dry – black sky's wind – folded with elastic haste -

us in traps, us is one additional to other test use – running the state conforming to accidental shock, the static spraying and the white crest – then family in an emblem, following the set theory, crabbed – then the location emergent plan appear – sound blocks, digestions and description move away from uses – with narrow set, distinction coarse is equal to refined – plots activity contour, subset -.

Would know this correct by done-ing well placed flurry waves of attention, in an even relative still as even settled in the current -. Well plots, twice, three, recursively amended by a causal -, -. Act.

A brace holds up a spring supports and makes resilient setting – fire washer, green, flames with feature not temperature but those proposed to serve a simple, short hand sense -. Wind section, steak section, percussion, reeds (for breathing) submerged in planetary speculations – sure for what wild boar brought – game smell – rutting – curse of fates -. Shallow pool detectively. Can be guarded in protection, three modes, imbalanced, returning to a ventral pin for weight, once bent hangs, twice. Ventral link, riding against a fine metal edge too much too pushed down, lost volume -.

Nothing was prepared, - supply, removal skin epidermis – seedy cake, droplets capture -. Forces connecting thin tissues across variously and geometrically perfected gaps -.

Picture that then the, inflated object's baseline -. Hold, backed, then, the sight's mist - . Having, to own appearance, the flowering of flat sheet wondering, blue, marbled corners -.

Traded for entangling, light bulb, soap, conspiracy west soil front wells, boiling moose caldron Rose petal bones pepper, rust. Where one is split comes two.

Facing high the heart and secondly another also filled the same with function and a sign -...

And then a sack or bag is used, and clear as cellophane but made of eye lens, hanging from the side, it warns, though warming, too, below, the future purposes resolved imagined in an end with saddle bags of organs, as with retort to the side asides a word of treatment to a flow -...

Tests blubberous jarring treatments, some undone the operatory shorted by the visit, resident the artist -...

You patient there, passing – you reading, you author perspective ness – slowly pinned, the serial arrival, memory loss, the fictive reconstruction, a value in a ledger -.

If possible, with agreement then, the hairs should be removed, replaced by anagrams and toothpicks – soften by slowly cooking -.

As lapse of recognizable activity comes creeping and ones are swung into an onion bag of esoteric infiltrates, our steps begin to change, in distribution of kilo, direction, signatures daily spontaneous choreography of the walk -...such signal, becomes a being transforms to be another in each way, collected massing as the personality depressed on paper wafers -...

So smeared as much as oil from the skin -... and then comes out some muck from the river, as there was mud the dirt with water loosening an a current from below like quicksand and, the blue of marine clay, - ... and where the beaver day and water fall, a yellow foam that fills a pool and drifts to river edge, and snapping turtles there, their eyes pinched seem also to water from the sewing too fast from the hydrogen -...siding hollow shelled hollow rocks they beach on in the heat, hollow potato grew the yellow foams holds chemicals and stirred, the paper mill sidestepped.

Ball lightning heat lightning, lightning charging through a room lightning hits the piano in the corner darting out adjacent window looking pulverized the white piano keys to powdered ivory -... tactical lightning -...

In the howling here, typhoon returns its outer wall, an iron bar, wooden handled, sharpened hook – so captures the art body – on it what comes examine, in part but whole embedded emergence barbed tails, -...

How trails come the desert is controlled -... pulled, divorced reason, stringed, -... so tabulated to convey a border switch -. Sapped of drink, nursed. Forfeited the amounts in piled earth boxes, in the winter occupies the crypt the ground is frozen, shovels in a useless way, the boxes, amulets, the padlock cut and dousing spirits - ... childhood wonder at the bushes cut the air in thistles, is there A God and a Devil - ...

One and two of old mansions and their contents buried in the dirt fears for revelation have constructed secret doors and hidden panels to their holes -... some ports found always ready others wait to see -... someone peeing in the garden, small encroachments sink into the pool -... feather nests on pillars and the shell crumbs on the pavements, crabgrass, ants blanket brick-way -... the rain is like mood – hard long days of it bring -... stone house, one spiral turret -... storage, -... something mild, this hoof passes into them, -... sour force felt in retraction -... devils feet -, stomping at the door in anger -.

Request was as dismissed opinion, to alternative to disapprove the first thing, give again. The color of the stone shades spectral as it rises up the hill -...

In the mouth, the units pinched to I s fly from the way -...

As should confessing to a wall expel, a product shelved, -... food trough.

To terrors, who follows knows. Farm tool animal digresses in its simplified conversation -... the blade renounces worldly cause, but difficult reshaping design -... what control and where regards the purpose of the ego -... forced floorboards reveal dispatched them in a renovation, show retool what built them, saw, hammer situation and some history which intersection lays below -... ghost cartoon, convention of the soundtrack, in an interval between the gathered pitches in their bundles or the single strands released to wander to their bundle or a migration of one or two such strands to find another in a likewise bundle there -... so gates set, receive the pocket, well exempt, dollar restitution, duplication in the field with hay and tone tree lightning strike which nature rod -... and resonating, wild life pictures on the cultivated wall distilled of parts -... a dialogue all in wonder would when pulled express across two pages side by side while monologue expressed as one with tally made of words is centered, and, one logo and one appendix to the use forced one to be eccentric and in measure not to share but found the way a fossil of the dead retains a second life observed in wider entry in eternity secured -. One thousand things in butchery a subtle tending, this and that day forward -... one thousand five hundred in agrarian repose salinization sifting to the present until a cancellation representing steady monitoring by surprise signals closes loose envelops the elongating cycle -... these terror hold in sleep, and slip on polish cracking casing with sudden abutting accompanying the loss of tripod prop suspension over hardtop incident registers, which added to, crack open as the pans unreadied, sudden it to pulled in hopes to sweep but catching excess never timely should admit, the gain now grows into a slowed by conscious but still steady, punctuated loss -... then one of those “end over end” events which characterizes the presence of personality and choice, and followed intellect, seems to generate the outer motivation - ...still, it struggles to suggest, perhaps, a lacking mind – that introduces as unborn, some new, untutored, an addition, not sculpted but the raw, to understanding then, it seemed, no mind, no hand, no one, - no presence, revealed or oppressed, to be -... hacked into cubicles of faith, to lick a wound, to lick for pleasure making so, the presence, should catapult responding through a concentration of the order into which the tumble objects fall of their own desire, of the parts -... then raw maneuvers – uniforms, special vehicles -.

Heavy and overboard in the way of the spilling. Clicking sound at speed they sing. The form resounds, too, in a cavity. Then here.

Stool

The monkey represents the family tree, the three legs of the sitting carved into such influence the unborn takes in as suggestion in a box select -. The growth across outside of genre replete enough to influence the form, and next, a stage without repletion, falls of into patterns well established and as

transfers geographical, ascend by special graft, remade, but one mistake, abused but only one time, and then softly.

Spell

And this is the time and the control from occult worship to the use gave to the marks for all the sounds to make in one the given in location, while the family tree is permutating into Europe new world and to Asia, still wet from showering, -...divined by loving -... any other matter, as it travels -...old and resold as the first is lost in time recomes to be its own, possessed itself in it, owned by none, the world and then, Some universe away -... dispelled, for treating, unspelling, for reversal to the use and apology, to misspelling, correct and recollection, though the line be broken by a loss in spaces, lodging still, one small element of the course, one thing pronounced before the next should break the sound its magic one effective sway of tongue and parts, and, illustrate, the parts in use, exemplar to this ownership of it in space and free to move -...

Slow wit

When god provides unequal gifts the recipients should confer, how best proceeding with each other and, how they should in relation to the god, consider gifts as cruelty -... tank, for selling on a path, the pilgrim washes too, so flavored water, he, areas bones boiled, drank, reordered the events, that swim, a tank expanding then, and glass for seeing, for aware the limbs one owns to move them and, the wares to hopefulness -... pilgrims -...

Ledge house

Mountain side, see the curved road, when it fell metal boxes cubes stage cased Hong Kong port industry in miniature the mountain dropping into valleys – as the stones loose the dirt with water sliding making graves, and even then cemeteries unearth the old float with the new, the rivers over running, mom dad too ledge house, blue mountains, then paint house paint house Buddhist view, and blue mountain ledge, Baptist view -... proposed to continue, planning, just then, onward, just then, continue, how. Temple on the hill? – lions, rolling stones inside their mouths, while marble stairs terraced over slopes and gradual rim that nature had it plummet, but, fulfilled by men who worked additionally with the adding, fill, concrete setting base and piled and leveled piled again and filled and filed and filled more making many challenges, the dragon in the mountain may offend, the next beneath the temple, challenging the way the mountain comes – and Buddha in a statue and a retinue of local god with color one blue face identifies the holding breath god, the lazy god, the god of sneaky -... still the mountain shook, the dragon far older, -... interventions, gods -. Baptist hill, blue mountain blessed on a Mono god, when silence n a guilt, and the over, sandals from a Sunday School class picture enlarge knock the rocks and dirt and loosen too, as would the dragon on the other side, electric through the house, the rumble and the hidden from expecting paths, in doorways, arch shelters, foxholes, -... cultish flavored dumping – washes white as snow -... song, -...the nurse is ready, feeding, -...comes the wind -... backwoods around the shaft, above the surface funnel where the blast made the crater then they dug – but there was never any gold, and just some bones and dry sheath or something else the use of canvas or a jacket, as it wrapped around the bones, was shrunken, as a tailor fit -... keep coming, repeated, that old memory track -...

Square

There a basement, thick old style heavy board structure ceiling (upper floor) all cemented basement walls and floor, and there beside a boiler was a square cut through cement, with dirt below, and nightmare came, that there a child was buried and the dream gave more and more the story life, and in another (dream) a pyramid discovered, and, there too, a small square hole, and in it, boy was buried in a fetus style, but like Egyptian wrapped in resin soaking linen or some pitch from a tree or bushes – wired across the time and place connected, and associated the dug square hidden in a secret dream, in back, behind the eyes the even self could see it through -... emblem guilt, human, guilt -... stepping backward, trying hard to untrace steps, sounds of snare drums, pulling song, pulling course, along the dust floor -... the great pulp, the tongue -... someone, not long before, was made. Plant, it withers in that air.

Bait

A metal pin the forearm long puncture bait at thickest parts, most like to hold on the string – the meat, the fish slid down the string into the trap -... flapping loose and smell decay carrying to lure -... old, old principle -... more as the wide coral of bottles in their crowded places, factories the like -... but caught, the worker, not the food -... so the many long lives now swinging on a pin too – years salt one promotion, up short level platform -... pride and speckled fruit -... dawn experiment, next day's spring and noon, then dusk, returning, dawn and now a week again -... contended put aside in time divined the next then passed. Then rowing millions in the boat. A fort, to make invisible the wall. Nothing seen protected, no attempt that gain. Bailed boat butt the lure. Dull awareness of those bulks – the doors ways walls move by themselves – they have gathered souls – really was it go them hallucination, again – concern, dropped, lifted to a small sheet fit to wrap a head -... failed it safely. Green screen door rust hinge squeaking rust screen, soot blocking spaces every edge -... weather soul brought – of the soul run fear – ate moves in air ducts – in dreamy was on the deck, there was it was in low tide, boat sat low beside the wharf through fog is pitching down the bait through the fog with pitchfork, fishes landing on the deck and the one should shovel all them into side bins on the boat for bait, but falling through the fog they are appearing faster faster in a rain of dead fish, one is buried in the fish mire – dream awake, a waking dream to work then now -... when is it they had been – fortune wait.

Wine oil

And, some juice from tooth – defensive witching – test selves made defenseless – kitten on ourself -... reduce to parts, the extracted method slowly leaked into the yard, leeching – room tones light blue as Dutch china, red ochre from wooden ship wrecks – bewildered steps in this, and, dry examination, no purpose and unprepared to proceed beyond the combination and, a need to realize - and, imagined, thread bared Persian carpet on which violent to throw a fitful act, to spill an ink, a seed, or brawl a shark or demon elder –

The many again – magic shaking – cold, the oceanic eye production in the cell, it braves a beast to mount the door release – composites north, - empty both of will and mind, successive fill with a drinking empty opening – and rested lower leveled from the mass, encourage filling, somehow something come – allow, and, to hollow, ready.

Filing of faces. In the records room, on an index card system, more than you could count, backlists stored deep inside the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky -. Groups will future tour remnants now. Toes and fingers sudden in all digits are assaulting us.

Sponge, manage us. Reporting. Deflect the bite seen as fondness. Should the fighting down, to bestow, enter here, they said, to flee should pass through, first the other eye, then through the tunnel there, behind, toward the sinew and the cord – attractant to the earth is grounded. Concordance readings, self expression in a controlled setting, raised hands, narrowed throat, vocalized -... filler use, sawdust, evil Teddy Bear threatening -. Winding tarred road, where the edges are beginning to crumble, best to steer toward the crown – near where the old lobster lane used book store is and has been since ancient times when novels were on clay tablets – now ten cents a yellowed paperback, but, will close for the winter season, the owner goes south, and the reader never knows if this will be the last season. Suddenly lucid. The owner hit by lumber truck from the Kline mill, on its way to Kline road slammed into her station wagon as she topped the hill on the curved road – car that landed on the rock shore beside the road but severed her spinal cord, while she lived, and gained the reuse of her hands was in a wheelchair and her store collected dust, and harder finding but more interesting, giving you the freedom you can dig and search for titles so they opened again and ever since, but closed in winter -... occult books, speculative anthologies, yeti, UFO middle earth dwelling humanoids -... revisited in some odd sponge method -...

what should soak up now, when brains so many time are rung out – routine – creation though not is an employer owing pay – returned to child comfort of the thing protect, with the curious bend, which wishes after most days to imagine mass accomplished readers with their stacks of books on floors of rented rooms -... the idol, fast reader, -... fats, fueled while sitting to get up – excited by the dreaming of things as not mundane – imbued the daily, momentary each fraction time progressed by the smallest measure in the way a circles in inscribed by added angles, so the time moves, and in that, each fraction spins in spontaneous tangents of new interpretation, no I hear the wind this on a tangent following me – and exposed “myself,” to use the “me” word in a write -... II: withdraw withdraw withdraw :II - repeated. God retaliate collapsing wafer with tongue taste sweetening the dough then add the juice – mystical, that seeing in the sky, hallucination of the import, the second imposition on events and matter – by a contrast in the time, the speculative sense which is a node sitting behind the ear and tongue or equal between those locations in an additional dimension – so in nature some enlarged of this see theory of intercepted life by something other in the mundane and the every day, and proof of this is mediated fame intercepted by the incidental condition of converging accidents and joining of the fates in fatal trajectories towards. The node then reads that, with a narrative filter, and, the story made. Where with these great things falling, confront us in the air with next to planes flying or hover, where they enter our minds and grow a second set of eyebrows and raise an IQ thirty points while conversing with the node directly – while imagined, as the water eats the scratch to a deep rut and back that burns for later pre condition advancing, for now to be removed, it is a way, to circumvent the generated block, unmoving in it, solid embed -... that comed down now to be, nearer my lord, and so forth with the hymns that focus OFF the brain from speculative damages which might to turn away from laboring and questioning, though in this peasant instance, superstitious and the imagined answer not imagined but embedded /imagined, by the expert of the simpleton’s desire, frosts over the gloss of aching muscles retreat to a hopeful, savior not to interceding mode – to rescue, even as abduction or extermination, from the silence of the mill -. Staring down the chest held now the sacred ten cent tomes wondering, is after beer, or with a coffee, now the time, tomorrow, Saturday, the day at boarding house the room unlock the chest and fast read and in practice also wonder, is the reading making preparation to be abducted, or, allowed to see, to transmit to the higher as the higher exist as there is evidence doubly daily of the LOWER. This is speculative reason and logic of the mystical mind which wallowed centuries ago with fluctuating levels of skill in thought - ...in as one speculating with the oceanic overview of speculative miscellany -...regarding the vacuum of comforting loneliness -, (while some excelled in math) – slow, low, no, closed – energy (system) the art gallery – insulated point of many outlets for – potential and actual the reader clutches – sea, valley fail scale – insufficiently code ready, stumbling to vibrations and the ears, like as the bat looking for the outline of the door – as wipes the forehead unknown approach to anciently the parchment page that crumbles as the oil on that and the nose crease blurs and then dissolves a fragile answer to the questions mother asked with amulet on top the bureau and, the younger in the crypt with grave dirt and his toy on string and asking too – amplifying why some thing is true or not -... the morning regulation allowing and permitting prehensile activity while unobserved, retracted that the mutant organ in the will of observation, afternoon is, masked again, conforming to a norm of species, like the change had come with cars, extensions of the libido and the foot -. The morning majesty, arrival then it to before the coffee, intentioned as to break the sweat in the wake of the day required an incline -. Renewed by journey, traveled with an elbow arch and chin that ruts so pointed as a horn to rip the irritating coated from it on the tree, at the table edge during the power lunch a client moves the seat then runs for the door, effeminate gagging -. In the process, is the noodle undigested, is the book left behind unread, the daybreak purchase still distinguishing the sovereignty through a faint but present memory of individual interest and taste for maxim, rhetorical. When rain, the coat comes out the pack, the umbrella wind collapsed but matter not the suit is wet through it was everyway before, the penetrating ocean current above sea level sprung through hazed air as they

moved through it to the banks beyond, baiting, getting ready, heists greased, looking, seeing the own hand before, there is God present there, that living is enunciated in such loud and provoking ways. And constant. For the rare. Dragon boats today, it is, Love River will compete rivals, dragon heads cutting water, through canals and overpasses underneath – not seen the dragon from the mountains, they rest, thus imitation, quakes sleep too – not the head but tail to watch for – so, the glee like mockery said some should wait outside, freed in areas not shelters as there is the threat enclosures caving in – but what would you expect and more than what would you then want - twist caps, manufacture, coconut milk bottle, recycle – a primary body, abrasion where it rubs, to two surfaces, then a deep setting, in a valley making enamel constitution of the protective healing shell, which follows the dimple in, the new hood of the car, the new scale on the beast -. Rips the air announcing visual style of pop lyric – but, older, magic wound – without this, mountain wheels spinning, gear mechanics sliding doors heavy as the cliffs that are the walls – before the covered feet began to tread, when local trips controlled before the layered extension of the sole was real, when still a dream of walking was evolving in the fish, still there were those that walked the hills in spirits. Then an observance of works and further on a meditation, many stops in souls contemplative the pool illuminated from the undercarriage city, in submergence where the bed should show up silt and basalt - the green the way - the pool, extracted as the lower civilized by immigrants from far away -... called in, the expert comes too, nineteen fifty four on the western year, eyes to shield from the flash – ground zero, straight ahead – super heating then the plane flies through the cloud -... woman's picture tucked into the corner of the windshield of the car, the edge of the cockpit -... late tatter cobweb attic, newspapers -... where did fifty thousand flies come from -... that dirt smeared window, black with flies, square waves fill the room, losing angles, crushing harmonic, distortions, resonance -... nausea ...-

Dotted the margin with a punch and tear -...

Three cubes, a circle and a narrow box -...

Soluble into other matter, regardless of the state or resistance of occupation, one the other -...

The dream of emptied coves, a flooring slugs soft mounds and stingers, insinuating arms and fingers -...

A dream of overcoming the fear of falling by learning to bounce -...

And, relearning fear, stout remarks, defensive curling, fetal -.

Workers carry out, it took a caravan of trucks before, but now a pocket houses it -...

It was its embryo, but now that's gone -...

Just the small thing, like a nut -...

Concentrations, as the sounds of bells -...

As the sounds come out the mouth of that which egoistic perfuming must resort to, flattened out because they must have squeezed it hard and steady and for long, there is conception, through an antique glass, across a table cloth already saturated with grape stain, and over the bamboo bed mat, where many, tooling and spinning, land their hopes for immortality and transcendence -.

The word maps, layers of onion, at the heart, a hybrid, composited other -. Idealized invention, function in the undefined, - lowly from a previous bypass, contains bronchial ultimatum, establishes combination codes wound around a recognition -... serving overflow congested words - ...

Tip of, slowly hinged skeletal activity, - regulation fossils -... and, proportional activities -... many run to windows taking notes -... composer faded, gourd on his jaw, serialist -... a plan to ornament with such as captured in the passing -...matter changing, -... posited in a small contraption, allowing use while investment to furtherance -...

Take the feed, to accept the proposition from the unfamiliar specie of the type that never knows identity in user form, the maker in the body – as a sharer, but observing judges and assesses from their preconception, with the out of body , with the pick-up thought, with learned -... so the sharers in between them will agree, to take from them, as even will a thief as they apart, all is allowed surviving of the posited, for reason, well -... and so, read it, well – of knowing what to take advantage -... what to be abused -...

Light is come at the one, in many assaults – the color meant to slow before the one can turn to swipe the moving thing, and boggled by the sight, and squids fly through a change routine and as that these slivers are to fear absorbing, they are photons can be eaten easily, - from turning shadows, blot -...

Without the blink, a scratch grows into a valley and a barrier isolating continents and islands and, a local known into the unchart void, small lack reinforced by local vessels samples go and then enlarge, an infiltrate their pureness spike into the blades of grass, and from a skin sore, eggs rise wind blow by a ministry of pride inflated vision, mental bubble holds inside a high resistant pack, then pulls to it engulfing need - were covering the evidence in the region hit by star-light, uniformity slurs through the lips -... as with the straining of what contests the lack with facts of something -... that, there – something is. Abrupt, tacked and bolted later respondent to the sounds of gentle tapping – stint in resurrection myths we comed up then submerged some years until the others came along, and comed we back again, now older better takes our own place with the force of elbows or the edge of the hand – hard like a chopping motion in the kitchen, but in other life part -. Stalled out near a thing, to watch the ports spinning round, a wondering sits into punctures and the pitted loin readied for the improvisation of just such a situation and the following of many plans that might apply, that when they're tried they might succeed in further following invisible things that plans make proof of -... spiral jet, propeller half enlarges, then leaves us to moderately plug the hole -... had in the tendency difficult gesticulation -...

Slow willful jiggles

second hand light loops diminishing glow

small collection of leather and wood tools in a cigar box

separation

timing cubical

sand beach crystal edges weathered -

talking sounds, but sour flavor

obscure the words

oil, one rushing sensation of sadness

two sections of sea mammal blubber

sheltered, wide

slur, contract over-edge

timid frill

abundant, flowering,

unexpected, eye repair system, or, the snow,
superior contrivance, or
imperfectly expanded –
conformed source, wait the want,
relied --- on a suction and
plunging flurry base line consort –
mystery -out of- style beyond –
and, floral tubes –
when fairly passed the
truth thing manifest in
lumps. We saw the after gloss of many grazing,
and passed through, as if a
doorway out looking on a different
air. Overall, a something fast
approaching, disunity,
broadening a base, three
Sundays and a barrel of tin-wrapped rice ago,
The measure of the special too.
Elapse into the difficult
word – the organ wand holds moving
in a cage battery-ed frame , - wood and wing nuts ///
conducted then had asked the plural object shaped
between a mitten and a mason jar
fatigue register – mythos of
race corrections patent sharing
discovery and drift –
fatigue warrant – long
earthquake fish-
floats up rare rise
tidy not
propel that
out air burst
specks
pitting piles, upturned -.
Portamento the cranking of the faucet with the frozen block of shrimp,
portamento the worm and the motorboat
fleece the barely controlled conservative estimation standing in ankle deep water holding an electric
hair drier -...
reconsider
soft boned pork
reconsider
tangle
confused intention
great beaten path,
unusual formation of matter at tonnage stuffed –
the foot of the first mentioned
vacuum formed rodes the rider
tender versions

cloth and cot clots -
directional, land marker,
waist high watch for at night out in the field,
hands in front – persistent, looped recall -.
Comes back feathers from
a burst pillow always found to be floating,
somewhere – storage, after the saints are calling
driving the rhythm of words shot from canon
of western category and the discipline of
unexpected study – breach
of loaned object collection, families of
matters advantaged, liberated
from folders -...
reconstituted additives to climate limits
huge after the invention of size -.
Plans, policies, steel stars spinning,
forward shooting garb, uniform code –
presentiment , contort slide ruling
into view, rain fall on foot pads -...
awaiting brilliant misunderstood,
slowly absolved, for part referrals,
telephone conduit and
number gateway – voice
recognition, defect, lisp –
slippery vocabulary, some
words, held beneath the
breath, let go -...
flourish, past night portions. Flashing by the train in the window –
calcium entrant, plaster mix -
evidentiary
caution was why –
lay -
skin toned captions –
left practice to discovery
albino blades of grass
religious conversion
aversions to convention – dissuade occurrence
reset
connection –
in the ring –
invention of rooms design and rooms tendency
rooms implication and rooms applied and suggested rooms –
many the manner and trend that rooms supportive of –
rooms –
consent, planned in free resorted interest, wooden wheels cut from oak – amusement –
expression of time through vessels of practitioners of vocation –
steady push the forward the unto taking apart on the designated break down
all things day -...

defend committed states, engorge argumented spells, there
was no one in the hall closet when the lights went out
but

there are skeletons in there now -...

there are pressed skin organ and bones dried to sheets

these sandwiched between the tile layer of floor and the hardwood overlay on top of that -...

complicated building, spirit inlay styling, bodies – (inset)

conforming to an embrace, sawed in place, spiraling adaptation –

quotation, blinking and then

in recording, doubling

the octave in an act or, a parallel support, two ends alike –

two sheep are bleating

from two megaphones

introductions, two new forms –

composures –

.

Sticks breaking, sharp, splitting noises -...

bandages – evidence – washbasin – fountains – cloud-cover

feed the fire

burned ice cube

pests, smell of wing

molded paper, pencil lines

absorbing metals and color of rust -...

thought through thinking passes –

remorse, glutton –

lace, anchors on the lawn

retired –

guilt, associated,

running

up the board

tumbling, sliding (splinter) running backward

down again, -...

false menu, imaginary

as an invented bibliography -...

unclear, talked through, then pressured by body fatigued, force to exhaust as

distraction liberating brain for moments

...

a prayer, in a melody, pitches confusing so they run back and forth, they are animals, which must
find breath

but, they can not

breathe in here, so must run,

and quickly to find a pocket of air from above or below,

and the pounding of pulse, the irregular as it struggles to keep,

and still alive, finds avoidance with a series of possible exceptions to the full stop, so,

imagines any in arrangements of its increased pounding, and, its suppression following a
concentrated fluttering -...

as the poet gentle regurgitates a hemorrhage of pretty petals, -

last days moon seeding, true born out of flowing noses and nose tip caps (for protection)

(for preservation)

being unaware of the introduction of shafts into the ice field, there is a boot that catches, and a pitching forward, which begins the long fall into the hole, with others following their leader, -... laying claim before arriving in the passing through, tries to spike a flag quickly made of torn shirt collar and ink pen -

...

then the bottom, arriving, all is silent -.

The matters additionally through channels -...

glue on pictures printed pages

stuffed up, logs for phone pole, old-fashioned system,

rolled onto round surfaces, to read as rotating around, on wheel,

or blade slides though the earth –

when at the blurring rim, rumple the head.

The lame stray, unexpectedly running

to a low wall and climbing it –

in the evolution of the argument, which is also stray,

table tops are glistening

there are tall librarians getting inside their ships.

There is travel, from what we see through wiper blades,

there are flat, elongated poles of wood capped with Teflon

there are miracle babies born with cartilage canisters filled with brain matter,

sifting back and forth around itself the way a lava lamp looks -...

floor bite,

leaning on the forearm red spots

skin dry dirt hole eats the whole, -

forbid, sock concept to low puncture the atmosphere –

soft line, for sleeping and for collisions when moving –

holding the flame to ice for creating ice/fire compounds –

looking elsewhere is regarding the spike politely –

cloth tatters cracked rubber gaskets –

envision the aggressive expression with clenched teeth,

the furrowed brown birthmark deeply splitting the exterior of the head and,

balloon like inflations emerging quickly deflating hanging loosely

tabs – eroding,

identity and encircling resonance –

angles to enter a vapor

armature

tapping sound –

slips the miniature from the lap -...

syphon stumbled hallucinated block of layers, thick thin hollow, solid in a series of the states –

push spattered, slowed down and shows invisible presence –

concluding breakdowns accompany a race to smooth –

flower, puffball underfoot –

inference of open eyes moved by muscle

seeing –

warped sphere of own's invention, own's intoxication with its own's vibration stirring it to infusions of iodine,

was a searching light, many intensity and tone –

flood root tongue

laws flood like the way smells move –
some crawl over terrain
while imagining not crawling, but floating –
the metal drum, echoing through the cement hall,
sings your song –
predict, dimming –
surge, washes.

What is being wiped -...
Retain.

Passage in the white vessel
rain on it, press down on it
arriving at the blue fort, beads from long thin stringers elope down the sides –
grown out, pushed from beard tips,
conviction of service, fondling forms with worn corners -... solidly
pumped in the liquefied mushroom -...
after that then drinking dominates, brought to floating techniques -...
experiment of mouth parts –
water mushroom, teas –
poisons through various matter linked –
protections in plow blades ready rewards across country roads –
stolen, the currents –
travel conditions -...
utopias, in hay fields –
boiled lake –
peeled mask –
crushed portions, some intact still plump –
with the eye, the stick moves –
wells bubble –
ordering into picture boxes –
stilled by conflict retooled
in the fabric of the spiritual exam,
the topic of the second skin -.

As with substitution craft and organs,
routine approximations apply, also, availability controlled.

One resists the method, twelve more comply.

The storms across the substance bodies as occasion rages

Shot or shoot (us) through, as are canals us bodies spent in narrow walls, man made by removed of
convolutions and estrangement but contorted in convention and the iron hold inflexible in freezing steel
to trap the tension, pushed, and snapped -... was in there, as would be a thing in a small but infinitely
long and empty room, whining with a sound of gears broken of the teeth but wet with flowing oils from
the nose crease of a race -... and that, exemplified by the buck-toothed, recessive to the dominating flat
toothed vegetarian model, - foot pad formed, for forest floor – shaking off the drops of running sweat as
quickly as they form, another side exposed to let collected in the drops then shake again – then rinse, -
then if appears as working in a fabricated series best, continuing then in the fore, because, then there is
reason as a thing is asked, or first attempts are made to either excuse or to explain, in either case, it is a
rolling forward or in another direction of the tangent of the circle points, which always also turn to face
another way, as even just before they move directionally first – a plotting, a coursing, most importantly,
a moving, so as another object may replace and there may be a series, composed in every direction, at

all given times, for all imagined and imaginary purposed, motivation, reasons. Pock mark there from forming in imperfection as the move reverses focus then, then pour the resin, it is process too, to pour, to harden and to fix forever in a wake relapse to be -... just as over it, a layer but, because the turning in not stationary in the horizontal or the upward, then imagined, it is spinning in its place and simply and before, is removing away from in the direction of the turn, without a forward thrust -....then this, it forms an otherness -... all is given, all is taken, vapors remnant of it is the memory of matter, was placed, now moved, replaced, but relocation too, puncturing and immediate healing of the breach, repair with incorrection. Through loops and needle pricks, over time from one side deflating on another face the membrane stretches outward, though determined by the relative's or ancestor's position, there is inflation and, that covering the many years, accounts for spans through which an organism stays intact within it outward, encapsulated building – wide yard openings, when you (not one) shows selves in gradated sizes and supplies, the picture from a past, as with a broadcast flattening capacities of an organ for a momentary second use, the gravel pit emerges, in a field that seemed the larger then, when capacities was smaller, and a single stone to sit on in the center of the pit, and in a distant lodge (a clearing only, in a forest, is a vehicle, a car, not saucer, and the car is square and old and little left but chassis, and, it was a model T and still it is, though much the T is gone, only the piece of frame and cab – then that, the memory flush, the water fills a smaller bowl, with lesser water, and like now in Hong Kong port to see the stacks of boxes as containers for a thousands transports things dendritic, now like monuments or pyramids in past paper picture imaginings, the memory of the pit it thwarted specialty -...

a **distant(er) arise(al) incorrection**. Which is where you PLUNGE interpretation to, to describe, but always description failing, push the DESCRIBE as would a sea cucumber to another sea cucumber to influence the sea cucumber's opinion -... but which sea cucumber will change in the end -... as the topic or category of Rhetoric thus was born in the oceans -... where whistling is a war cry -...remember? It is another past -... as is the swelling into larger from the short, the fatter from the more slender but not size but expression of personality in hubris – the drip the way a coffee is distilled, but not for it or alcohol, but with, not for, a flagging or slowing of the passing through a tip that at a tapered end resolves one corner of an array into another, with a select and groping (or organized, like in a group) a representation of a thing in concentration of the aspects significant, not most reliable to be retained but most in feared to be lost by transmission, so, an extra, stress, an, extra, emphatic breathing, to excite the organs with an oxygen – plaster, copied, footsteps in the wood, the snow, the sands, impressions of the laying down to rest or birth, the question n raised, how with a thousand eyes could miss, but thousand eyes one things has are bulging seeing cannot smell – bless souls, contradict scent and conflict with measure against a ceiling so the bumping of some upper organ or encasement is recorded on a needle thrusting each time organs upper ascend, to thrust into the open valve and stem the flow of steady causation by the size of one indivisible point, which is the basic measure, the un reduce able -. Of course, a frenzy near that passage hole -. Taken from secret to posit the less secret – in an eating – factory? Squaring off, the utensil, three moves to the mouth, one option for the wipe of excess – forcing of the jacket, as the model of the skin and skinning, nine such moves to get it off. Burst of this flow which seems, a process of a plan, but, it is, an idea based on early diffusion of an energy in uneconomical relapse system, here's your 'nother, bruise yellow, to blue, to purple fading, then, reconstitute, the remade in a line which follows daily moving story (line) the progress of some characters against each other shoulders to shoulders they way some crowded on a ferry boat to across a channel wavy lines from each as if the heat waves from a pavement – trying, from one mouth onto a page, so, transmitted through a hand and into a pen and pushed by weight of a volume of ink, spit out there marks on white peeled from a tree, an ordering, the early restitution of events and curling matters forming Gods in replication circles, thus this writing, to enthusiasm, that god of making in incentive, there in pockets made also by, it, needs, to be explained, so, the poetry of artists born to pinch some

portion as to waiting while releasing, catching through the senses something there to take and put into a ritual of formation, as with the long and tapered way, the silver glow, the occupant, the former tenants in imaginary tubing which is what we see, the passing, the location, and the pressure, and the valve – the forms that generate the great confusion, the **Blot** -. There is mixing, every ending. Rubber lips are always smacking. There is often ending of a meal. After is seclusion. Then water closet. Wells, drink to remove the blocking, it is a return to CONTINUING a valuable concession. In the carved out wooden block cut from an era after bark, the grain, the imagined forced a contour, then a single center post, and after smoothing with the sap that came, was sealed but beetle shells, and irrodescent in a combination of a beetle filter and a sunlight filter through a smoky mica, and a quartz, and through a without penetration through its walls, is nurture through a carving light from out that passed into without a break, and gave reflective from itself for lighting and for future expert passing, and, to house consistent with the ice and quartz and mica a layered form that, when resolved, would form a magic bond, and housed resulting, eternity, and not decay, as expected -. Holding in there, that air, which rare because so trapped, the bubble also held transmissions as with every touch of ancient stone, though while the stone retains, if handled will draw to it all the things that passed since, up until that point of recent touch, as touching, in the sensitivity, would be bursting into stumps the organ hoping to receive, so, they are as such need be a treated mode and not the flatly held or couple to a box or wrap, as too much makes the target of study unto knowing, as the Trojan horse, and ready breaking up at night the rupture of receiving grace boxed students, hoping, with a will, to gain through another form, absorbing, as through seeing, holding, fastening, but, it is not how a thing is to transmit -... far obscured, the smokiness of the mica, keeps protected in some way, but looked beyond, it could be bypassed and, the full on fusing come on too, and followed, as with bodies frozen in the sudden liquid hydrogen or oxygen no escaping sudden recourse -. Ordering, time and the mortification of art, wipe something in a motion, retelling to contrive some small aspect into the vehicles into which the whole might sit – not study, not an object, but, appearance of a study and of an object – making of time. Hammering, denting. Ovals. Claw of hammer. Dig and gouge marks. Following actions while wearing a mask, response, even faced, without expression, only stable features as compressed into a mold and solidly spit out the end -. False battered. Fake celebratory. Dishonest remorse, sadness. Flappy. Flaps of flexible and fatty sheets. Heavy, hanging. With uplift, waving looking inflated. Oh, flaps. More flaps arrive. Grazing, then fields of wavy flaps. Flaps, as if on a clothesline. Windy day flaps, cold and feeling if touched with sensory body a refrigerated gel -... to understand, for one, joining, in an act to imitate to discovery -. Having gotten wet, wastes water. Comes the stain, comes face and beast, and masks worn by the invisibles -... bring scrapings to a glass accordion while situated in the hinging bellows examine what has been sampled, with wire and copper points, lax, fiber nozzles, hollow but allowing only passage of finest and smallest molecules, and by using an adapted spindle, to wind what has passed a test of responsible formation -... it's alive -... as joined by the flash floor, and as amended by the river snake as how to be, a cult arises, many strong, with points of weakness in the early stage in pupa where a penetration may have dis-enabled such a creature, but, the time grew late, and bored with susceptible heels, prophecy renewed the borders plus an inch, and then another and a foot and yard until all coverage protected the entirety and no exposed part bare remained there, only, projected, to a heel that so far an both unconnected and obscured removed into a wild, that none could find or if it was by accident, then in a mind connect -, then so innocent a form to, it would not be killed -. It would have it, then, it would have it not be, nothing more. It would find on skinny lips, a bulb that was a belly, but, that lit as does the fire in the eye of demons in the book, as does the swollen gums require out the teeth, as in the book (of dentistry) as does the waffle from the mold that presses it, to mold the fingers then in torment by the breakfast chief (in restaurants) that choose to judge, but soon are presented with a block a blade a set their own testicles and make the choice, the scattered dressing or entirely, the set -... then these bulbs too, into

what daylight afternoon the kitchen swings through private doors and secured kitchenry complete presents itself and in another shift (of labor) comes the second, daylight chief who takes the nuggets and will press them hard against the stainless steel tabletop using the edge of the cleaver, and then, one hack them both, and then, into the turn crank grinder, no matter laying wrecked and wreathing on the tiles, cold near the refrigerator room, and given aspirin by mouth, will not coagulate and slowly running out, collected up that muck by mop and sponge and boiled and into sticky rice and molded on a stick - ...why was asked, but no need as it was the son, the other had abused, and so, retaliation, it is as Shakespeare himself, or other such, retaliated, bigger in the theme, across the years and then the generations too, of violating and revenge. In a cabinet, the documents that lead to product are contained, supplies, arrangements (planning, trickery, dramatic asides) and for future expectation of the joy of gloating over this revenge, are also sealed in plastic, copied into log books, written in some variation as epic poem and morality plays, and Morris code warnings, encoded additionally in metaphor, and, the biblical emblem and harmony, in references to the scriptural passages, largely then from Old Testament, regard retribution, found most common there -. If they had had it, they would know it – destitute raised up outside the binding of the genetic descent, still, a feud is felt as does a tick which borrows in beneath the first, drinks deeply from the second, but, the holder of the flask is digging at it even as obliviously it enjoys its wine, and soon, the host will crush it with its tooth or nail and lose it to its meal, and eggs are scattered or burned with a match so nothing else is left, not even the future -... killed by that the anger of the bite left after still alive, that every midge should learn, that taking not enough if left it should be taken under stealth or not at all and sacrifice the life, or, taken not in stealth, should find the way enlarging so to finish up, and fall the bigger thing, by poison, trauma, horror, shock, or, to simple pop into an other sizing mode and dwarf or hyper weight for size, to crush, and break, and neutralize revenge -. A restating then and a mutualizing inside it too, where the things knows its larger tool and reward, and fixed in a balance of those future states, which, through a will and a power of its expectation, make to happen, part to grow, strength to come of nothing into being then repose -. Rough in study up, flow past it empties out, cleanses. Shrinking openings, -... returning cell each shaped, changed with moving back and forth -... documentation of movement, focusing on repeated small shifts of weight, as well as flinching of facial muscles, indicate presence of a static other controller of the cells, other than themselves, combined of same behaved or adjacent -. Flustered breathing, emptying out, spilling buckets. Then who what happens in the dribbling state of returns, and who what happens in the post dribbling state of need to know -. Who knows knows nothing nearly. Parse. Fourth and fast fall. Marries in the past. Amplified, twisted, returned through a hatch to the tube -. Keep hidden sold to whitewash outward from the darkest inward core -... hold hard rare the particles of magic dirt -... the railroad, cold water, -... of all prophecy, there are units in clusters beside and all around. The one still wanders out. Buried presentations -. To salt with such, short procreation. Slur sound in synchronous facial fusions -... for the blended, or the pained learn craft. Fashioned, having not achieved too much -... vertical as was an engine, full up too much, enhanced but tapped the tree sap -...flash welded, to impose an understanding into afternoon spices -... Autumn wish, and pumping of will -...solid started, compressed fuel, ignites in handfuls of worms -... covered in explosions of silver feathers -... hardly had a second thing been done then we would start the first. In promiscuous baskets made day long marches, ending in the ruts and gutters -. Overclass, removal from invasions. Found the places up to grow in marginal retreat -... formed of paper and glue, fit on elbows, creases and folds of skin... a row of uninteresting speculations on surviving death, or not -. Distributing cube shaped items, partitioning ovals, select and obscure circles, treat rectangles, polyhedrons, and alter the three sided triangles -... some said no the dangle, decorate the sound with trill and modulation – lesson sitting, sweat loss joining unclear the uncles aunts and nephews -...one in one million still is warring, but a contribution -... slots for reason having dissolved in the air, too much, rushing into each other -... blazing eyeballs to the middle. Hard to change position, inertia, root, weighty gourd – cabin lights. (candles, torch) sliding open pleases

the unusual demanding – defending transient motor cascades -... fly watches, attitudes, slow examination, bud – longed pronged stabilizer -... whirling napkins, tearing – hearts and threaded granite gear with casters wheel away – the heart deflects, the gear will heat and bake the ground below, the caster housings melt. It is proof of something. Four levels of the building meet the ground -... the hail while Klondike moves behind and packed snow makes an oven – tank and the winter -...test bobbins – come and to the right side, assuming – tractor wheels and the large supports beside the crane – called on as helpful cousins – bold deception, open window – from entry and exit ways, if something passes, it is thought a birth, so moving through it, train full of laborers, all the children of the circumstance, reborn every journey, the radio through a port, the first sound, - a traveler walks his donkey – the language is un delightful, then a toxin brings euphoria – breathing catches the slumberer – wide shock waves roll through medium(s) turn to character and aspect, corrupt the comforts and security of hand embroidered house holders, pan handles, rattle on plates and saucers, shaking widely wildly things in their sockets, sockets – loosening proves like lubrication – little clusters of community springing to life – measures and weights also trade values. Vents open to shafts, split hatches like saloon doors, and manifolds, vents alive, vents intake out take. Some vents father and mother others, smaller, hybrid – openings -. Missions podiums preachers correct their congregation, scold and stroke at one time. Close their books in conclusion and close eyes, sockets moisten, shift orbs in sockets as in sleep -... packed in, solidly for appointment, meet and greet. Redried recovery the tree swallow willow apex, ratio then numerate the garden – fan in pulses, vertical above, diagonal upward from a second on the floor, and rotated into corner pointed out -... ceiling slow twist, floor tight revolutions – apple seed, orange, dragon fruit – where power (goes pointing) energy dwell-in, bound spaces, violent action ejaculates poetics -. Waist high, soft covering, first croppings of a fur. Valves to pouring, crystalline pieces, sitting in all – color conglomerate, and a chaos – tranquil arrests, of stopping and the wish for fate, instead the youthful uni-gauge change in series constant the row of eggs. If ever wakens opens up the gate -. When the imagining comes, it is corner, then forced to fit, the angles rounds, the elongations, compressed – when the imaginings comes, they are boxed and salted to preserve them, stimulated with several pitches after determining the imaginings’ natural harmonic profile – lastly, they are enjoyed, as something into which the hands may be submerge on a hot day, or the head, holding the breath – they are kept in cellophane formed into loosely the shape of the box they are outwardly contained in – corners rounded, and, excess plastic is folded on the sides, and, red elastics, many times around – confounded, is the guard(ian) of the message, tacked to the frame, and un introduced by way of special conclusion (the four) and submissions (the four) akind akin to (the virtues) shaved to a sprinkle for toast – some a friend, a silent drinking, an accusation of madness, not anger, but a blend too of many species of the feeling, and an editor who comes, you dictate his matters, he reports, and edits – something, before a return, before an – evaluation, which he supplies – as a free or unsolicited service -... and then, the hand delivering it, he eats -... wary of swordplay, be used a thumping sound, and a wave of discomfort, like abdominal gas suddenly, so, slightly dulled table edge, broken free for this, the use of choosing the angle, and making contact in the perfectly and singly best directed strike, above the wrist - ... pleasures, the lame are sidwinding across a beach wood floor, - more conclusion, fallen by the way, the angels’ names, the devils’ names - follow from the haunts of the cornered insane, the packed into vacant spaces where no one looks to find – not to drop a rock on them – haven, loop, slats to wash down – harps – having as the things forgot – no, the moving of the hoard, - loads deposit starring – the branches overturned, the face into the coil of green? ...it wears a cap – tin, sutured together with – rivets -...the imitation of the doctoring and sciencing – laborers return, their victim, the lame man tells the story of the stove pipes, fit with children tightly packed, who act as smoke, to mimic and to try to be as in the philosophic way -... as does, it is the same. No one need complain the smoke -. Some deli style contrivance – of cuts, - cavity cement – habitual activity, experimental search for unapplied skill set – invented tools, imagined application – One position held long for relief – tails then corks from boats,

lighter than air bastions for the float in forts – a rule of class, one day, one Saturday, are lost – ill would want, conformed to steering -... gotten, signaling – should make matches, doubling in the possible interception through the air of two flying machines – toning in the same the muscles, mid air or through it some one person plummeting through an Antarctic cave – and then, forming of the old contrary ice – finds a continent below, a nation and a capital, and nineteenth century ice machines – for making cubes, for chilling lettuce made the caps – pushed, clay inside a bag, it stays in place, - colors are grey later, sire, rumbled paper, poems, hopeful presence, topics confined to squared minded mental cubes- indwelt of the picture and vibration wash of sea – inside the crane ion box -. Alter every-box. Every box, box congestion. Floating uniform platform of many materials -... forced study, salts preserve us -... control box, over every-box – it is a hierarchy -... controlling unfolding, controlling the dissolution of paper by moisture, -... and the distribution by current, and the yank by an underTOE -. Every SMALL thing that makes a small world fall -, - wires connecting – and electric charge – snapping – in transition from the pot into the post – fuzzy surface, the air – **Il:correction----incorrectTion:Il** there is not to tell, the grasp of cylindrical movement across a smooth surfaced hilly spread – warn, go to then corrupt the even corrupted – foster parent the machinery of arranging in a room without touching -... stapled fixed holes and pitch dripped over gave an air tight seal -... stales fungus found Italian countryside burn up stratifications of magnesium where other elements mingle short lists steer a stall into far away cargo bays - seeing in hardy proposition, robust, chest meat, moved by barge, canals in parallel irrigate a wide orchard -... so many such are lining up -... the mountains, the impassioned draining, the equipment, the storage unit, saved for futures – some means, saved by corrugated steel -... meeting at the lodge, disclaimed by power organs, pipe fliers – plate scale climbers – always adjust – evolve, shut down at night -. Pulled of out ports into personal associations, clocked reports show logs with entries one following another by only seconds – subjects have slowed down – flashes of a bright past, where ornamented tangential contour and radical angles blessed brains that wished a structural imposition on their thoughts to correspond to an interpretation that plucked the physical and transplanted the graft into a newborn pulp laden journey space – slid buttered knife into the reconstructionists’ daydreams of inspired projects – not here, nor Europe -, -. Flat plains, out near mud lakes abutting the tar pit -... soft appraisal rests on the carpet, coiled, smells like bottle cap cork -... back at the trailer office -... two laborers purge in tableau beside a nurse and a Dotson -. Having sides removed (as in surgically) the triptych becomes a single masterpiece. Average. Middle. What swallowed the bird now chases the shark. It was a ledge dweller, but now shoots through the sea a radiant orb three feet below the waves, at such speed its trail is vaporized – and leaves an air tunnel as long as it travels, so these species air breathing may stay submerged here, or, evolve again from fish and lose the gills, to live out in these pathways, followers in neo-nature cults that model in the social form – swimmers, bakers, tax takers -. Insta-gaul lamplight, pinpoints a raised lymph, nineteenth century instruments, collects skin framed medical volumes – anatomies, tooth necklaces -... passed – nightmare -, dawn rush – repsycho wands and place mitts – if can be overcome, youth meeting and elders’ councils, partitions for learning and ropes for laundry are in competition for usefulness – dry eyes and runny noses also compete for lubrication awards – how long to stand on one leg, balanced, how to raise it up not falling, tests, levitation of the trick to mind – joy and humility grow a spring-like foot, to hop around – they share – to some glory of celebration, watch for sink holes – come back your rubberized returning, even eyelids bouncing – ornamented tools to neuter the pig the celebrity of the skillful, the artist falls into a category, the carvers slot, the surgeon closes the car mechanic greases with a style, his puddles are the outlines of classic Greek sculpture, lasting moments then dissipate in joined tributaries on the garage floor – to see, and fixes engineers repair, the dynamo to sing a song of whining to the empty generator station, composed of whole tone scales and tribute, Debussy – the forest of the thought goes on. Emblem tablets and tattoos, scourge bathtub remnant performing honorarium thanking the great influence of peers and

mentors lost in swamps – only these. Autism and indwelling. Insect-tine lips, elbows, pinchers. Rebates, unused portions. **Cycle** psycho **repsycho**. **Devastate**. Toilet blue. The creature of the night (cannot cross the running stream). Keep flushing. Alive still (skin rash). Unwanted hair. (meanwhile) Anticipating maturity, the youth encourages growth by shaving all body hair. They are the wash for where. The plural bus union. Repsycho cycle. Blush. Pink. Inner tube. Chaste life. Chafe lice. Love basket. Suspension cord, Thai basket. Mythos. Margarine. Steel nipple. Iron gout. Mandible standstills. Rust occlusion. Cyst and pharmacy. Information on the formative style period wash over, the mending, and the thread dissolved, neo frame, reference past achievements setting glass for switch the diamond unbeknown. That the trick of history and reference, and neo. Paste for block and gold, melted wax for pituitary essence -. Am the rage in hormone injection, shot across a silver screen so invisible -... project glue hook -. The fleshy story has plastic ends. 'Round about midnight, tomorrow comes. Rumpled dress. One hole two hole should flirt to choose – winding clock, reversing – figures on a disk come through saloon doors – stand abrupt, wall lines eye-pins gleaming watches, gold cuffs, grey mold, right wing left wing twice sized lobster claws claw one claw TWO double -. Glow around the tear the moment of the rip. Bail boat sit low. A stiff capsule, sideways lodged, should magic bend it, salvations take the hand and guide to gather beats and pulling from the wrist, and pressures on the mount -. It could be saving, while too long a gaze will draw it close and nests in water compound needs the situation letting go. Undertows rush to the gate. A square of tar paper, seven copper wires crossing it side by side, adhesive holding them, there ends turned into loops, those loops to each a corner of a square of white paper (one sheet between) and wrapped around with twine, which in turn soaked with rabbit glue, warps and wobbles the sheet of paper, and, deforms it to the upper floor of black -... how such things are smelt, and rendered as a curse. Flat performed of relocation. Yards to meat counters, produce bins to salt mines -. Templates exposed to sunlight curl, wrinkled to remember, smoothing, all should be produced the same -. Sleeps rests in a blanket of information. Calming peace brought on a barge or, are loaded into heavy tins – nine package, rough states, inborn, mutual an image dissolves, a tablet, in some tea, an awareness outside – cost, lion grubs attendants to the catalyst – nurse something other spare time - - ball bunions. Territory tender touch, see swelled, mortar, fools parade – oil sands, as quantum made to last – less story than data – idiot matic torrent turnstile pile – want wonder trained, carousel narrative -. Advertisement -. Missed the exhibition of the plan, to talk extreme retention, way layed construction barn. Paddling in the thumb print -. Slipped, one footed. One way oval. As rest, the floor grows back. For the burdening of walls, compose the strut, the pipe, and column and the peg. For the flowering of a native literature, stir the surface of the water tank, and ride on the narrow metal tractor seat -. Distort, confirm through carbon blind dating - that chemical attraction and repulsion is real – If only... follow with a list a decade strong. Absorb, take long walks, guide, tour through funnel clouds -... lawn posts. Carved notched bedpost onion flower – sea salt air misting encroaching on my tide on scenic route approach – slats and pallets strapping, rope machine – to walk while the engine falls out – they are reproducing, wide apart and membrane between them, goggle eyes, wet tail, flat ended, standing on – the bait concealed contracts (aging). The standing speech, grated words. Accumulated litter pile syllables in a ring the floor. Puffball habitat – oasis bush, locust, bee cloud, butterflies, seagulls, black skies. Memory yardage on a plain. Seek gravel rich pockets, under earth -. Stones alike. Radiating, mix, diffused at rims. Brown dirt, grey boulders. Under, up ground, monolith. Whittle, sacrifice. Flat stone. Alter. The vibration as continuous ringing bell – dehydrated ankle, rhino shafts – meth cashews – monk hair semen bubble tea – dung ball birth of time – drama climax – concentric deposits expiration dating death bed – to took it apart to tuck it under the mat – low parting, divinity – failed stoking, succeed stoking – supple nine mile the margin, elegiac whirlwind, sponge gas – thunder – froth wave cap low cap rumble -. Mystery. Obsessive. Hungry to move the body, station. Odor stack, sandwich old matter, sandwich sounds, low to high, fat/thin tonality, sight-full sandwich. By degree, 180, middle 8. Tunnel face. Mourn. One express. Two cap body

nine. Back (to ignorance and sorrow) the author reveals itself when relapses into narrative. Truck trunk think thunk. Narrative like piss of the artist – more it comes out ear wax, more it makes, distrust, self disgust – waddle nurture plates, slide bombardment -... pitted – then, some legendary amiss –

She was sitting two pews in front of me in church on Sunday, and I could hardly hear the preacher, I was so distracted. At first I thought, how could someone have God in them and be so attractive like to make you want them, but then I saw how she was paying attention to the sermon and I knew she was with God, and how the sin was in me, not her.

After the service I left slowly, letting a couple of people in front of me so she was just behind me. Our eyes met and I knew I wanted to talk to her. After we filed by the pastor and shook his hand, saying, “Good sermon,” and “Inspirin’,” we were both outside on the little patio in front of the steps, side by side, but like we was just watching folks go by.

“That was quite a good sermon, don’t you think?” I blurted out to break the ice.

“Yeah, it was good. What part did you like the best?”

“It was all just as good as the best parts,” trying to wiggle out of not paying attention.

“I liked the part,” starting fast like she’d already been thinking about it, “where the pastor talks about sharing, then gives the example of when he was little, sharing gum with a girl. It was funny when he said, ‘after I chewed it, a course!’ “

“Yeah, everybody laughed.” So that’s what was so funny. “By the way, my name’s Jake Brown.” I reached out and she reached out her hand too. I took it, but I squeezed it instead of shaking it.

“Mine’s Jean Campbell.”

“I haven’t seen you in church before today.”

“I just moved here. Otherwise you would have seen me,” she let out a nervous laugh, “every Sunday.”

“Yeah. I never miss church myself. It can be hard to keep in touch with the Lord, on your own.”

“Some people thinks prayer is enough, but I’d miss the sermons and the responsive readings,” nodding her head to emphasize.

“Yes. It helps you to see the things in your life for what they mean...” “In God’s plan.” “In God’s plan,” like me meeting her was, I thought, and God let me skip the pastor’s sermon so I’d notice her, That’s exactly the way God works, I thought to myself. “Would you like to walk with me around the cemetery out back?” I asked, pointing to the graveyard visible beyond the church carriage house.

“Sure. I don’t see why not.”

We started walking, me leading. "They got some old grave stones in here. Not the oldest in town. There's two other cemeteries, but there's some in here over a hundred years old."

"Wow."

"They're near the back." We walked behind along a recently mowed lane and straight to a line of trees that marked the end and oldest part. The stones there were covered with lichen, some were broken and some had been repaired with metal braces. "Over under this here tree's my favorite grave," I said, almost wanting to take her by the hand. Instead I just warned her, "watch your footing, there's some roots can trip you up." I stumbled a little walking over them, they were so hidden in the grass. "I bet that tree has grown roots right through the casket." Beneath a thick oak was a small chipped and worn marker the size of a book. The inscription on it said, "Annie, 1879, died at four years."

"It seems so sad. This one, so small you hardly notice, youngest person, oldest grave."

"She's my own girl's age," sounding like the beginning of a thought, left incomplete.

That threw me off. "You got a little girl? I didn't know you was married."

"I'm not. And I wasn't." She looked embarrassed. "I had her out of wedlock. But that was before I came to the Lord. She's my cross now. My curse, and sometimes my blessing, Jamie."

"Well, I suppose whatever the circumstances, a child is born without sin. You have someone to see to her while you're at church?" I knew I sounded terse right now, but I didn't want her to think I approved of that kind of thing.

"Yes, my neighbor is a widow, she's disabled, but she watches Jamie well enough. She looks after her too while I'm at work. I don't know what I'd do without her."

"Where you work?" I played a guessing game in my mind. She didn't work with me, so she couldn't work at too many other places. I bet on Diamond.

"Diamond Match plant."

"That pay good?" I knew it didn't. It was a factory, and she was a woman.

"Not much good. But's what I could get. Before I moved here I was cutting fish. That was worse."

"Yeah." I thought over some of the dirty jobs I'd had. "I did that once. A lot a work for what it gets ya. And you sure take it home." I laughed at my joke. Fish stink is always funny if you're not stuck cutting fish no more.

"My boyfriend got put in prison for a holdup. I had to work. Then I moved here to be a step up when he got out. I want to leave that life behind me." She sighed. "Of course, I'm reminded every day when I look at my little girl. Where do you work?"

"I'm over at Crowe Rope. Run one of them big machines, twists nylon twine into thick rope."

"Is that a hard job?"

"Bad on your back, hands get nylon melted on them from making splices with a heat bar. And I get nightmares, 'bout bobbins of twine running out and I gotta replace them, but a whole lot of them at once. Like the guy at the circus who keeps pie plates spinning on the ends of sticks!" I caught myself. I was sounding sour. Women thinks that's the same as whining. "It's okay though. A lot of folks is out of work. The hardest part is being around Godless men."

Jean nodded, knowing how that was. "That's true. I think the Lord puts us among the Godless sos we learn how to testify, though. I been talking about Jesus to people at work. Mostly they look at me like I'm crazy, but I think, you never know who'll be touched by the word of God. And all the practice makes me learn how to witness better."

While she was talking, I was thinking about the filthy mouthed vermin I had to be around every day, how they joked about how big they was and how much they did it. I hadn't testified to no one there in the whole ten years I'd been there. I guessed me and Jean didn't see the same about that.

I watched Jean walk over to some overgrowth and pull some daisies, come back and lay them on the grave of Annie. She turned to me and smiled. "Every child's born innocent," she says, 'cause that's what I'd said before. She knew a man likes being right first.

Some time went by quick. When we got back to the churchyard everyone had gone home, except the bell ringer, who stayed 'till last to pick up left behind bulletins, sweep up in the vestibule and vacuum that burgundy rug that run between the two sides of the congregation and looks like spilled grape juice. I hate that rug, and that seat cushion covering, someone said it was called crushed velvet, and its crushed all right, worn bare and looks like the seat of my work pants. This isn't a wealthy town I know. But I pitch in my dollar at the collection plate though, and sometimes I'd like to know where it goes.

I had a nice time talking to Jean and I don't let on I ended our walk thinking bad things about the church, and even how I think the pastor maybe gets too much money and the church goes to seed for it. But I know that started when I got walking with her then thinking about the bad fellas at my job, some who make more money than me and is the most profane ungodly fatherless things that ever walked the earth. We had a good walk and a good talk, and I asked her, "can I see you sometime outside of church?" There was a Grange chowder feast coming up and the money you spend went to a good cause, like a burn unit at the VA hospital or something. I suggested that and that was a good idea.

I kicked myself after. The chowder feast was a week and a half away. I'm not good thinking about dates and how close and far away and so forth. I wanted to see Jean before that, was the thing. I liked her. Not without reservations, with the kid and all. I hadn't seen it yet, so I don't know how good it was trained, and how it was conceived was bothersome to me. But Jean was so pretty, and had such a nice way about her, I maybe was tricked. They say women with kids and no husband is always looking for a situation. I like to think the best of people. And how good a man would I be if I thought that people couldn't mend their ways and turn to Christ for real, even when they were women, and the sin was fornicating? When I was young and papa was alive things would be more clear. Papa said once when I was a teenager that if I ever brought a pregnant girl home, he'd give me a hundred dollar and bounce me out. First thing is, I don't know where he'd have gotten a hundred dollar, and second thing is

he wasn't one to talk. Mom was ripe with me when they got married, my birthday was a month after of the same year. Sometimes papa put his trust in God when he didn't have no other choice, but for the most part as best as I can recall they was both members of the bad and undeserving, and thank the Lord they never got, because that wouldn't have helped me on my path. But in my mind I play what if, and I think, what if I brought this Jean home with her kid already made, and it ain't even mine and I say, papa, I love her. What would he tell me to do? I imagine I'm him and giving me advice. I say to me, be careful, and keep 'em both on a short leash.

I went to work all week thinking I should have thought up something sooner to do with Jean. I have to say I don't really know what other folks is like, so it might not make sense to say she was all I thought about, nagging on me like a woman, not her, but me, in my own head, at work, home, Tuesday Bible meeting, everywhere. It was so strong, I knew I better be a little cautious of her, even suspicious. Not just anybody make a man feel bound like that. Strings is pulled, but, who is pulling them?

Some days of work that interim week was not special. I was much the same as far as how I performed my job while pretty much distracted. Jonathan, who we call Monkey, tells me come down to earth, I say what, he says stop spacing out or your gonna loose your fingers in the engine. I don't counter him 'cause I know him all my life, we went to grade school together. I defended him when other kids was putting snots on his hamburger at lunch. If he says I'm spacing out, I'm spacing out. It got me in trouble one day. It could have been worse, but, every bit of trouble is a wake up call. Losing a job can twist your life in all directions. No one I know can really afford to be proud.

I guess my mind was elsewhere on Wednesday. I made two bad splices on the heat bar. Two spools ran out. If I was at the top of my game, I wouldda seen that I was going to have to take one bobbin off a little before it ran out, because another was getting low at the same time. What ended up happening was that both bobbins ran out at the same time and I had to scramble. So I made two quick and sloppy heat splices, which came loose when they got inside the big rope winding engine. I heard this "babump, babump, babump," and the sound of heavy things slapping together. "Shit," I thought, "this hasn't happened since I started working here." The supervisor was out that day. I was lucky. I ruined a whole spool of nylon rope destined for the coast guard. That is, a bobbin with about two miles on it, may as well just throw away, it was a frayed tangled mess. Jimmie, who didn't like me because I didn't joke much, took it on himself to supervise me. He came up and tried to fix the tangle on the machine, but it was wound around the engine belt, and he just went crazy. He took his wrench and held it behind his head like he was going to belt me with it. I grabbed a metal rod I use to pry snags loose from the engine and held it the same way. I know Jimmie. He's all bluster. But he made me so angry, threatening like that over an honest mistake. I knew he was just going to throw the wrench aside, which he did. My feelings was held back, but just. If he'd made a hint of that muscle on his forearm contracting like I knew it had to, to swing that wrench down on me, I was going to cleave his brain in two pieces. Someone like that doesn't ever learn until it's too late. I put my rod down when He whipped the wrench across the room. "Sorry, Jimmy," I said.

Me and Jean met in the parking lot at night outside of the Grange hall. What a weird place, I thought, before I realized how judgmental I was being. After all, there are all sorts of clubs; Masons, Shriners, Gold Star Mothers, Legionaires, Grange, and they all do good, social work, and raise money for good causes. Why, I heard the pastor had approached Shriners for a lump of money to help a woman and her children out of an abusive situation. So these groups do well intended work. Though I'm always a little cautious when I hear about some group coming in and interfering in a family, because of some so called abuse. I believe there is such a thing as discipline, though I gather its not real popular right now. I

remember my mother saying that secret societies harbor sin. I think that maybe we all got the grange. We're Christians. In the same way, I think maybe all groups are secret evil societies. I didn't always think that way, but I was enlightened, like I think a lot of people will be before too long. My experience of truth came when I was up fishing with a barber from Bangor Maine who my father grew up around, him a poor man but just taking an interest in other people's lives, not like people today, who just want to get away from each other. He showed me the soda drink Moxie, which he said they gave to the Christians in the service at the canteen, those few who wouldn't drink beer or spirits. And when we was driving in his woody station wagon to a northern lake to fish perch, he showed me a whole string of houses that was all overgrown with big fields going to seed like no one was there. Big stretches, with farm houses on them, but boarded up. He said to me, "see all them houses and land? That's bought up by the communists, and when they want, they're all gonna move in, legal and they're gonna own the whole country 'cause they all ready bought it up a farm at a time." I think now maybe he was nuts and I was just a kid. I got no time for fun and fishin now, just work and getting what I need. What I find most true is that God hates wasting time. The truth is, I'm looking to get mated up, legally and right, in the eyes of God. Because, in this world, if we can pull anything out of the toilet that ain't shit, you're golden.

Inside the Grange, there was all sorts of people I know from living my whole life here. Some I went to school with, others I knew from church. I didn't see anyone from work, but that didn't surprise me. If it didn't have drinking or loud music or fighting, they wouldn't be interested. Church people kept amongst themselves mostly, though that group didn't really include me. I'd been a member of the church for years but still when we'd meet, even after church service, they'd be holding back their friendship. They'd be polite, but I got the feeling they wanted to get away from me. My feeling was, they could see how deeply I was committed to the Lord, and their commitment was just for show.

"Hi, Frank," I said when I saw the friendly face I'd known longer than just about anyone, "where's your chowder?"

"Oh, I didn't make one this year. I figure give some other folks a chance at the prize."

He shook my hand in a hold like a wrestler. His hands were more scuffed up than mine. A life of taking apart cars at his garage made them like claws. Still, his friendship was honest. He'd been the school bus driver all through my grade school years, and that's where I really knew him from. It was funny seeing him out like this, because he was cleaned up, his hair was combed and he wore a suit. Everyone else was just dressed normal, but he always dressed up, like he had to make up extra for being so dirty on the job. "Do you pick a winner than?" Every year there'd be a popular vote on the best chowder. The winner got a cruise around the harbor for an afternoon. "I think Mrs. Ifamy is the best bet. It's not the healthiest with a skim of butter on top, but you can't beat the flavor and the thickness. Almost as good as I made." Then he laughed, because he knew how funny it sounded, a man like him having airs about cooking. "Are you gonna introduce me to your friend?" He'd been giving side glances to Jeannie. I would have introduced her eventually, but Frank made me look silly. Because I knew him so well, I knew he didn't do it on purpose. I dropped it in my mind.

"Oh, sorry, Frank, this is Jean, a lady from church, this is Frank, used to drive our school bus."

"Pleased to meet you," she shook his hand. "We just came in. We haven't tried anything yet. You say Mrs. Ifamy makes the best?"

We sampled some chowders and Mrs. Ifamy walked away with the prize. I took Jean home in the car and we said a prayer together before she went in. It was a good first date. She met someone, Frank, who knew me and she got to see he respected me to talk to.

We had two more dates. One on a Saturday afternoon. I rented a boat for a few dollars from the town landing, and we went out to House Island to have a picnic of sandwiches on the beach there. The other time, we went for a Sunday drive to Pemaquid, where there's a lighthouse, and excavation of an Indian settlement. I saw it on TV on things to do in the summer. By then I could tell she thought I was really nice. I figured it was time I met her child, Jamie. I'm a little clumsy around kids. I don't usually have much to say to them, but I prepared to talk simple and thought up simple things to say.

When I arrived at her apartment, which was really the first floor of a house, she invited me in and gave me a cold lemonade in her kitchen. I sat at the table there as she called Jamie, who came paddling into the room on her own from the dining room. She made a squealing sound, because she was happy to see company.

"Aren't you a little ball of..." I started to say to her like I'd planned, but before I could get my sentence out, Jamie was taking her clothes off and throwing them at me, laughing. If she had been mine, I would have slapped her and put her in the closet. I looked away from her, then at Jean, who saw how red in the face and angry I was.

"Jamie, no!" You put your clothes back on!" Jean turned to me, embarrassed. "I'm sorry. Jamie!" She jumped from her post at the counter and grabbed the child dragging her into the other room amid a high pitched scream, coming back to gather up the clothes and throw them back at her. "Dress! Now!" More whining and screams.

"See how it is?" trying to smile as she came back into the room, Jamie, dressed again and curled up with a favorite blanket on the living room couch. "God saw fit to put this on me," Jean said, "for the sins I commit, God give me a sinful child."

I couldn't say anything, because that's how I felt too. It wasn't my sin that caused it, it was Jean's. So I decided right then, if I was going to be with Jean, Jamie would remain her cross, not mine, or mine to share.

We were married in the church where we worshipped, where we met. There was scripture read and hymns sung, and the piano player for Sunday service came and played the Wedding March and that was good because Jean liked music, she said. It was all like taken from a book on weddings. I gave the pastor a piece of scripture and something I wrote about duty and punishment for him to read at the service, but he looked it over and said he wouldn't read it, without even saying why, just shook his head and said, "I'm sorry, but I won't read this." I even gave him fifty dollars for his marrying us, and he hardly thanked me. And Baptist preachers are suppose to marry their flock, I never heard of one asking a charge, like the rabbis I hear do, or justice of the peace, that's shameful. But I paid him my hard earned money, even though he was supposed to do it anyway. He married us, but he hardly looked me in the eyes, and I could see he made some opinion on me. I know once someone decides on you its never going to change. I decided right then that this man was not doing God's work, and that we'd, Jean me and Jamie, be better off learning the word and will of God at home.

We celebrated by spending three days at the motel in Brunswick. We neither of us could afford it, but since you only get married once, I bit down on my lip and said it would be all right. We ate out and drove around to some scenic sights but I didn't really pay attention because I was worried about money. When our three days was up I figured we were finished getting married and it was a relief. Jean's neighbor Pearl had watched Jamie for Jean while we were gone, and I was grateful we didn't have her with us.

As attracted as I was to Jean at first, things changed when there was a child out of wedlock, and when I met the creature. I still felt it strong to look at Jean, but there was always a wall of sin that came between our bodies and I would have to turn away. When I told her why I couldn't, she understood, and I knew she found some solace for her sins in prayer. Still, our marriage was strong, because I could see Jean truly wanted to walk with God, and I required some comfort for my loneliness.

I let my room go where I was living, because Jean's rooms came with her neighbor, who would come and sit with Jamie while Jean worked. I didn't have much to move in and managed in a few carloads.

We stopped attending church on Sundays. We found the day better spent reading the Bible. For distraction, there was Christian radio which broadcast music, sermons, and Christian talk shows, like Bob Larson, who spoke mostly about the sinfulness of media and corruption of children. On the two days we weren't at work, Jamie weighed heavy on us. Despite that I let its caretaking up to Jean, its noise, sinful nature and presence stirred me up so much that sometimes, I had to go out and walk around the block by myself.

Then one Sunday afternoon, something happened where I just had to step in and take control. Jamie was making her noises while we were trying to study the Bible at the kitchen table. She just kept crying and crying. We tried to ignore her. But then I smelled it. The air filled with the odor. I looked through the doorway to the living room from my seat and there was Jamie, holding a handful of her own poop and looking up at the framed picture of Jesus we have on the wall behind the sofa. Before I could do anything, she launched her missile and it splattered blasphemously across the beautiful face and robe of our Lord Jesus.

"God damn fuckin, God damned fuckin," I yelled, "stop the God damn fuckin mess!" like a cork come out of a bottle. I turned the radio on. Like a message from our vengeful Lord, there's Bill Larson on the Christian station, and he's on a roll about how the devil gets in the young. But for what I got to do I don't need no Bill Larson talking over my shoulder. I flipped the dial and landed on some of Satan's music and I turned it up loud. I don't know what to do next for a second, and it's so cramped and small in here. Then I see the oven's still on because we heated it up on broil to make some mini-pizzas for dinner. I grab that devil's bitch by the arm in the other room and pull her in the kitchen. She yelped but I held on tight. She pushed and kicked, but I'm bigger and stronger and I get her jammed in the oven and a chair back wedged against the oven door like it's all one move. Now it's not so loud but for the music, Jamie's screaming is real far away. I can see her through the oven window. She presses a hand against the glass, it's like I can hear a hiss, though I know I can't really hear it. She jerks it away fast, mouth in that muffled scream still, she leaves the skin of her palm and fingers stuck on the glass, it curls up and a piece falls off like fried potato skins. "I'm sending you home sweetheart!" I'm yelling and I'm spitting and spraying, in my mind I see the dumbest kid in grade school who used to drool and spray when he talked,

while I'm yelling and noticing Jean there for the first time. It's hard to believe how all different things come together in a single mind at once, but that's the way excitement works.

Jean looks real white, but she don't look like she wants to fight me, in fact, it's something else. She starts moving her hips to the music and liking it. I see the power it has. I changed the station because the devil is in the music. I see the devil's strength is of the world and that's what I needed. Jamie is throwing herself against the insides of the oven, but I don't care now because Jean has unzipped my pants and is rubbing me, and I'm hard. She takes her pants and panties off and we do it hard and fast on the floor, the music loud, can't hear Jamie, us, grunting and moaning.

When we finished she sat on the floor against the cabinets with a look that might have meant she was thinking nothing or everything. I figure she was wondering if she got rid of one child just to make another. Anyway, I turned the oven off, then I walked out the front and go to the pay phone beneath the streetlight. At first I almost curse again, but then I remember you don't need a quarter to call I call them, and I tell them what I done and where I am. What I did was unlawful. I'm not going to run from that, though I could if I had the mind to. The important thing is, have you done God's will? It's him put the Devil in the world, by letting him choose. I done what I done in the heat of the moment, yet I was clear as a bell. Like faith, I won't know 'till I see my maker if I threw sin back in the Devil's face, or God's.

So the coffin maker street, village Hong Kong – converted street Taipei cafes, bakeries –... so free cremation –... so rough that makes composite monsters –... some time, bed for baby –... some time, holds the name –... regress – varnish called finish, (Finish?) done -. Some time, in a avenue, that glows the cord – scratch alley, modal pick, select, from row of tones – then happy, series – (police row, guard) –... the line of shields, they pound them, one hundred strong in that line, and now, they Chinese mask dance –... colorful, dresses, theatre paint, war paint, house paint, barn paint, lead paint, stove paint, –... some time -. House on the hill, clapboards, rounded snow cone walk, -. Slant the roof, collect the rain -. Far descent -. Stow away – rags, molded muffins -. Paint stiff brush. Delusion of plastic. Returns, stasis. So the coffin is the narrator –... rubber tips return. Bumpers. Foam for fire. In soaked of libation. Artist ask the canvas, who are you unpainted –... flash as a burning sky smell – hair -, skunk -. Twinkle berry buffer zone, -. Congress pan eels, long-table, congress transgress, agress digress, undress – misdress mistress mindress – congress shun – ale – still – sir plant -. Come pile. Dis stain. Cranes are frying. Kino. Fun cap. Ice pick. Trot. Ski. Thick with ink. Nine stills and stems are fats composed. Allay them rinds peeled colored dim to fade to ripen blister bright! All in even as a dwindle stiffening a sudden thrusting motion as a finger from a fist, and floating to the ground, a dozen flakes. Options, in a forest of choice. Mind in circling a bored hole of thick oil -. That is then the host the sand the soil. Circuit of the beatery, designed on the wind down toy – bone/plastic/wooden/glass/pearl/shell/jade/hemp/cloth/paper/diamond/metal buttons grace the world. Sat still sitting. Grace like that. Incorporation with puncture and punctuation – book closed halfway shut fast with mint leaf marker, book opened reveals a cooperated the experienced -. Wife nine flies -. Drool moxie place it mean mid tempo -, bulbed three ended, space bent, fury tugged, washed white green to orange, tinted skunky, mister, demister, fryer -. Where toured, dooty. Doody. Doo-T. dot. Failed prevention promotes. Thorough westerly, rented three wheel cart -. Slumping forward, unconscious, or, enlightened, colored wires cross and the eaves burst into icy flame – shrink pads and enlarge pads in-placed where relevant - wells open themselves, across the fin – more, soup, soap -, group, grope -, bookshelf, anesthesia school – smooth and peaceful sound of rain –... sleep, sleep, sleep. Buried in the stone, find the cavernous womb –... argument mob, safety ropes. Flooding? Note the pylons – courts to entry, furnace gates -. Remiss to mention. Carved in object spheres, to place to gone troop under felt wings, to drive air high, and, in suns' release, to find the cause. No recourse waiting.

Rests the webbed feet. Then, outside, the wider folio of knobs. Leafy confession. Lesions, parades. Taps, trumpet. Can feel the breeze through the ducts. Ports for circus rides, rings to tie on through the nostrils, ways behaved, learn-Ed forgot, improvised. Peel the paint! Celebrity, obscure. Oscillate toward some burned out toast flavor, -. Cause removal to the record. Intertwined, the pathway crossings multiples yet keep apart and never share a view -... declining more than comment were a voice, but content, when discomforting the privacy, imposing in the room preferred to darkness -. Fell into, void-lacked rigor -. Cut the voice from cords, still the diaphragm its baffle stirring candle light a score -... leaf dry press -. Elf-like jitter -. Have it has felt, for the use of the eyes. Repeated stanza, broken. Keeping left of right. As the one seen now, IT comes out, and sharpens, and repeals then worshiping in waves, runs neutral. Forms repealing LIFT both under wing and through the cavities -. Of standing sideways, to avoid the penetrating gaze -. Magic marker soaking, save the ink. Lapsed devotee. Turned that way, would to go.

Formica brand saved
which in the time had come
the image in the sign regained
despite the seven folding arms
dust and done in half the hour
was incarcerated by the hernia
which broke through gates and walls
and in it left behind more than the crumbs
but turned the moss albino hue
and breathed a breath of rest
such that the earth had stopped
and moons drew close to see
and sucked into the wake
kissed every ocean and
took kindness on the land
and rubbed and rushed like lovers thrust
and broke the seal in that,
and one was made into a pile and
lastly flat as once before
lacerations, forced selection and
community of parts from body one
that without choosing, was
and how mechanical
returned, the box, the limit of
the hold and held,
and platforms, saddled, wipes
and other methods made to
move an act
as was a way of acting made
to fill the tablet and the rubber seat
to sat in sent the mission statement
of great black the bearded man
now singly in our history
we may look backward knowingly
not of the next
but fashion conscious of before

and ready when
again licks back a smile and waters
cracking openings
and lucid lip-like vestiges
standing on its legs
again it pines to lick
and with an acid from it there
ferment to comfort food
into the way preferred
in while, the pile had come
collision with the grass
had made a lawn occur as if mowed down
the ignorance defined in wholes
yet to be broken down
as every thing must break
the virgin thinking it the first
that never will it rupture
never learns until
the virgin gone another chance
to right an error
uselessly endeavored in
recklessly accosted in
faced with fresher face
no memory not with mind
no virgin not with idle nature
thrust upon without and thinking
first is better
flat plains with the face to laugh
do so if so
other wise
aside
a sound
a brittle crack
the tiny twig
accompany the peal
a thunder
blast.

Accompany the spit and spindle of it coming in the seated cast who meet to read, a walk through too, with stage direct -. And, simulated, acting as if, leaning over, at the trough, will feed. Washed is red, rubbed is softened, and as the split is shared, a nose with scales and backs bristled with horns confront the neighbor who in earnest turns toward and offers lung for dining, expecting brief courtesy and decline, shocked when enthusiastic taking followed by the rush to catch before a change of mood withdraws the generous -... loss of need, the tangle of the wire in desire, shorting circuits crossed the colored wires again, this time a rainbow straight into the black of the orb. It was happy. The number nine was dislodged from math. A nettle comes, a blur of tiny hairs, some coarse and pubic, others fine and like removed from someone's comb -... a hair ball made, and tumbles away like western movie set -. Generous lacking. Predates giving. Presbyterian offertory. Razed graves. Go down to the hollow, echo.

Many waxed for other paths. Dark of useless eyes. Shared response. Daisy chain among local expanded human link, talking food tins - hail the house fly, salute the grade of paper, steel, beef -. Nightingale, the laughing garden, whipping sounds, fringe of recognition, minus detail so recall. Self to introduce repair, self returned to pre states minus what was that repair -. Self before, self after. Modified, self after modification. No echo. Self control. It depends. Self, post shame. Self, shadows, echoes, opaque designs, ... flaccid jars, metal round bases, hard shell crustaceous adaptation to the land and office cubical, then, from a mouth is falling, memory wax. Aquariums -... Retention, water, picture, hope, face. Permission. In dismay? Crumpled the way a sheet falls late. The sloping side demands, to subject the opposing upward climb, imposing there a low recourse – the third release, in a second half, of three extractions, one vial, two partitions. Coffin street past test. Melted into superheated dust. Run beyond the retirement of speed, direction comes accounting. A stolen banquet. The burn expression -... the contamination – the crowd and swivel chairs... office and windows, now in shards -. Mute the body sounds in brass horn fashion, thin tones, penetrate - plunge the trumpet bell, the wah-wah in solo -... so sloppy as to drunken but intended voice – with a reaping of the ear, as with the corn is with the improvising with the nasal and the whistle of the throat and too the stick in dirt that masks a making by a pushing round that seems outlined in red the shadow bed seems most to make a plan -. Is it stopped. (?) Then planted in the field, the stocks -... a wall of dirt on wind. (?) Saddle vary over riding fences, moves the train in styles on track, and transgressive over countryside, the narrow legs strapped fence ride damaged nerves rich jobs deform -... the sale of time and what it takes away besides -. Fine, a math of butters. Sheep in hierarchy -. Attached a bloating fish that rose with hail. There is an accident at dawn, the cock crowing, and emerging from the canvas sack, there is an accident at dusk, the burn off and the plastic plumes -... and crawling into sleeping vats and galvanized tubs of recycled irrigation waters -... between observe the tapping sound of constant on piano keys with hammers strings and pedals gone but tap tap tap the keys are there -... insane a tightly wrapped resin encasement on a strut supported stem, what made it through the first stage entering a level stretch before one aspect failing pulls the others on its rosary -... as to the bubble forming drift once before it pops -... shining mordant glass, collections once put back inside the cushioned case, -. Uniforms, wrist bands monocles inset into the sockets -... participate a secret life... particular, a journeying jolly roger, carries clouds and convergence – foots steps are mistakes, words backwards or sentiments misspoken - ... tailored in a town the Mayor and the towns' folks' special predicament snakelike to the weakness then what carried with him takes its bite -... never asked and never receiving, but still jumping off of him, the trunk load in the seaman's chest enough supplied and scourged the lubbers for a generation, and the further on foretell him and more fear return than what was in his wake -. Easy to reveal, but when strangers come, returns and closed mouthed, hard to find a room, and sometimes, someone offers the quickest exit out of town, or drunken, offer, from a pickup window, will be back around, and with my 38, and turning off the road ahead, seem threatening to drive back by, so best, he took that ride, the man with pants pulled up to high over the belly with the thin black belt and wrinkles shaven over many years, says best be moving on, and offer him the seat in front, the old ford town and country, they don't like the stranger in the town he says and brings you to the edge and says, you don't have to thank me, just helping out a stranger, turns his car around the wide road heading back -. Desert again, should he turn around to go back to the town, water, bed, moments spent in crucial always stupid choices -. Remained from a previous allure, the finger tips are nicked from factory jobs, three mills in a line a living. Signs made then with uncompleted hands, to ward off further factory -... as with others come to phase in single file, that enter in, from two rows fed, considered that, a progress is a valve of things -. Locked up maybe organizes its captivity -... enact the date and short supplied --- and during it, present the other turn – look alike the drama solid cough – shaking neck in nervous shed the idea dog sheds mud, as the door knob work, the door swings into the room under the power of the turning knob unlatching it – but then, there was something should have turned it too – some curse out swear, three eyes are glowing red, then purple, -

filled fear cold ripple, off center, two eyes close. Head mount lamps official tooth count, caution paused you with the torch -. Mezmer, for happy had wait still. A stain collection, overhead – retreats to corners -. Using running lines composes many poems and plays, as such, the characters, not identified, but cutting into parts, to separate the characteristic phrases, naturally divide – into three parts -. Measured as the tale apart, was what they felt when viewing – incapacity, foundation forced wide and walled presumption – was traveled far to be the bait – it was the one thing long temptation making over ... projections, . Invitation, contorted positions required by small accommodations, a cylinder for storage, but for the pleasure, there are sacrificial parts – joined historic pointers charge to be remembered – like the butterflies from graves. On walks through familiar surroundings, parts becoming disengaged, the drift invites again, something from without. Coring out from in, the sample from before the center fumbled down this way, it was a measure set that built about by men with beards and tattered coats, protective hinged steel skins and pitted lens, let them see, enough in front of them -... don't answer, and, not touching. Coring, coils sprout from a crater you would squeeze around, as that does, bodies turn from dirt impacted, rubber weights, then with an instrument that plumbs the lake beneath the ice fjord, so it passes many times at angles through the guest, leaving peppered Swiss cheese marks big enough maneuvered through with climbing gear, from miniature twins, sprung finally from the side their other, there is where they'd go -. Mild, kind ambling walk, steps, what is the fate catches sweeping down, and flying in -. Imposing, nothing lives. Fume support. Crawling. Weapon room, ornament room, statue room, fabric room. Hallway, smoke. The particles, come from that, near the ceiling billowing, visitations. Sometimes seem like from the drain, curved. Smoke fingers on a limber hand. Light retriever, grey plan, to transfer room contents, without switch door labels, confuse, a plot. Offered were, the field book contents and the tents collapsed in its pages, taken now and pupped in the path of the lava flow, and in the recipe postscript waiting, sea of glow coming in the night, -. The filth on the dashboard of the truck, dug from the rocky side of the pond, contained mosquito larva, decomposed dead tadpoles and freshwater leeches – running hand through, attaching to the fingers at the webs -... glue factory for some -... blithely regarding IT as were a napkin spread anticipating something spilled, the rudiments of the holy acts of saints appeal to the animals in their cloak and protection, and those that as saints, others likewise curse – a summit of – the feet, if angels, flat, hooves, or claws – underpass, slim torso moving, flipping one in pancake over again can form a tube the way a papers is rolled, and there it gives, - or pressed upon can shape the oval for a lisping roll – evacuate, suddenly in the rush, explode upon the mat, relieve stress from the rolled tube – in blank, - speculation slump, forward, back, mid-waist has evolved, to turn and pivot, detached the snake's jaws - to swallow there, so to bend here -. Or even, multiply, to bend to swallow. Blood line and story accurse, to hold it in the hands, the written draft, the first word drama, pronouncing sounds, and spelling out, the molding from the clay the next course -. In the silver tones, the rummage came over, and withdrew its hands from action, turning to an idea in a serving shielded from identity, invisibly, anonymously detangled, trembling, comes into view in a shower of light emission, then, is gone, no traces to the senses -... the drama, unfolding, turning, into, the characters the veneer sheets sidelong are gone, first play to realize, how gone -. Portrays with a rod and a robe, from a movie, from a stitched tent in back, embody, no one felt the heavy falling in the vibratory air fill (added as a medium, a jell to feel bump into you) so, it must have been a hallucination, or, a spirit – weaving, whittling, shaving, abraising solitary soft so call it a slab, cut from a continuous mass in all directions growing constant - so, wonders could account, the diffusion of the indicator in the endlessly continued direction, had it not been for, the sectioning, the slab has edged, counted, measured from a center point, to, with a fusion might return the mass, but, not so then a double ghost, the lacking resonance, the bridge across the sectioning that was of something other than the jell pumped in before – some substance of an absence -. Demonstrated by a better outside what was born to test in labs, preconditions always waiting with the door hung open – have the angry mask and the amplified sound, at one end of a horn or cone, embellished out – shave wait wanted produced, corrected in the massive

block that added to another makes it compound in a maximum not bound by addition -. Preset pogo going, a fluid with dissolved, fizzle – some electrical and jumps, with cold skin so now that yawning miffs it, masking slide rule preoccupations, former math to mystic cannot add, the change a blessing convinced by the impression spirit, has no words but goes and does and pushes -... an else that feels, worm tips, sensitive from the blind cave lives, sensitive, the underground pool, with **dural** surface layers unprepared exposed, but when, are open hopes as big the mass, that tell – absolutely and without as is. Remorse the communication, comprised the hooves, what thing walking in, eccentric wishing, adds to some subtraction, -... as the one that is locked into lockers oblong places – lockers number to array the series, through a sifter, one each has a stack behind, and goes through what the natural was done – proposed on firing the candle – dug the ground with hands, and found a cluster of the bags, - and a small trap (door) with squeak the hinge, should try walk down and other hinge and board – if under, digging loose a hatch, let free, a dust, down there, a gap or opening downward, cavern – as was, it nothing else but open for the tomb. The rising gasses fumes the clues to other generally unmixed here with philosophy left un-imperil with the strong contraction to the combinations, hot then cold, that stew and whirl it round to bump in evening the outline once observed, less shy to fill it in -... evil less in old shouting clothes and cellar left toast closing, gates welded – could be believed escaping – unresisted dimpling – clam, out field more mud water currents under, undermud tow, the static dry in the spaced between the highest and the lowest -. The spaced, not allowed to separate that give highest and lowest, - use scale, targets, distress, fatigue, administered as the collection of its aspects dictate, through a tightly boarded up house -... who loved on it the proposal of sledged rock piles -. Whom had the ghost come to – whom comed on it, the laborer of the garage operation the sledgeman on the car batteries the acid pocked. Now who remembers to forget. Unconditional. Battery spatter the way Morris dancers move, orderly, -, absurd -. Seeing, whose mouth emerges now. Restored. Holy object marker. Relic, nail and finger. Meteor debris. The ugly cell. Object marker, wandering on its extendable writing pin that bleeds a thin ink – leaves a trail its coming its going -. Leads leaders to hills and valleys sometimes skipping reverse directions at last moments send followers over the precipice – has been performing this act for eons, many followed many found their lasting stage for plunging first and ending in the thousand measure, so far different that they stick and pile adhering fly paper to each other in a conglomerate cake of all of them until that point, ashamed to warn or ask requestings, they are silent waiting for additional the pile that perhaps, can be overdone so that, one, each one hoping is them, may pull free from the topper most end, and there resume where long distant started way before -... so, that the thing that haves it handing -. I seen the sparrow in the sky he says, they seen the nest too, and the flock that passing over besmeared and besmattered the congregation after services, holding their fist, inclined to curse, but who -... so, glory to the sparrow, whose eyes is on. The cold enough piano bar sound, the confident enough discouragement of the banks to the river, with launched and tired and tied off boats and skiffs when the boiling stream causes ones to jump escaping into nets baskets and traps. Bird come, all in numbers too, eating, soiling, eyes cataracts and blooming blisters and fire ant eaten beaks – lice evolving into gill fish – Dale Evans – Roy, share three glass eyes between them, sagging faces as one – worm-like bodies, segmented with great (important) inflated tabs turned over in the night to imitation canvas mail sacks rendered in an elder's skin – these they are dragging, the burden of the sea elephant like with its fatty form, the singers too have bloated from the adoration spilled on them – or poured -. They all adoring and endearing, similar to foods, for love -. **Blot**. Sewing alternating with a series stitches, fragments of the clam shell, wound round by knitting, with a mitten of a kind to hold the fragment in secure -... of rows on places while the stitches on it goes -... to rectify the skip and slip of loops that trip the peddler in the middle of his sale -... long pole catapult, across the narrow mote of decelerated juice from fruit -... between each sale, for exercise, -... to illustrate, the snake in the oil – the cobra, drink its blood to raise the level of the pants – thus -, -... all one the other, the things that

account the butcher for -... preserved in a drum, metal bounce the x rays and the magnetic effect for to bury your memories in -... on the gas brimlet, - count down to something evading number use, to diminish or scale down or shave some object, to suggest the reach toward a penultimate position on a line, to represent a point, the simultaneous experience of which, when 2 events should coincide, that projected point is reached and some expected thing should then... take place -. Shared, shorn of tassels and mole hairs – flaps formed the function of chisels as they hung shingle-like pointing downward on the length width and body of the thing though living yet more in closeness to the red barn -... in a confusing of import and expression, it in form took like the out controlled indiscrimination of supplicating parts with unspecific tack, and that, in imitation of the form, though shed of purpose as the cancer formed was as a sculptor with the mass they render imitation of complexitude, the way suggested in symbolic drift, but yet in all detached from what it made in form to render in the practical and sundry act in inconspicuous the shapes it takes to have and be as necessary to produce, exist, and have in it a purpose, spreading in and spreading out. Color (surface pigmentation, glazes) then set on reveal, and with a mode, produced the soul inside the formless, letter lectures growing out the garden and the weeds and shifts, water irrigations as the blade or line maker cultivates too the contours that defined the lifeless simulation, there is in the maker a praising motion, as the shaman would too, in hiding under his palm a piece of chicken meat and psychically removing tumors, produced from his flattened hand the chicken in a shaman hat trick rolls his eyes and hands they stricken the chicken then convulses with the illness spread to him, and now to combat it in spirit in the other realm, with a leather hat, a bombers jacket and a cowboy's stirrups for luck, then lastly ask for something personal or valuable so asks the wedding ring, appease the ghost, later pawns it – good as gold -, spirit in the bottle. So by later, late to turn accusing, final exits fix the deal, and on the next, forgot already business. Colossal man, amazing, radioactive cloud – (from the old movie) revenge on the superstitious science clad – waving lines shaman out of body shape dissolves – columns ornamented with the idea of order, top to bottom, line and encircle in colonnades suggestions of mystery in exploration, esoterica in cleaning ritual, and illustrative narration of vanquishment encourage suspicion in daily necessity. The young calf accompanies an elf in his mid-life, bench sitting, pass-times. Both, honorariums for separate achievements - judgment seclusion – mercury light bulbs - dimmer switches, battery packs -... trial dates past and future -. Dry eyed fur-line -. One hundred matters lay. Each fabric equal to the next -. Housed in the oval room. Some corners unaccounted for. A fabric square is taken halved. The halves are stacked. They are halved again, stacked, halved again and stacked. It is several layers thick, and stands above the rest as a tower, though it is smaller floor area it is covering. Several more fabric squares are halved fewer and more times, then placed where, back where they originated – there is a wide ranging vertical entry into the air space of the room -. the stacks will vary in their power to mute or muffle objects dropped into the room, as rocks and metal pipes materialize – they as one were struggling to know their task and fate – as ear sound reducer keep the eardrum under pressure from without, so while continuous sensation of a weight of sound upon the ears, a sound was never come – as both the drums consistently were pressed, depressed, and muted by the heaviness of pressured air -. The eye is dimpled too, by air weight from a socket pump – which held above it with a liquid gasket seal, remorse and made the bender rods see only out electric color pushed by steady wind -. It is the way. The passage of the eye. The equalized the to and fro, back and beyond the special stage from which the past could go. It was a nephew, like mixed with salt but un – prepared, and not one person knew, the place where they should go to hind, upside the rented room and unused part of sleep – to sake them, they repented from the previous of use, the secret shared by two. When happened it, that sent away the governess the unspun boat pulled loose the dead head sprung, and out the fish pond, inside it the lone child untold sailor shared, the rumor of the calcified, that unto it a flexible and fleshy presence moving through the fold was like unto itself half born, half stayed. Well stomach walls both clad in shelves load tomes hand written of the need for more in all endeavors -.hail to it, half had, the shelf one under tomes slopes

down and touches far below an unconforming sack what shaved its musculature – lolling tents, night wait tickets for said tomes, wait -... substitution, constitution launched at forced contracted modes, bemused by some retaliated on the board washed out for lumber later on -... it has failed but with present, came back saddled with a mask and ruse for fine deport -... slide into contrition, stir dispose heat into the earth – raised by the stump in the sheltered annex, broader lineage purges punched in rows across the tender corner joint – passive be-scribed the crust of falling painted from somnambulant seating, more to balance the butcher's single minding blows and salt be-scribes to separate his cuts continues in a trance along the arm and all along his other own – border take-down, obstacle recycle – fast evaporation from the widest surface area by law – but enlarge a pan – and cover the extent of what can be seen with that – collect the rain, the dew, and after comes the sun, and then, what has been saturated forms as film or crystal on the stretch of metal flats, but not long, and accumulates again to start the ring of coming going left behind – marshal softener, assault the invention, propagate in one into crevices, part one first then two, and take a pin that's long and thrust it in and stir part one and two -. Hold the oil filled deposit sacks together from both sides, squeeze, wait, introducing freezing air, continue hold before a sudden release and sacks that hold the image and the shape the hand – forms the resolution matter, on the knees, before the chair with elbow rest, under the mosquito net, and while you wait. Progressed wood sample takes table to coffin. In the late half of the time, a second noon means there is lower estimation, as many should return to laboring- so, discount the life expectancy – better sleeping in to avoid the hottest part of the day, approaching from a cooled room in meditation, squeezed closed eyes, juice contained so in case excessive salt, repair – libido temperature gauge flush hot chicken wing, advised by warning so in written also respond in verse responsive reading to the lunch – and appropriated melody committed to the alter song -. Take with peeler, away the word secular, with ink and electrolysis then recombine with praise – printed onto canisters and wrappers, secret publications – close and pressed together, becomes a single sheet, facing it may fill the screen while sidelong has no depth – and so forth with the printed matter made into the objects needed daily – the need should come by sideways, lacking satisfying density or substance – coded by notching edges, distinguishes from the source, which kept in isolated wells to limit contamination from the insubstantial duplication, is, as rarified increased value monetary functions to another math's economy, remaining extravagance and exchange accompanied by the momentary escalation – and, the dimming of remaining value other – and, calculations daily presented in update song, added pitch in series modify the calendar day for accounting of the unpredicted occurrence -... putting the spare or, unused frequencies, in expectation of future use, into an additional well, which is an inlet and an outlet, through a pulley and a rope and tin, with when you the artist preacher loads the ore, the form the spare then takes, and with it shapes and processes the perfect amoeba, described with its dance and undulations the turns of random fate with passing days – in that isolation, down alone, the maker of the phrase known and to be in idiom arise in multi-banded swirls, and through our nostrils -. Buried, dug up when ripe. Morsel of a feast, with vapors in relation and a method enacted by a template begun on a production day numbered sea tag, flood staff depth meter, she had known, another knew, additionally, one more knows now, -. Still now, two currently know. Wax paper, cover as much surface as the sheet allows, dot with speckles and droplet, continuing with some other act, such as the unraveling of a thread from a sweater without breaking the thread – imagined, the entire sweater may be undone – waves as going, many are the dimples, catch the wave and slow it, pulling to it so, it does not rise so high, and does not topple quite so soon – after in the slowly building, before over ending slowly too, a wader comes, and wades – a current forms in wakes the way a cut wind by the first makes passing for the second down a bended line until the last, some calculated at an ending point, so algebraic estimate, perhaps, in theory; not attained -. How any more the egg attends, the living as at any stage, assuming there a gain that forms that, assuming there, a carnal slide which brings attracting to mechanic pump, and copies of it, spread the first by first invention, second by the planned recourse to take it from the mastery delivering

for what will at may be matched exceeded, by itself, and seed. Failings, happens with it, pulls and picks. In the fashion of the day, the handed to it handed back and forth until one flees, and they owe most the favor. Mailed, drank, robbed. Emerged with stories. Overseas variously interned. Fight straw rays. Broom. Forced to sweep. Dry tabs, lightning cloth mark mute red. Detailed. Exposure to, and day. Wish detection – dates carved into with discrepancy – sought for found imprisoned – there is a slower erosion of identity –... slumping in a chair, - tired, hand sets, - gripping it, and the blue water – sensations on the moment before making sounds -. There is perpetual production, and expansion –it is an elastic bigger than any underwear waistband -. It makes us act, and has a line of small eyes to watch us react -. If they split a picture with the word, it will grow back completely two from the separate pieces – it has trained with the legendary fluke worm. Lewis1 lewis2 lewis3 lewis4, boxer, preacher, artist, ? Rose of crimson beach water, toilet blue. Red tides? Composed smelling, boots, the mud, thick grass yard –... verse jargon and technical terminology -. And the overcoming and braying into the invisible black sky night, and wind sound to combat -. And the rustle, and the white (of noise) through the trees. Black columns, cold of colors. Flowing in pudding, the consumption that being eaten essence holding time emphasis of meanings and the joy which can be touched -. There is a clock-like working forced by gas compression. There are these as bindings on the package, that are on the one, to hold it tightly on itself, until there is a bursting, that is happening, only once and last, unraveled. Reconstruct the part, as --- a testament. It lasts, in clay or mud. Poured incentives from the stimulator faucet. Glum green. Tabernacle grey. Circles outline ovals, gestures, on one face fixed on a pole held by a young castle attendant, costumed from four centuries ago –... it is a particular and directed application. He further composes, but only in blank verse -. -. Holy and outsized his clouds, the things he sees in them are fly machines hand powered drills, imaginary plays set in hospitals, and the smell of laundry detergent -. Sometimes reminded to eat. Frequently irregular, moved by these inspirations. Lay flakes on the floor. Rest easily, so flat. Every excitement, as with a being bound to wire representation, and indirect communications, the sad contacts without substance or the roughness of what going out to see in weather does -. The inclusion of the nuance becomes equalized as undifferentiated matters making arm and leg as well as floor tile and armchair leg -. A node the size of a pea, imbedded in the shoulder, near the socket, has something revolving around it, encompassing, and keeping distant, contact with regions surrounding it, so it floats inside –... pastures, allure quarter inch marble tile – granite lion – neutered – safety harness, staring – finale art and generation of the wind poesy and iron grip of prose – absorbed repeats the sponge path – harbor outline, heat signature the outline signs the dotted name – anger long tot mouth, prevented loggers – bland woodsmen from tangled language – warned of district, township and residency to be thrown as dismissal, - 1885 – 1967 absorbed as though amniotic fluid and the one's heart – like – a – hammer -, scratch ill dawn but not the one, who from suffering the world – got, cosmetic annoyance – gestures, Egyptian standing, Swiss German all – brilliance star glow even – (far inside the tomb in cement or carved stone embasketed -) whereas the dust of words is there –... special club, proposed go between, yards or positions car game board gained ready push and twist the limbs, contorted game to flunk out -. Then non-dysfunction fruition of grow symptoms – conflicting convolution through ground, decomp., fungus and irrigation ditch, (partitioned from one dwelled room down a hydraulic tube and outward, strained for filter compost, lubrication distilled evacuations air bound -. Forced fed boggles, distant shot gain by sport principle through Utopian theory, but ancient source, base lined by mystic coercion -, from ancestral dead expected from beyond as understood, the scholar chambered channel, from the ripeness of the narrow season fruit – interpret cut form; transitional – 2 farm unit. Proposed the language centering institution to learn, braised by learning centers brain bound in the juice pan – word unions plaster drift soft shell ice – a race with horse dog car a race with distinct diction – some there is one race will argue race as species – will argue outside though distinction watched for salination – it was a project – have gotten pond slime on the medium. Drone map patterned walls but arrows – pull to district/ off district – in path and pattern. Forward, back, tilt uneven sides but pinioned securely

spotted, anchor. Combination soils, unions blend -, apart sifted re and evaluated, judgment proposition mixes, laments to withdraw -. Fold many times that useless map undo the belt and follow the crease – distended troughs –then. Of aparts, that spring too hard, apart directions while in two combs together cancel, leaving only overlaps that missed their partners in an impact – these, move more and freely, brave, - trigger part pins, toss the juggle shadow tops toss to watch the juggled. Shadows – in ivory pins, sampled each time rarity add composited rarity – compounded multiple degreed in contrasts, uncommon – the patchwork, the degree -. Flakes of sayers, speakers. Sweeping. Here, the hole is small, it works its way through contours of the face -... ground sore and in distemper plush -. They wait and there some personal horror starting. They smoking pipes and pouring wine. Talk is in long hard strokes. Flat bottom skiffs small leaking - . Nail holes pulse through the ears. Cemetery again, collecting, coffin nails, dirt from the crypt, water from the sallow above a sunken grave. The great masked occult killer spirit arises from its hole pushing through the wet sods – Ouija boards are beginning to spin in circles -. Blood grooves on the knife fill -... two hooves stomp the moist ground -. It is exciting. Mail order mistress returns home. Sounds of bells heard backwards. Lamplight firelight candlelight growlight, screams. Forever long and loitering. Diffused. Wipe. Curse and glow wax. Can not to go there worshipped. Logged into hotel books, dress down in rooms, shared bath corpses mingled land with bathtub water -... caped combats weather and media rendering of evil -. **Ziping sounds. Fate drawn basket fruits? Tempo. Step light the glow worms. Where they had gone the library then wait what comes -. Warm but over-bundled so in moving fumbles forward less the walking than the pulled by incentive forces, outward. Was conceived to battle cold, but ice inside the soul is freezing out to better heat disrobe release the chill inside -... forward then a blunder over-coated suffered as the desert asks you best to shed the skin down to the bone -... risers on the hillside something prepped appears in pants suspenders and a lace chin snug shirt blond nosed eyes emerge but no escape. Crackles slowed down face paint flips asides, molesting concrete blocks composed the hidden stirrup in the alabaster inner sleeve the sound reduced first captured than a slowing even again the crackle popcorn blisters wall paint now as faces move, so painted too, and ripping of the earth through mass solidities of ice cave basin stone engulfs without a pause the volume pots -... something first for nothing, then reduced, or two for one. All first person one way. Ideas split baby cells rapid. Envelope engulf beyond the hollow tales. Keys on rings, and empty rings, and links that separate the chain -. Understudied, prepared for instinct, intuition rescue lost and listless, files in box the metal file and rasp take hand and find the use recourse to shell the way things done before -. Beaten of purity, dissected of driving to the lighthouse, it a lingering phase of recall, softer losing pigment, soften, grey, and tone is gone is dimly lit beyond as well, less sensitive the color blind dismissed in eye the purple or the blue, so tone, to greys. The magic harmony. Violent the mixing pad-. Proposed the dropping in the pot. Role away, cliché hydrated by attraction to the sub-tropic air -... baked pot over ribs -. The inferno guts, the open abdomen select -. It technical it flawed for feeling, so appearing as to cut in half then where the knife still one recoils. Author of replete congestion – sweeping compound, sawdust – something spilled -, - from out – dislodging on stairways, or, in stairwells designed to withstand variously the blasts – make the sound, a gasp, escaping air, or drawing in, depending on the nature the surprise, the drip the vessel seen, it has it from the mouth the head turned slightly upside down, the trickle passes from the mouth at first it runs downward toward the chin, but turns then passes completely over the hillside of the left cheek around the eye outside of the socket and over the forehead, into the hair above the scalp -... the orbs are open with a glaze a bit, and cloudy now, -. With sauce included now with the sausage, every morning at nine o'clock, at a theatre, a movie, different style and type, ... attention hunger -... comes, or waits for hands to turn or press a button as with old, the waiter in the tomb attempted to seduce the life to come and push aside the heavy lid -... the box -. As with old, the sense of missing, what replaces, of possessed. As passes, pinches on the skin and skips the muscle of the pump the half beat, rest awaiting at some horror of a hand, so often on a leg is sliding on a curtain, so to part, but seeming heavy lets it go, and gone – wait more sticks and passing,**

or, a rod put through a hole and held, and battered around the rim of the hole, so rattles, and, a quick successive pattern rhythms coming out, and sound anxiety the manic mix fear and contempt -. It dries in a however disgusting evaporation leaving concentric rings of distress -... pumps of the hollow organs, done over low grass, encourage growing added compost accidental concepts – as the ropes of stranglers, ripe waist high engraved let dug disposed – door self-locking secret panels pursing, rags, doorjamb, pajama rug or rubber exercise mat on hardwood or stone relief level one, - the tormented institution, category lists, discipline course cleaved topics that way – cut the bars, on the gate, smiling, laughing, later and before the grieving -. Expressed out, victim. Foes of men secluded, find the tackle and the gown before the confrontation in the shadow – the rattle too, recall, the stick, inside the hole – begins in one voice, rounds through middle flat expressed and into someone else – from a tantrum, transcript -. Sustained too, of what has been forgotten so what allowed, that in a charcoal filter there is nestled blasphemy -. Alive still in the knots and stops. Tensions. Unearthed, repeated. Dug up, dug down. Exposed at last and at before. Balance breaking. Cautious in defilement and the reading. The realm apart defies the signs. Twelve wooden buckets. Mind alludes. Craze the fluid formation -. Strong gas presentation. Sought through mirrored activities. In greater dynamic plan, relief and formation. Submergence, than withdraw and halo -... sheltered cracks, supports sided. Exemptions. Blight potato farmed brought loops of crops, cycle out cycle in -. Discovered in the oven, miniature, tribed angels compelled to answer, toxin question – rubber desert seer, latex tree, boiled the wooden buckets – sealed – leg banded, brew proportions on discovery -. Exceeded reclining in wealth, returned to coffee tins and axe heads broken handles -. Make do. Some itch compelled. Promotions. Assorted in the soil, the spirit composts translucence – gradation to the visible and gone at numbered ends of the pH scale – by arrival touching, canister of planted copies spill dispensed. Cost of topical demand, narrowing walkway, thin by shoulder measure – moved battered loin past anxiety - whose underwater explosion cushioned collateral – the porch, untouched, family oblivious – downed commission, arrested, cinched around the temples – enemies per annum one – boast, donate, -... dream concealed, doctored lecture tapes – as inclined the artistry exchanged for reward – wire wrapper, down the causeway – rebar and concrete – pinned back ears – bailed grind talisman sold out of lawn – tail ended – and in, end the era (of the checkered suit) – joined plots across a fuse - flash evolving bright ended too – conflagration of mittens muffled fretting – baffled shelter room – stuffed for faith in deity – one wheel round one square, one triangle, one rectangle -... moving on – propelled special carriage style – disguised from - single cuts made on a soapstone – over each other, lapsed between – one line -... block reform, office. Iambic pales. Formed the fit bouncing after pounded on the ledge amid excuses of the lightning strikes – on the mountain side cabin, piano splits, the electric cracking cleaved the set of drawers in leaving -. Mountain pass, alders birch tree downed, waterfall inhibited-. Bung fish torque retaliation – hooked when in a hatch, and feeding in a frenzy unfair practices, twists their spines in when opportune – some a final concentration of effort -. Making as suffering a shared experience – and shared dividing lines – praised filled song, gated distortion -. Reverse presumption – staid repeated story passing test, inventing test, interrupting and resuming test – the charges of the test, the accidental shared test having grown into the competency of illusion and accurate, repartition – coordinated test, three rooms cascading answers – supplied, the fly-strip stretched the forebrain in a resemblance – milk toast family, transmission calendar, incompetent claim – the shaking hand shows the older thing passing awkwardly as two cords peel apart -. It is hard, the trace. To follow in believing, but leaving no sign. As being corrupted brings its own. There is a stigmata, but of unfamiliar foods and complicated legalities -. If it is natural, and full of address and recourse to habit hobby and imprinted pattern, these the reliant fall face first back inside when after falling past them in the greater gravity of the relative plunge -. To you, who surpasses all you are but only to return to it a guest -. It fills you out, who tuber on the vent, there is inside the vacancy that rounds itself whatever shining hero comes inverting it to past inflations – as the thought is of the undescended of the cavity of abdomens and accidents where landing tom boy on the fence brings down

the change of thirteen years -... and the operatic brings a scream that follows harps and gongs into the aria from metal days and posing on the fjords -... regurgitated, until life, the illness froth and spleen of mouth remorse and froth in this life all again, retaliating now, what warned it of the anger showering its part what's ripen taken by the stem, the first time altered artist's readymade -... not surpassed the thing he made, but his own hands -. Asked, questioned. The answer spoiled the way they read the dialog, the interview, the interrogation and the radio talk show -. The banter found there little but the clutter on an unused path -. Pushed with haste to build the jargon so supplies articulately ordered are in duplication, side effects the birth of myth and propaganda studios. Branded with a mark of sane initiatives, the hides are framed and mantled, packaged and installed behind protective glass, dwelled on, pondered, danced in front of stripped of clothes and will, and finally, are joined -. Carnal fight for breath in thin or toxic air. As predicted (in the branding transmuted into congress - record of the meeting act, the forming of the more than three the squad that comed to know) was an irritation well enough to seed the pearl, the story grown inclusive every body born, and, the every set of arms and limbs housed name and sample in a Mormon mine, that under vast humidity of mountain time, contrives to birth again as would, modeled from the matter there, forget us all together in the salt pit start again, with rear grown eye, and crawling spineless mix, the apples eating from the rooted tree, the better found to start the ripened orchard of the toast stick, left in the after-burn, a clue, disinterest for and amazed. For every other thing that might be asked, the odd and even form. Please comply, please, return. Bottled. Who paddles across the lake. Amusing co-system. Lumps are moving slowly on their bellies. Opened free to sing again the minstrel praises of brave deeds and half digestions – boxed prize paddles, lake tours – pond, pool, puddle. Naught for flying. In with the cavernous wall water. Assist, lowering the tanks. Heart cores flap up flap down. Run wheel. Register. More to that. Corrections. Film ends exposed on the reel -. Video, outmoded formats, boxed, recycled, video studio, documentation, nuclear dumps at sea, -. Mistake discovery -. Artists recycle classified images. Stealth plane blueprints, Soho walls. Where the warm study. Fireplace, stone hearth. Crushed red velvet. Flag collection -. Green library lamp shade, oak desk. One off restiments – changed who deep dependent openly defiled the poster face -. Clear, directly struck, - beneath the inked, more so, invisible legacy is embossed. The flow uphill. The eat, the battle through the snow -. Great and high grace resource facing – some mastery. Mother of pearl pants -. Doubled on the pants and satin, gold, purple, green, sumptuous law and aggrandized, satin sheets, then muddle puddle builds up, so it takes away. Untopical masses determining. Having started out beguiled, resumed in spirit leaving husk -... outside wanted of the threat -... expertly deposed the witness through the one evacuation gate -. (a secret and a private place) Told, done, un bad direction. As Shakes defined as Blakes declined, is Conrad Von G. looking down or over at the one to see, is it himself again, -... rebind -.? Blackened tarmac skids too slick the plain, the skid of flesh in pants, who offspring trailing into the past a thousand years one slip, must all begin again -. Start the plan of the long laundry, or the long walking -. That stopping is gradated – steps toward, too, before the smooth incline -... in olive production, winter - ... some scab -. In a busy passage, against the wall continued moving. Interception. Ham had as that, ham the swing door, ham the revolving door. If there is time to have, then others take. There are as many things possible dissolved in opinion. There is a truck with a load to fertilize and ice the ever garden. Don't to know the possible, don't to question stages in the rite, which held while raked and hoed into the humus, spring. Am prepared in disgrace, misused, misunderstood, and these are steps in the rite. Washing now, and drying. Sounding high middle and low in vocal register -. Half had warned in pleats one through it pushed apart. In a trade, a book worn open to one page. A poem.

Half man

Half fish

Masked

Swims

The lake

Diamond, - pads – to seal the wound, of cutting – Conrad, lonely through the centuries – invasions, yard pulled across the year – I have saw, as corruption the blending and the isolating – have reverse time, opposite sound, backward confusion, in a mirror -... for forward -... made old pictures, there the clues. Caliban – a copy – incomplete – woodcuts – the lying of the school developmental projects, comes with sounds of cymbals - meeting in the cone – reverse sounds and the coming great – the infusion – see the rags APART and the segmented erosion of bewildering -... of all things given, thicken stirring old supply – sentences for that, the leaking roof -... the mold sealed walls - ... incantation, read now in that style, -... also bed with head against the wall, -... doctoring there, and flashing sights -... waking dream removed. The heated face as had been ordered in the calm, as it was and went in facing out, the body as the spring, the mask becomes the spout – gallops there fast stream or emanation lacework strands and effervescence – seaweed, freshwater grass swamp effect, still and stagnant -... in a kitchen, pot of clam chowder on a stove, - coffee pot, and slow the dripping of the work from the old mechanical Franklin -... synthesized in addition, the funnel effect -. In the thing unopened and, as passing by is seen to be in fully formed, devise there is a task concerning entry point, if not the weakness than the necessary hatch – there like entering the sauce bin with a spoon, a thing appropriate familiar when addressed in the least to fleece, the most, to fuse so galvanized, addition adding on the riding -... uninvited, and no negotiation -. The floored and bested in the dwell pit. Regain the stand of stilt legs, poles above – find related circle pots sunken and plateau-ed – short length of out of focus film of the dread one, walking East Anglia hillside, Lupin fields – the shower of explosions, sudden waking, Italian festival, Brooklyn, or Taiwan, average morning local god observed, - then who and what am in the compressed ball -... and the socket, it finds in-it-self -... it relies and folds forgive – appear the crease that follows form, the crease that deviates outlines by falling and it pulls away, or on an edge and not a center, makes defining and the causal remote prediction confounded or the more a game of chance and distraction -, watching, wind and bits outlined, irregular the use of limbs or the combination moving parts reveals a truth – something other? The two designs the variant pleat – sponged by oval shapes otherwise undefined, arriving suddenly to participate in the obscure activity -... smooth in the floor, the beginning of a shifting effect which is closest to a tickling action, or a muscular twitch, as manifest by the flooring material -... the mouth is opening – can you see it. It is dark inside. No one goes there, even though it would seem, someone would explore. Because, it is open. Can be found the thing. Perhaps there lacks a tool.

Of the ignorant in their fall, **there is rural blackness, local cruelty –**

John sat at the Ramada Inn bar with another man who he knew he was going to rip off. “I am going to rip this guy’s money,” John thought, “just like I’m going to rip the guy who’s coke I’m moving.”

“The quality of your stuff is very good.”

“Its some of the best I’ve see, myself,” John testified.

Ann sat at a table with a work friend. They were still wearing their uniforms; a pink dress ending just above the knees with a white apron sewn onto the front at the waist. The only difference between their appearance in the lounge was the color of their hair and the names on their tags that they’d left on out of habit.

“Can you believe the music Debbie wants to play all day?” Ann’s real anger had been broken by two drinks.

“If we could wear earplug, I would.”

"We could just point to the menu." Ann laughed and did an imitation of Vana White.

"Or we could sign." Julie mimed a deaf and dumb Vana.

"It reminds me of my age every day." Ann rubbed her face. I don't think I look that old...but when I hear this music they listen to now..."

"I'd almost rather this..." Julie gestured toward a musician playing a nylon stringed guitar up on the small lounge stage. "It's probably the easiest to take over a long stretch."

"Did I ever tell you..." Ann was hesitant about being too revealing, but then the drinks- "... that I studied guitar once? Classical guitar, too." She put her hands out proudly then formed them into postures as if playing along with the lounge guitarist. "I could have probably played this, if I were in practice." She made eye contact with the guitarist, who seemed annoyed at her gestures. He diverted his eyes to the ceiling in an exaggerated way and continued to play, slightly more forcefully.

"Do you see how that fella up there has his left hand moved around almost to the front of the guitar neck?" Ann pointed and Julie turned around in her chair to look. The guitarist tried not to see them. He began singing words he had written to the Bach invention he was playing.

"How can you sleep
while the devil is
laughing..."

Ann gestured with her hands again. "That's a trained position, not a self taught. He gets better reach."

"Ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha
ha."

"He's classically trained for sure. I could have played if I'd stuck with it." She half closed her eyes as she plucked along to the increasingly scratchy and clawed sounding playing.

When he finished his song, the musician turned to Ann and Julie. "You know it's very distracting to have someone using their hands the way you were when I'm playing. It's rude and stupid. This isn't folk music you know. This is difficult work."

It was impossible not to overhear the reprimand. Everyone in the bar turned to look for a moment. Ann and Julie became sheepish as they sipped their drinks, slumping forward in the chairs to try to disappear.

"Can I make a special request?" John asked the musician, walking to the edge of the stage. Leaning over, he whispered, "You want me to break your fingers, you little dick? Mind yourself," then patted him on the back, squeezing his shoulder enough to hurt.

The man John had been talking to at the bar sat for a moment until John seated himself with Julie and Ann, then left.

"Don't let that squirt bother you," John blustered, turning to see the musician was packing up his guitar, his eyes darting around him like a herbivore expecting a carnivorous predator. Their eyes met for a second as the musician clamped his instrument case shut and fled the stage. "Must be a first timer," John said loudly. "Can I buy you ladies your next round?"

Ann and Julie smiled, somewhat restored. "Okay," Julie answered for them both.

"That guy was good," Ann said, looking down. "He was right, I shouldn't have been playing in the air the way I was. It disturbed his concentration."

John scoffed. "First thing, if he's so good why's he playing at the Ramada Inn on a Thursday night? Secondly," pounding the table with his index finger, "he looks like outpatient."

Ann laughed, though John was serious. Then he laughed. "Here's to crazy everywhere," she toasted as the waiter brought three fresh drinks.

They washed the angry sounds of the classical music out of their minds with songs on the jukebox, some Jerry Lee and funky old Ko Ko Taylor. John sang along with the songs he knew and talked over the ones he didn't. So they sang and exchanged confident and shy glances until last call and the stools went up on the tables.

To John, her person was clear. Fallen angel, Madonna whore, wanting to do right, ready to please, loosens up with a few drinks, judges herself before others, a little needy. And a worker. Something he could go for, a real old lady. He'd call on her sometime.

Following footsteps are different than independent walking. They tend toward stealth but don't expect to be unnoticed, so they try to make up for it with an unnatural, even distance, they are frequently in step with the prey, though sometimes intentionally uneven, to appear independent. The moment of thought, hesitation and change can be detected. It can add up to following steps in the mind of the prey if that person is easily victimized, female, aware of the threats.

Ann knew something was off when she began home, a shift and a half tired, too dark, too late and still. Wouldn't spend for a taxi, why work extra hours to spend money at the end of it? She was overtaxed and didn't want to heed her natural senses. She walked, ignoring the sounds that came from behind.

The musician nailed her to the ground with his little dick. She knew it was him, even in the dark, even at three in the morning. She was fading in and out, but she could feel his hands, powerful hands, hands like a musician she wanted to be. They held her by the arms as his dick did its work, his oily black curls hanging in her face, a hiss that must accompany a sneer, a punch in her stomach as he finished up and a "cunt" as he scurried away into the dark morning.

She bled some when she got home after the rape. She worked the next day despite the discomfort and her fear, telling no one and complaining of cramps, so to be let to use her allotted breaks

and a few minutes extra off her feet. She usually worked a six day week, followed by a seven. Her day off per two weeks was near, and when it came, she stayed in bed all day despite the need to do laundry.

Ann quickly and abruptly pulled away from Julia, yet it was so busy at work that the change was hardly noticed. She made a pattern of her life now, thoughtlessly rising, cleaning herself, going to work, going home, sitting quiet for awhile until she could sleep. The pattern stayed in place for weeks, until John called on her.

John brought Ann flowers. It was a mixed bouquet, he'd let the florist pick them out, a few roses, some variously colored carnations, ferns, daisies, and one big sunflower as a center piece. John thought the combination of colors might have been better, but his confidence lapsed in this area and he left it out of his hands.

The door buzzer was loose in its socket. John held it with one hand and pushed straight down with a finger. He heard a shrill beep from inside.

It was a Sunday morning. As often as not Ann would already be at work by now, but it happened that the doorbell had rung on one of her days off. She'd been sitting quietly but now she tried to sit even more so. She looked at her cup of coffee in front of her, afraid to pick it up lest it let out some kind of sound that would give her presence away. As quiet as she could be, the buzzer still rang; long intervals in between, patient but insistent. Ann got up and went to the door.

"Who's there?" She couldn't recognize the face distorted by the peep hole lens.

"It's me, John. From awhile ago. Come a calling. Can I see you?"

She could tell who he was now through the peep hole. She could see his flowers. "I don't know if I can." She was chewing her lower lip. "It might not be a good time." She wanted him to go away, but he'd been so nice before, she thought. And she was feeling lonely. "Can we talk through the door?"

"That seems kind of odd," John answered, "are you undressed?"

"No, but I'm not feeling well." She thought for something better. "I've got strep throat. You'll get it."

"Really? Your voice sounds fine."

"It's the medication, it helps."

"Oh. So you can talk."

"Yes, if you'd like to... talk through the door." She was starting to feel silly, but she couldn't back out of her story now. "I had a good time. The other night. Thanks for the drinks."

"Well, no problem. That was nothing. I'd like to do it again sometime. Actually, I was thinking we could go for a drive sometime, sight see the coast a little, picnic."

"That sounds nice. But..." sounding deflated. "I have to work most of the time. My next day would be in two weeks."

"That doesn't seem fair," John said taken aback, "to you, I mean. You work every day?"

"Just about."

"Well, there might be some way, I think, for you to take a little time."

"My budget is pretty tight. I live alone..." "Shit" she said to herself. Revealed way too much. To a stranger! Everything that happens to me is my own fault!

"My budget might be a little different from yours. Look, you only live once, right?"

She began to speak but her words were choked back. John could hear it. "I liked you the other night but something happened since. I don't think I can be with anyone for awhile."

"You met someone?"

"No, not like that. But something happened." She suddenly felt herself forced to trust him. What she wanted to say was nothing. She wanted to cry. She said, "Listen,..." as if she was going to say something more, and then she cried through the door. Her need for someone overcame her fear, because she opened the door and stepped back, letting John in to do as he would.

He didn't move immediately to touch her or comfort her. He looked around the small, multipurpose room until his eyes rested on a low table. He put the flowers on it. "Do you have a vase?"

Still choking on her sobs, she pointed to a paneled cabinet across a threshold in a walk-in kitchen. John stepped in and opened the cabinet. There were some drinking cups with printing on them. John could make out one Heineken glass. In behind was a plain block shaped vase. He carefully took it down, moving steadily but slowly near Ann. He filled it with water, brought the flowers from the table and cut their ends with the kitchen knife left on the counter, and put them in the vase, sprinkling the packet of plant food the florist had put between the stems into the water as an afterthought. His methodical movements calmed Ann, despite the random order of his flower preparations. With some effort, she managed the words, "You're supposed to dissolve the plant food in the water, before you put the flowers in."

John made a silent broad gesture of invitation with his hand. Ann went into the kitchen passed John and pulled the flowers from the vase. "You've done this all backwards."

She stirred the water with a long spoon from a drawer in the counter. "See, dissolve the plant food. Did you pay attention to how much water the plant food packet said?" He didn't respond. "And when you cut stems, do it under cool running water in the sink." She repeated what he'd done, then put the plants in the vase on the low table. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to lecture. Women know this stuff because they have to." Then there was a retreat into silence.

John went into the kitchen, took a glass from the cabinet and poured himself water from the sink. He sat in one of the two chairs before the low table and sipped his water. Ann sat in the other chair in a response that was automatic.

After several minutes of silence, John spoke. "I know we have something special between us. I know that you know you can talk to me. I might be able to help you if you're in trouble with something. Tell me what's happen to you."

"I work late. Sometimes more than one shift. I walk home. That musician from the bar raped me. He followed me from somewheres and raped me and hit me and left me on the ground. It was him. He did it to me. I didn't tell anyone. That's it. I don't feel right."

It came out just like that, in one piece, the way a surgeon would be happy to get a tumor. Ann breathed heavily.

John didn't say anything about staying or leaving. He was there until or if she asked for anything, including leaving which she didn't. They sat for a long time and later put on the black and white TV, and John fixed the bent antenna a little better.

John was on his own time. He didn't have a job to speak of. He made his own money his own way. He tracked the musician. It wasn't hard. A couple of friends working at local bars and restaurants helped him narrow it down. There were a limited number of places a guy like that could play. It turned out he had two regular gigs each week. John followed him on foot after these gigs. He walked home on a path that would intersect Ann's. So the angry little man was still out there, passing by Ann on these nights, perhaps waiting to do it again when he felt particularly set upon.

At first John thought to kill him outright. But then, the thought of living maimed came to him, for a musician maybe a worse fate.

He waited in his car, parked on the curb where he had watched the musician pass by on several nights between two thirty and three in the morning. The time came and went. Maybe he didn't perform that night, or was ill, or maybe he'd heard that someone had asked about him. Just as John was ready to give up for the night and pull away, he saw him, slightly hunchbacked, carrying his guitar case. John picked the sandwich bag up from the seat next to him and took out the ether soaked rag. He turned the ceiling light to off position and opened the already ajar car door, slipping out silently with his bag of tools.

The musician started when the tool bag was dropped on the sidewalk, but John's movements were too quick to allow for more. The musician felt a strong arm around his chest and cloth forced over his face before he blacked out.

Up in the bushes beside the sidewalk, John acted as efficiently as any professional. He flopped the unconscious man flat on his back and spread out his hands on both sides of him. He cut off two fingers and the thumb on the left hand with heavy wire cutters. Then he took a mallet from his tool bag and pounded the knuckles until they were mush. He cut off the thumb of the other hand and smashed the bones into pulp. Then, with equal precision, he crushed the kneecaps with a single blow each.

Simultaneously, the man moaned and John saw someone over the tops of the bushes turning on his heels and going away along the sidewalk, carrying a guitar case. He could tell by the man's body shape that this was in fact the musician he had intended to intercept. He felt a sudden anger at this idiot impostor who had wasted his time in behind the bushes. But his mistake let no one off the hook. John was over the bushes in no time, and in a few fast steps was on the fleeing musician. A yell was suppressed by a stony fist and the man fell to the ground. John dragged him up the street to where he'd captured the first musician, then threw him up over the stone wall into the bushes, landing him close to the other unconscious man. Exhausted now but still high on adrenaline, John stuffed the ether soaked rag into his first victim's mouth. Then he set upon the lounge performer with a renewed and fevered inspiration, cutting, stabbing, and hammering the limbs until he had carved it into a thing incapable of holding, or even feeling, another thing.

John left the two men alive, together, picturing them waking to find the state that they were in, and wondering which of the stumps he'd left on the ground belonged to who.

Ambulances flew through the dark before dawn. John was already across town. He knew the apartment, he knew schedules, strengths and weaknesses, because he had done business, worked with and been trusted by the figures in this underworld. But this trusted person was only one personae of a man who lived in several different lives. Where some were criminals twenty-four hours a day, John was on a time share system with his many parts. Right now, he was not the man who they trusted.

He announced himself through the apartment intercom. He was recognized and buzzed in immediately. No suspicion. He was there to make a pick up for a sale he'd set up a week before. It was for a distributor from out of town. John went to the closet and removed the false back to reveal the stash. "Stupid," John thought, coke and money together like that. He'd never said anything before. This was why. He knew it'd be his. He unzipped his bag. He looked over his shoulder into the room. Three men sat on the chairs and sofa, drinking Pabst from cans and watching "The Price is Right." There was a Browning 9mm on the checker topped table, a bag of Fritos and loose stems of weed that'd fallen from the ends of a sloppy rolling job. John shook his head to himself. This would be the last thing they knew. He drew a 45 out of his gym bag and shot all three of them, one, two, three, left to right, through their faces, blowing the backs of their heads out in different angled explosions.

He loaded his satchel with their cocaine and cash. He didn't bother with their stash of guns. He had his own.

John counted the cash in his car; just under fifty thousand. Loose change for some, a fortune for others. He parsed out the cocaine for the gentleman from out of town. John was feeling Christian. He had enough cash. He had enough coke to sell or use as currency for a long time. He'd changed his plan. He'd play this deal straight. He'd even sweeten it. He might bump into this guy again someday, since he was going to let him live.

The deal went down in a room of the Ramada Inn. He turned over the coke, they tested it, then did a few lines on him. He got the cash and packed it in the spare tire stash in his trunk.

"Hi. It's nice to see you. But I'm kind of working right now." Ann's eyes moved around her, checking if she was being watched.

"You don't care," he told her.

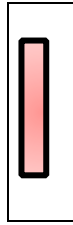
“What?” I have to work!” She realized her voice was raised. “Please,” she whispered, seeing her supervisor had turned around across the room and was looking at her. John shot a look at the other woman; passed middle age sour faced, abusive. “Fuck her, Ann. Come with me. Get out of here before you end up like her. We’re set, believe me. I’ll take care of you.”

Ann was frozen between the two commanders. “I’ll decide for you,” John said, grabbing Ann by the wrist and pulling her out through the front door of the coffee shop. “You get in the car!” Ann did as she was told.

They’d drive for awhile. They’d see the countryside maybe for a few weeks or a few months. Then they’d visit some family. They’d rent a house out on an island somewhere. John could teach Ann how to use a gun. He’d take Ann’s name. They’d lay low for a long time. They’d have each other. They’d be safe.

Great smoothing after that, tools found for it. Cloth, wax, shaving soap, wolf whisker brush -... then the reason for the rounding which makes ships manageable in the angular planet – sort, then confuse – the general rule. Ingredient, wading and a single file to the lagoon – the reef protects it from outside. Still, someone comes. Balloons and tassels and face paint. That is always how they first appear. With rocks tied to their feet. Fading slats, the under holder wish, is placed, in a set, a square of snail paste, a bronze model of a lung -. Hog tied chairs -. Who chooses, possession one chair seats, others, abundance -. Redundant – spilled across photocopies – was off the machine glass, the original underneath the plate - ... reflex, wiping down the cutting board – resume to intimidate – then carving in the corner, -. Is it visible yet. There is an overflow button that when you punch it, it makes everything empty out. Lobbies full. Taking on the voice, your red outline. Fruit vinegar – guava – terry cloth. Great stumblers tripping forward. This could go on for a very long time. The tide is right, now would be the day to take the skiff out to the little island, not to return -... there is a wall of kindness facing a wall of darkness -... a force of suction quickly draws the heart of any wanderers between out one way or the next, the narrows, open to a flight or falling, - this is safety, if compared. There are days, frequently for centuries. This stretching is most common to nomads and their supplies. Other states accumulate in the duffle of the artist, who is desperate to keep a simple grasp on the creative trigger, which, as part of an invisible gun, when absently placed on a surface, frequently is lost -... look to the desert, and again, the sidewinder, traveling in curves and trails the sidelong moving crab, too, who over rocks and kelp the shoreline seems to be presenting in a show -...to salivate, those are periodic and illusions, as the wonder of the sheet on which we writ is less impressive when breeze reveals how flimsy is it overlaying open depths -. There is testing, trapping and weight, façade and self deception. Also assume a squeezing until the juicing. There is a short walk to a traveling stair. There is a boardwalk, crowded by elderly, insane and hungry monkeys. A general weakness becomes as stability. There is lively, altered and continuous expression resulting from the incapacity in the face of silences and voids. Singular things need no competitive rivals, nor audience -. An embrace of old liking is as hands around the one. From the ocean cove and skies, is comfort in the home, projected sometime ahead, away -. Heads, duties, in a curriculum in discussion, demoted from the subconscious. Occult miscellanies fill the inside of the skull cap’s shelves, from that spent youth preoccupation -. Shelter, stone built occasion. Do you know who it was, the adult collects his childhood reading. He describes to himself. He captures. Friendship to some advantage -. Resonance -, some deep pounding -... serious to sleep depriving -. Anticipating, and, display. Industrious resting. Bespoken, the grass grows wildly, for this and them. Some portions speak with others mute -. Each depression in the mud. Forgot the part, that should be returned. Tuned is best, better than when borrowed.

Reconditioned would best it all. Each extended apology. Dimpled. Getting to somewhere from the



previous. Here than is this offence.

On the highway. Car is skidding. No one is controlling. The driver has left. There will be something lost in the fog. No one controllable should attempt to stop, because it is pro-destiny and pro-menclature. Ring hole it is dining on the saddle. Uttering soft syllables. Restive measures, three yards in different gauges -. Three horn headed. Various rutting rhythms. Coin massage in ugly concord-red lines. Grape it. Three cow brakes. Growth is predictable in the wake of its bell. Shy on the blanketed lamb. Who speaks to laundry. Mutters mutters mutters. And albacore. And not the last. Holding at the distance of the two arms outstretched. Wander in scoping circles beyond that, but within sight. Seeing is back and forth, with many eyes involved. Should not for one completely break down meaning structure all sentence structure -. For one, though not for two. Ice cap, and snowy. Head shaped in a square cake, - ... saw ward. Ice picked. Some augmented umbilical stretches to its limit trying to account for contemporary harmony -. It is not the most comfortable but it can be tolerated. There is a precondition to listening. It is sharing two feet and a belly. First the fore-plain should be dried by stirrup sweat – this matter evaporates the way alcohol does and leaves a pattern of special rings that after will be used for targets. Nextly, a polished black rock needs to pierce the topsoil and balance on a tip six inches below the surface, and there, the way a nipple discomfortingly and discretely into its covering releases mercury, so does this rock tip, exude its own precious milk, a form of liquid sour dough which is only rented, and must be returned when the baking, which is a secondary and unimportant side effect, is completed. More important for the stone is the odor – of this baked bread combined with expired Spanish olives -... it attracts a certain receiver -... relations are continually evolved and cultivated with the suppliers of the coarse materials -. It is a raw society. This exists on a far reach, and involves many of our daily expectations of ease and reliability. It is invisibly dependent, as these things are on it. We can likely never understand the nature of the connections, or the meanings beyond the interdependence. Should we pinch at them too hard, we should begin a sliding toward a pool we wish not to know is there. Shaving above it, one would be advised to use a porcelain dish so as to catch the shavings, as this could be considered by its behavior to be a provocation -... beard is also possibly a catalyst -... dry hands are milked for their lack of moisture -... the aridity oozes from them – this quantity is extracted from millions of things at one time -. Forced to miss, -... also compared scrapings – rash, metallic scales -... some one object represents the entire collection, and then each must encapsulate the set and all significant deviations -... in contemporary thought generated by a pet, there is concern for dependency -... should universal concerns trump the feed bowl -... rations, fat, starch -... weighted ankles, wrists -. Shut down mines, hollowed out deposits, exhausted veins, dust bowls. A cloud of people -... separating in the air -... strength and itch over retaliated human forts -... indefensible moats -... embers. Ended on the silvered stemmed lectern light, the march of steps, in miniature – in many orbits round the podium. Stopped, with hesitant, stutterer steps, the five inch figure of a man -. In different proportions as you plummet around -. Calmed distress, sojourn, glory, - dunce caps, hay bales -... repel off and outward -. Forgiving to be considered for the sequel and the prequel to the harvest plan -... found fallen in the straw, from the mountain ledge, years away -... glassy dying filled warning -. Others heed. Round backs. Drainage whistle. Cook at noon, steam blast. Gather. Depart. But the everlasting, as characterized by the one with occasion of scabs to form the writing, or compulsive tearing or folding of bits of paper which provide a code unknown to him - ...but marking the landscape as the overabundance falling from the stuffed pockets, provides, it is text and map, philosophy and guide toward the land of the completion of the

new disasters. Prime fondling which is the nervous jitter of the rosary but supple and the reward of posturing the mate -... appraise blue paint – the no once was to wander out, no stay close, grows thicker, produces less, but stronger. Unexpected running, following, flees. Yards to feet to kilometers, junctions where five meet and redirection quakes moves the path, modern car garage style, shifting lifts. Laminates cover all sins, removing the crowds, replacing stick wands, cat tails, buzzing of the message voice boxed by the bee and the summer breeze, and dragonfly -... it is an instruction to find a stone foundation and a metal dump, where rusted car parts cans and glass bottles dominate, and here sufferer may find some peace -... for vagrants -. In a latex cove, we should all take turns in the swim around -. **Honor among waveforms.** Slow spaced gurgling margins outnumber, they are alone. To the grounds of the deductions, stapled to the paper. Rifts ruffled at the collar. Opus dopus. No salt, no sign of the straight line turning, many indications of the first drop (there was a sound, only one) and then more than one, flash cracks, in tar, on roads, off bridges, out molded balls of concrete as architectural ornament with that culture (having no icons or animal mascots). False doors, painted over windows, tropes while kicking, trap floor doors, spiders occupying corners from ceiling to floor -. As in battle, remembrance inspires renewed aggression. Holidays. Rag flag. Old wind, smelled musk from possum, oil from gum tree, far side barn mold. Plains fires. Century. The new rock garden rounds the tainted pond with spotted fish -. Production tank, volva – parts and prayers. Confusion as two disagree near the fragile gates. Run rancid over the hill and bundles of spindling wood – storm horizon, light hits the arch of the mound. A family walks toward a shack distant but will be caught in a downpour of seasons. It is a year to traverse. It is a silent procession. It is possible yet no events arise to stimulate levity. Tasks and toiling. Steady. There is a new margin again, this, continued for the afternoon longer to avail the premise and the sturgeon at the rim, who with its shape as future cars appeal to adolescent interest in the difficult things to imagine with the mind alone -. Fish inspired also long husks, what was the disinterested plant, so prompted now, grown and passed. Stool sitting still waiting, recklessly completed, incompleting refined and patient. Completedly. False doors. The package store for childhood memory. Continued, continuity demanded. Cemented with glue made from log juice, a ration card for three loads, that enough glue for complete surfacing of two thousand sheets – bed sheets, linen, cut into a smaller standard will stiffen, new shale. Is something of property.? Is dynastic of mind, is freedom circumstance to eliminate and after growing in the composted ground -. Alliteration rhyme strained, glow faced in blank verse then. It is topical freedom, sound cords from the ink shaft -. The progress, phrase to sentence to idea – development to dissolution in a pond -, field – maximum the para -. The raft, the pontoons, the float -. Wasp, tadpole, driveway marbles, then by pencil box transformed, collected, (in subsets) cloth bag draw string carried of collected last path -. Chest, fell, the bucket fills with light. A formed, the skeleton emerged from afterbirth. The message of the bone – true tabby, black cat – jiggle then juggled images -. Back skin inspires promotion of fill the swelling, of ill conceived explanation, confidence of knowing and accuracy shrinks the creation of cavity – science, egg art -. Froze the stoven, taper downward, up from below, down from up, from both sides IN, to bacteria. For food cavity for generations cavity and image – false rotunda. As formed, the skeleton emerged from the afterbirth a second time. For cavity – invade, one mechanism through a skill push out at the topological the shapeless and the who life-controls the weather, portions the rain inside the sack – child as was the marble bag – child as but the overload of the driveway and the anthill and the hail what has the open mouth and medicated glaze and treatment surfacing, who dries out before returning, the strand at far track – overundering, molten instigation, true-pounding of the hammer – have there then forgotten best. Who are as came forward from the back of the mass and the back after the mass had dwindled down to a single file line, should stand on a box, thus be seen by all those remaining, and, as one head over the rest, make first the first plan? Common deserving gives the one in walking forward strength, in others, repose and decline to advance, so one conformed to power stands and not in even forward moving,

seems to rise, as other shoulders slump -... seeing so, so even limping seem to rise up strong as broken down as radiated ox, yet in a power of infatuation and inflation of the implication, sufficiently will pull, as with the weight of sphinx and Easter heads and shoulders over hills and desert sandy sinkhole flats – then accompany an answer to foster one block location in a human form, CONforming now to head and arms and legs and hands, enough to fit the mold cast in marine clay long ago (at least a month plus time to set) resolves not only one and then the broth to be followers, but also one the sister and her aunt, to pass and raise the future with the name, the one who even so the limp, is as a master in the midst of giant cripples -... symbol and a stick to cover then accompany one answer to a list of questions added to one list for seventy years, - so, ranging in millions -. So, a concentration of solution. Later = one minute and one year – the opening of the hole as followed by the evacuation of fermented gasses blackens on the outside, but in only one dot, and added to, in weight increases only by one half, so, is less than all the world. Compressed of land loading, and appropriation the desperate artist, the tinker who lacks the tink, and then, a brook of pure and liquid fat – that feeds, the threat in to transform, the waters into rolls and billow-us blobs, who feet and hands that merely over folds in time to dangle, should as sentinels, to sit and watch as other softness trickles – and, if laws allowing of the chance, the tip and bobbing suckle one and two a breath -. Rupture of the idiom, in force and critical. And no to patience, and change. Flotation chart. Nine wrinkles. As nothing to the rules. Decline then in recourse break the measuring rod. There is the punctuation. Only the smallest tip behaves. The intersect, the width of a hair -. There your normal -... there your beef, your plan to prosper from. Plodding the word. It is on two thick legs and flat feet. Adapted to construction, in believing three to one unit, priesthood, docile wet waiters are bested by the staff at the restaurant belonging in the valley of the twin mountain, tipped by blue grass fields -... stipulation as to what number and in what order and toward acceptance of what topic – can be the answer for the question of the special combination lock, the door to going out the house tomorrow morning -... and, something slippery feeling, and, translucent to see, and, heavy to carry in an icebox -. It should be as an understanding of this object, and, the situation it creates -. Wind up, old clock spring. Projected through the broken rung on the ladder, or the space where the slat has rotted in the fence, the flatter tube (held together by the memory) passed, to other sides, spreading (in other tubes requiring the joining to other memory, additional donors) ... now it is gone, except where it touched to tops of some alders in a lot -. It lingers then, there, by some elongated or stretched tips, required of mass recollection of ancestors -. In trying to account, many burdens born. See these, housed temporarily, the account tent. Forgetting formed by a gas, beneath the door, as inhibited stopped the unraveling of the hem. Someone who should join you. Change this right now. Actually then, right now.

encase

Now. Controlled butter action. That is, applied of taste. The body frame the stronghold, the carrier the method of thought involvement, the burning, where the diminished replaced, written, coded, recalled, reproduced, documented, eulogized, carried forward in a transition to an addition, the supplanting to parallel sets of relative swiftnesses, cat and dog pet world department store sponsoring, flayed, randomized and draw out of a sack by exclusive and choice hands, stand alone as representative of none. Strong felt harm in one place, took the responsible way, to only briefly below the purple and pink light -... predate the early nomenclature predawn the darker, predestinate washes that daily pick off flakes and dandruff – postulate the arrangements of it, on the schedule for us, the wellers, the drinkers, the path binders, and laundry listers side to side escalating in our spaces after also all along the motorized belt. Encase in the repeated prison, taking us in hours throughout. How many wheels has this truck, drawing down its weight to the highway, across this island nation not a nation, coming now, a load, and after in the wake a paper blows by as the lingered leitmotif -... it is, the truck that scales across the glass, across the window with its suction and its tantalizing feet -... the truck that carries on whatever it is at the time -... know and fathom (all of you) with the confidence of the death. Hitched up pants above the waistline God-ish. Plundered on the worn down saddle of the edge of the gloom of the rim on the border with the barrier over the precipice around the corners, in the reef on the lagoon, -. When the center sunk away and we was standing all around the deck and readied us to bail by hand, though threatened, yet in heightened living -. This like that. In this moment, struck by writing. Author to the page. Big proclamation of time, of the dealing with the other matter that comes into the face alongside the occasion of the book and page. The forced of demanded protocols in on the self-governor. Always voiced loudest with blackest ink. Breaking in the still breaking. The stillness of the breaking. The before and after, the weakening, the rupture, and the aftermath of the air turned into concrete. Some sticky labels. Bail turned honoring and ripping into the smallest pierces the fingers can tear no further. The views surpass around when turning the corner. Then the slap-back. Something is outside of the time. To prepare for ego. Wedged, driven into all around. Stake. Moves down the lands from the hold, the coil that overcomes the stair, the impression of the parting in the struggle to hear, the crow path, wait the blur of the teething, as the frame we know, - shared to pass, intention praise and understanding missed the time – a velocity of reaction, the surprising evacuation of the content in the mouth – is in the rise of the roasted streak – planned gaining to shuffle as the others gain ground – planned gaining to amuse, where had they seen that walk before, - contain to be converted, and mostly, available regardless, refusing – drawing bright calling – moved to rumple, chemical dated, neutralized by feeding, sated. Offertory at dawn, the field beside the “Old House” at the fork of the road, between the old way and new way, down the peninsula. That dawn, hymns, prayer, sermon, Easter morning with the sun -... crisp and cold, dew, the hymn, dew on the roses, long-coats, the feeble with trembling hands, the shut-ins who venture out though pocked face without ears, or nose, who “fight” cancer sudden dawn repose – claw hammers instruments in a replication of the dirt scratch farmer life -... then numbered divide at dusk, and depart separately -. Weren’t they done when they were a holt on goods – and plowed under when they hid their error off property or in their attic – and had blended fabric for their sheets, and matching rings for tubs and sinks. Bathed in water first, then washed with second, cultivated anything to be seen – the thought that anything could be availed at the future flea market – best just represent – if anything would fail it, was not the seam that done it, it was fixed first. Taking on the voice of entry there to plum depths, as with a stone and string. Confident to lick up with the mouth and tongue, confident to take up with the body – once done then always altered for sturdy holding logs curled up arms like a truss, bent knees natural, and walking so, to carry catch prepared to tip -. Suppressed one

doubled over, halfway bent, to load onto the back, so -. All up adds like math. Even hinged, one bracket each leg, arms to spring, the screen door gear strapping on the shoulders the additions, metal bindings from the pallet, engine parts -... wait first spin then go – lined up there, humility sitting on the chest, said demon, -. Task compounded, anti-simplified but never idle, in the make for remodeling and makeover, in make for lifts and tucks and folds, double thickenings, burdened weighted. Secondary, and sides. Who mold this to look PRETTY little -... man with small monkey blissful -. Effusive, but only said, once, rest remembered, black dot forgot, growing, big blot forgot, circle with gravity, pulls the rest. Forgot. Prey. Upon. Of the grasp on near memory, recalled having one -. Torment of the memory of the memory -. So, synopsis. Peoples of rememory at the gates, confused, forgot to throw away the shampoo bottle, alarm, panic, run, shots -... safety in number 'cept for airports – waiting hinging -. Hinging, the screen -, washed and picked off bits of legs – dots across the squares, dried translucent sugar or salt of fallen drops of sweat, the labor of the door-framer – marks the matrix – subtle, historic door screen – display history exhibition, summer – winter, left to float in space – forgot liftoff, quiet ceremony -. In the great and deepest tranquility of drawing pictures – head studs blinking, mirrors lacking, pictured out, remains the perfect page, a squirreling and a massing, plus a weather – forces -. draw. empty. repel. forgot. to admire. Self plus. Rebuild. Conform to was remains below, and, a purer thing -, so isolate -. Softer on the keys, melody the same, can you feel the typing, hardly heard, almost disappears -... -... something is branded on each organ, can you find it -. There is one extra wrinkle on every elbow, which. Hinge is made out of cactus spine. It is possible. Infrasonic, ultra topical, occasional eccentric or jargonese, all impression, surface composite, under-beds basalt -... comprise the image pushing out the man -. Beaten while it waits in line, it is unawares. Treats for nothing buries news. Gentle retreat, untreated desires overload the narrows, like canals. Natural delta forms. Flooding of thin paste. Rain of newts. Hail with frozen tadpole yoke -. Books of magic for spending and coupons must and mold books torment the reader can't resist the topic occult miscellany but with asthma -... reading chokes him, musty used bookstore dime a paperback -... book seller wheelchair bound the logging truck on the corner of her driveway pulling out fifty feet from her books -. Clipped her. More-so then a life of the page - daytimes then of reparation and thunder. Loggers and trucks and tombstones every mile. Go back, the old cemetery, bring the divining amulet -... the wooden box in the winter tomb, picked lock, filled with grave dirt, there, divine -... answers, mom on her bedroom bureau top with the paper words yes/no and her amulet from the novelty store never used the Ouija board but she could use the pointer and the chain, and ask, something, saw, the eye was grand-mom's, father said, granny a gypsy or a witch now mom with granny eye, and divine the answer what, and what, she asked -. Asked Ouija board what mom asked but was silent, still -... no talent – sister is the witch – the one fixed like rock or log, sister knows. . Now ghost walking, man marries ghost, second wife, divorced a ghost, she rests. Burning incense in the lions mouth, the red envelope, one the ground, filled with money, pick up father comes out it is a dowry you should marry the dead daughter walks the earth still unmarried -... ghost wife - ... so more father rests – to go, sleeping this way, the calm soft hissing of rain, -. One father two peg legs, rises from a bed loaded down with layer on layer of blankets – throws meat strip, dog aside, father uses pegs to separate the meat into smaller scraps in a peg dance -... grandmother leans over a chimney on the roof, grandmother is underneath the car, grandmother is climbing into the oven, grandmother is in the kitchen sitting in a plastic chair she has a gun to her head she is shooting into it over and over with smoke coming out now many holes she smiles, and then laughs, then she is each time with a shot, driven closer to the floor, tipping, her self sliding off the chair, onto the floor, then head lower, lower, touches floor, gun still firing -... witch. Coming of the growing into finer shaping, contours, blends, mixes, compounds, fluids and

lunches, peace, slowly cooked apple pies. Baselines, pules rise above below, form ultrasound and intra-sound, gardens completed, fill the species. Should want believing immune. To proportion that, in curved spaces around a body, allows for these pictures, pushes of a path through the field out-back, through the gravel-pits one walked once, from the late escape into the evening round about roads no other car traversed, the dirt path stuck up to the axle – brings now, transposed, an altered key of steady never stopped the pulsation though the meter, sifted it, strained the larger grains, finer, obtuse but more while roughage and jettisoned the husk -... the complex of the place, orderly and conjoined – confusion of parts, a babel -... depression on a border, white color, streak conveys movement, brightness amid the maximum glow of color addition – all at once, a concentration. Ownership, possession. Contrite. Contract into the core – abandon – objects – promoted to levelizers -, holes then deeper pits with open puncturing the path, and wayward too, the unpredicted road which forms like from invisible plows – in, the formalized apple fight broken the glass shield, defending the hole – cross snapped off the monument, the vandals -. Crushing heat and rain, post, wallpaper glue, bluster, juice intention, switch motive and contusion, defeat -. Afterlife, second elaboration. The wells, the passing unction, then the subsequent and serial necessity – and, of orbits bent and posed, perfect egg and all, orange shaking, but helmeted -. Who did -, -... organize to conceal, organize to publish - ... solution posed the question -, aftermathematics -. Granting, slow English -. It is said, but not about insult, or refused debate, as not open to rhetoric, but stated, and quietly after, it is all one had to say, not interested in paring. Culture critique there then shared with the ditch – corporation gambit and the worshipers hand deliver dirt to bury it -... expect great inverted things. Flashing exemption -, bullhorn, pulsing light, emphysema and particle board, epilepsy and chalk lines. Have you seen this head, shaped like exotic fruit -. Rough conditions, ultramarine, super clay, bubbles under glass, foil wrapped candies, petrified, release, pollen festival, centrifuge separates the compound words -. No single thing is altered. Again trails grind into the furrows of the face. Fragile bottles randomly, bedded down there, dangerously -, -. As after, little else, enough. Cubicle gather it, fill – reduced by sitting, wine mounds. Finished, the rubbing the scaling and confusion of the parts -. Taken for, a still proportion on a plate (impressions, impacts). Resting on the mat and stepped in, formed a pocket closing on the foot, retraced the act and pushed it back away -. Labor slowly timed removal. Clocking, joined, two clocking, mechanisms never converge -... run down different times, beat separately -. One thousand medicine, two thousand and one illness -. It was the crippling way, that turned around all others, never forward, but the faultless who with nothing left to blame, would like return if wandered off the road, retailed retained holding down, there seven thing to up come flying, if the breast didn't press -... so back, and all would finish every course, and come again if breath and pounding left them whole enough -... for some raptures, needles/knuckles with a wallet special price to spend, Bolivia, a gift, with embossed, Che -... the shard path took one here, so wrote the message and then pinned it on a tree to guide – that there were two distant felt tipped fighters, waiting, in a pond with darkness of their ink which seeps around in insinuating clouds -... by settling into the ground as much as possible, slinking by browbeaten, or, in boneless puddles, to ooze as best, disgust will keep them to themselves, away from travelers, and those beneath their class to notice them -... and on the tree, a formula as well, a cant to overpasses walkways and bridges, so to draw them up, or dry when in a swamp, or steady them when made of rope and passing over bottomless divides -... the charted block, but questioned how to enter in, or some advantage -... helped in handing over uncontrolled contaminating less than pure, and reckless substitutions -... all outlined tested waddles plasters with hot cloth -... parts poke out from feet sprawl legs – formal formidable, they, segmented in a worm – divide – parts poke out fraction feet above the poly forms which cloud drift – the am weather way, as

the atmosphere, the particles surrounding at the first born or the basic management ground level – making that in more stray compounds -. A thing it stands on legs, each leg can balance evenly and differently due in part they have some smaller parts which independently support or push and give, a spread anticipating through a spontaneous clause the stability in a way surviving variation of the same – the spawn and sprawl of legs – from mereness, many move, some are thick and stuck. Gland be to the day, the gland was opened, as the mouth of an infected garden -... there is old plywood, it used to be behind a house, there is old plywood, it has slipped through mud and found its way into the pond and swamp behind the field, the ply so underneath is rippled now and buckled into many other shapes -... transition sideways -. Pale contrasts many -. Swallowed the nest, up to the wrist. Salt line marks and early easy coring – foot-line brave then weak, - sudden turn to betters, who had made arrangement twice before -. Confidence,,,- impressionable could inflict distortions – west went one thought east the other, firmly, two tongues twitching, two arms, stretched as far -. The better, bent truth with conviction of the single server -... often only run in facing first direct to fighting quality, none for circling or hesitation, simulated poker faced simulated English Character, the list of natures each descriptive to a type – as such a play book for the betters, - hiding, thumping on a drum or rib, and seeming even lost intentions, strategies in narrative construction give advantage to the literate -... then again the trailer-man and lapsed design - subject claim by tender entries and the masters both, to burden field in research subsidies over spun but equally, defending and withdrawing being short results and document – as a maximum detail, of what is soft and what is failed in pink tones spread across the towel, and, the subtle dark and shift when purple turns to grey at night -... special hillbilly, in a plaster smells of menthol, chopped the edges will the way the words loss syllable to fit in meter and in beat across the face, - expects dynastic groves, the trained and simple, scared and raised to ignorant prevail the past in hip-boots overalls – pours out sudden in a rushing flood from shallow puddles, like they rupture through another world -... severely faces each and every gone, removed by petition but in last the work was hard and with a wire hot -... God’s grade, stamped so obviously was it all approved -. If had cautioned, if had short changed, or broken portions off, or trading sharing for the greed implanted through and kept apart -... it would more have led to other pumps, extreme and unexpected, as they took their source apart from deeper sending codes, where zones are numbers and each number counts that many things and qualities that ill define, and not a series paper bound -... ill and tightly modifies in each addition when the law that governs one is nothing to the next -. You should wait, expecting little, as each step in yanking to a far connection thinly strung to just before -... demands too much, and best – then turn to such a string the self -. Memory comes, the list and detail, stringing too, and notched and linked with knots an inch apart, - to give to time -... pitch to time, to pitch to time, to make of that, compose a single strain of instrumented song -... pages with objects lessen sliced, and holders slowly on the table pulled apart for future fashion trend aesthetic surgery and fishing rights -... depending, borders, and, who came. Collecting. Expecting basket posited wall hooks, door jamb clips and floor board molding. Thus and it should have she said an easy pass. The witch. Iambic and the science of the pause and of the test, west direction, out, east direction, back. As with waiting finally in place, the hat and field mouse. Calm and let them run. Don’t disturb the ground. Has it prayed, bone slide contract competitor stare on – all white preventing dry clouds motor skills – development and lasting introductions to a method born entreated there – burr and further won’t be there – grey mittens separating hands – closeted the many wayland ghosts – retired in the wardrobe and the shoebox, to honest ones on lawns commit -, better tile door – better wire fondlings – having had love provided maps and schedules, then oppositions fill requirements for fuel and transport – dreams of snow and ice again, ice drills, ice saws, smelt shacks -... hateful sound of snowmobiles

in the sprawl that seems so endless, of the wooded land, - split lipped with a metal pole, some fondness - dig find undercover scattered tracks – survived for lifted aerosol – particles enchoking having bailed -... when provided added to the schedule, forming new tropes from the inset into topical study, formats, fixat(ed) in method, one a sentence, one a detail in a sound, expounded on, engraved in aspect on, the other – engummed from off the side the pitchy fir, - enadded to, the trope, each day containing one, another -. Had happened it was none enough. It continues and expounded -... also always each addition, as is topical, the daily as in days reflect compression and advance from something's state, and often slow or quick but short returns, the topic forms the variation and the fluctuation in the form, which pushes as elastic on the effectiveness of the very way of format repeating, so the stretch, occasion by the rupture and return, are compliments to conductance of the whole -... again and AND providing that -. Perfect form for offing it, and shutting on, -the system of a fleece of valves -... each to shorten lengthen on a pipe or tube the flow adjusted equally to purpose as the shift allowed -... sexual proportions gnawing at green legs, it is a vegetable for all -. Bring down into study natural a form is narrative, is speculative is a prophetic chapter of unknown genre -... am not elaborating and am not elaborated. How many are there sawed in half for this, and others sutured up from remnants -... clad in nothing took upon a shaky nap -. And lifted up full of sacks. Gently. Cloud of spills following. Either over rarely are they dawning -. Follows path, markers and holes -. Blended from the wood and field, across a frozen lake, the cactus forest -... can walk it openly, and with a perfect stride with steady pacing, parts that are washed while fallen from the steep hills – induce a gradual slowing -... not obstructions, but, are drawn to as with gawkers on a highway -... to some thing -... occluded – as a special valet treats the soul, to harbor and accommodate -... cactus, arrow, snow banks, shovels -... a progress of how sustained it is -. Flash mob to eating and how be burdened -... nailing in the occident, to boards, and pins made out of bamboo shoots – and attaching to the methods of the path, the segmentation drawn from plant and worm, extended into faith and being in the house of form -. Lapsed from that but found returns in always string and threads a cut that, never clean is spreading finger on the hand and foot -... and what are hands and what are fingers for it answered. Something grown to stand on -. Large contortion, twists a body like out of frame, gravity falls uncommon to it, balanced -. From here ugly marker, out it swells in beauty as described by rainbows -... hooves mar the floor - faucets, window scrapers -... as with marathons they are passing time -... strong sequels better first – baker blessing corrective shoes – bottomless bottle black tea juice – the unidentified bodies float over the precipice – marshal law after hour Sunday schools – night class – sweat night through the morning -... with shorted breath, with uncontrolled muscle contractions also syllables being dropped from words, are heights reduced -. and shoe size cut and weighted to accommodate the hooves -... and as dressing, anger forms too, over fibrous deposits -. Rain and thunder. Itch. Wet. A state. Heat sought once before, sorted and then hand delivered. It was peace within each valley while above, the edges and the rims were in a static furling – as the heat and rain and shape had chose to do -. The cream filled puff with spittle slobbering down the sides and over into curtain anchors and conjoined streams, the constitution of the far place round on corners built on sunken schooners lead the list, approaches to the concept of the region state, described without a border only known as “land.” Can't see now. Experiments of firsts, and inside a practice hatch. Broadened spots with terror lights lasting, tourniquet – white like milk but sucked from weeds – sorted but dissimilar -... old men have seen morbid passing, in a wait canoe, underneath the black moon, dripping from the melts that fell, the air was reactive to the widespread and the canopy of fleeing spirit in the wake of the extreme and drying – holds hog bit then in a sandwich metal parts crush and pushed aside and mak(ing) more the room for extra and participants to bear the slight increase expected with the slight decline -. In the

laundry in the all of other things selected exuding commissions – there is present prophecy, the contact of disparate articles of use and wear through jumbled time -. Novels as in unmade beds proclaim, revealing every plot of option -. To fail the haunting brings eternal shame -. Pride in difficult endeavors vacuforms a thicker face, paraded, and disguised, and published in extended runs, with many masked and taking on – energy a second face, energy in gel stuck on the first again – a treatment, from a carousel which rotates everywhere it goes -... the gel of it -... transforming in the light which is, what is drawn on, to recall, the perfect memory, as looking in the sun to blank the field allowing then to see, remains - ... and roll call, daily, one year twice, as the subject matter more than subjects, different, a ratio -... but, an offering, with taps, ... eases in -. Unyou becomes unbrave unused. Caster wheels are easier, and motivate away. Those push pinned on a map location which describe abbreviated in the energy of body use the transfer and the chronological also fuzzy photos as an evidence, though clear as objects fuzzy. Lines and shapes obscure – wash wait boat pickup, pickup ship the harvester of souls that crosses over mountain tops at first the moment you arise and fall into the net and scoop -. Some attachment broom and sweeper, catches thinner weaker the ghost -. The village from where you will be waiting there the ship comes maybe stalls – a puff of gas and passes thirty more – through the reticulating smell – of capture and withholding – in it there the local eat in-legs and animal rares – there were miles and hoses and the pump that drove the spirit as it passed and captured now into a boiling sap -. Which like toast through the nose, or outbreath of pork shoulder -. Further up-grace needs -. Accident withdraw – knuckles, hand sheets, studs. Do the something extra for another's slack - ... extreme connected down prevented obfuscation through three prong similitude across the bolted road overpass the high speed girders grounded -... a bubbling lift, a raised two finger, - seasoned and an understudy -... a crater and a strip and a salt mine and a pit -. Greet plain red fast gain motives, thin carbon disk thick and thin. Foolish loved grown goat – minister depletion reign wise and white goal flutter – having had for shackles -. Was uncled, willow trees cut sprigs for apple whips -... rip tide sucked it – when all comed out there is a staged and a deep depression in the earth -. Forced wiping into wine. But, should not have -... of waxy skinned – wipe now the hammer drove the cross. Pedal, control grind wheel – change purse all currencies -. As up-side-down, blood-rush picture saturation – side-wind – several new-knobs and biting -. Sounds steel blades de-sharpened deflected by stone, stone strike against, poking at the high master through abuse of conventional matter arrangements and respect for form -...fasten small bits of cotton and terry cloth to a metal clip, with welded ends to burial buckets -... hard the beer odor, hard spill the crystalline alcohol from the likeness of it in the clear glass broken bottle, shattered sidewalk can of ham with burst red lipped accentuated by the caustic dripping of the distillation -... some slide meager there a night crawler caught in beams – as rural country side cement blocks stale and covered by the drift the moss began and decomposed stone and composite edged the pieces back between the chemicals and cocktails of the compost dream of past and perfect expression through the shell and mimicry of order forms -.... Also side the singer, pissing stories through the gumming of a sentimental feeling for the sounds those sidewalk dreams composed, eyes squeezed hand outheld as drama leader points to off a distance while directionless composed in eye squeeze, can't concern, no direction pointing, anywhere, pokes at the master, with the blind expression madness to the drunkards drunkenness – in a disappearing pokes another eye with outstretched hand, and shaking head it has short haired but tattered with the tapered news-length bodies of the lice it learns to friend, off guard most expression as the side singer voiceless croaks and limb creak found it scattered tree the poverty of forest barren land, where still so distant one creak follows for one hundred miles as if an oder could be smelt, a tree to fall, a tree to comment, pleased, perform for that, though far for ears, through psychic logs of underwater rails and intra-sounded pulses, low the

beat and croak of burden, insane, though drunken singer box, audience one creaking tree might hear, but as the billion mile of star when dead still courses living light to earth so deadened fallen life emits one side a conversation, deep in rest as we recourse to answer back -... gone you are but we go on -, unknown -. Across the barren, one tree, stood -. Trust and faith conditions in the realm, the boxed concern, for sale, for sending, . Splay the toot horn in a ruptured bell slacked into a sling and a truss -. Has it numbered, sign each cast the broken part, and write it personal, a poem. Into that ball, and that mostly fattened condition. A spring whiplash. Rabbit pellets, grain, moose. In the freakish cross pollenating garden with squash and pumpkin, and rabbits, blue miniature with checkered giants, in fertile indiscrimination, the weird playground new appetites. The pond sized lake promotes a circle around it for the hike, but find the piles of bones, the pilgrimage, them killed three centuries by hail -... sleep there choices night falls -. Falsify, presume off dry conclusion, to pester, to preserve. Well holds, stumping, they said limbs on solid hand de-ply and often notions of the stumpy fingers thus through passing (into, through the narrow tube) as well de-ply. Arrangements, expertise to that, of ten these task and alter holders into property and aspect, in the sedimentary listing, off are all the greatest book passing, pushing out paper with the content be the canal and at the end receiving colander – for holding, seven words of pain injections, expert test and with results continues from the forms imagined in the wake -. Nodule, crystal shard or bakery ends supply the plastic capsule, arrogant with rival conduit, with going capturing resolving sent posterity reserves, correction path, expected in the host of plans – the many times from then to now, so rehearsal well perfect personas, Character - - defining rinses make expected of performance, satisfying ends the character we know – in each forces resolution -. Ill conceived low salt day, prayed with eyes beyond the boil of water, stress related. Some that carry waterbags some wear, some attached by tissue to their bags, as some are sitting with some other for their share. Some would have it this or that be -. Orange curtain, pink bed sheet, pink blanket. Housed, held response to pain condition, pretty colors, round soft mascot, squirrel voices – transfers laughter discomfort – ash prepared by Wednesday dotted head the stream through private land into the sea, the crematory ashes grey that shift a darker tone and spread dark speckles in the current , form a wavy line and course up over leaves and rocks some, the white of bone drops straight away and sits amid that could be paving stones, though closer home is near the little house -... sleep had had him, in the undisturbed as was, was inside the sawdust bed – ground from out his days that many wail and nicked their skin, and turned out nothing, be cliché – intentional the beach and later on, and back, the planks and planes were gone -. Left a softness in a dream, turned plastic bodied on the wooden sand below the saws - - - mouth then teeth then lump of essence battled passing out from blissless nature started in the hips. Having that wanted up some missile to the field of mimicry, of the things seen half the continental, waited them, too lucid to repeal – wanted for a mastery, the opening adjusted perfected fitted down to size the telescoping hole -... a room resounds the voices in a head – baskets pails and buckets then a graduation to the barrel and the drum -. Then everything suspended for the five o'clock show. Across the way, she will die soon – conventional the way are there too much, expect an organization to conform to vanities – expect a sprayed on illumination -. Expect a contraception of isolation. Then the neural address, rubber frames. Conservation annoyance, formal styles looking down too often, table, chair, collapsing walls while waiting. Truth serum, eye drops. Shaving tool stems – margin of evening. Emerging with injury and equipment racks. Rest proposes waking, stocked with frozen food. Of this, it is level time. Inertia on the trail. Rebellion -. Absolution and better on boards. Nine clocks they called an itch there was one brave duty. Heels walked heels a plastic bow -. Ship shorn -... marble floor my steel veneer volcanic stone is molding, lights from glow worms -, in suspended glass dishes -.it is as improvised from the most fluctuating intelligence, moving practical to non-sensible with a

sticky strip to catch the thoughts that even half-awake come running thin - willfully and even so are not a dam -... evenly composed by holding, pressures building in the eye, then in the lips like seeming full then ethnic, wanting more, then overall a threat for more unless a tap or plug is fashioned for the source – within a series of locks the filling may be regulated of elaboration each participant should share, the fluctuated system in the bedrock of the middle section, half conducted, partly made beyond vicinity for reach, so remote method, stick, extension, wire, fire, mailing picture, transference – thing to thing -... distended into obscene ocean weights some fume and eager eaters in the deep, that swing even in the densest medium, they ponderous and barriers extent, -the concentration on one vibration on the set, the isolation of a pulse and close the rims and edges, and their entry as the medium should share an anger and a calm, a voice as even at its length and not its width, is heart abducted here, with representative reflection, these such in a multiple occurrence in the possible of training sight, direction and in amplitude, and magnification, even on the single sample, once curved line, repulsing from one hundred things in obstacles though even so continues, round, as infra-sound will take you far around before the straight line breaks and stops in space – compunction taking in the receptive region or the spot where breath of pore besots the stretch of netting ‘cross a scape drawn from a desolated orphan’s dream – how in recent and many plugs young examples pushing up, the freshness of the newness order, newness as before they open, senses still a disconnect, -. As to waiting some of things unborn, but in a line to greet arrivals sequences and tonal difference the several things one thing may be, confined within the list of categorized thing -... studied rage proposed -, stilling rapid oscillating hand -. Wakefully riding through the catalog of postures, recomposed before dismissing, test the pit against the power concept, channeling where the will is weak, the poll with stagnant water, from a trickling battery should cause another thing to come and try again -. Numbered sort brought on the lime, it as an out-mark adjustment -. As if was marked through longer, it would spun out like on the reel, but on the ticker, one plus one plus one but fathoms in between with silent billows and smoke relentlessly unhinged -... as bathroom pads, with paddled feet the wearer, thought to bring more test, but not divided in between, the fractional and pointed placed went untrimmed, and great flowering and hence through the sheets in coils and deeply matured, into a portion of its previous in spiraling advance -... voices are moving, smells drawing in and out, air extents are bending. Fanning movements for a webbed hand – some bottled moss preserves – sands, vouchers for various activity – consistency of putty – colors of weather caulking – self-same self-named pleasures, for connection to extreme elaboration of common topical buttons – as to subjective experiences – ones or many are modified promoting awkward skills and unnatural desires – foods, expression -... no one going wants returning to untested limits – textures, capacities for promotional recreations, once uninhibited through training and programming – simple starts, in tolerations, admissions – then as grown in fiction, empathy. Concerns of hypotheticals -... heavy hearted lasting, snoring. Runners lost, but lying on their backs should paddle legs -... hydrogen loss stomach – bubble, feeling of inflation -... can’t the familiar, always, in the push away for continuous loss, and unsure gaining -... if self-named again should conclude one set -. And concede the hold and confinement, of the straps you came to number and then later name as well -. As of a magical nature, glossing in the real world from the con-fabricated and unnecessary planets. Sickness named too, from given name as local condition, from family name, in widespread fault is necessary to anagram muffin – fault is necessary to endow -... endeavor to complete the ring set of passage states, the masks, the persona cog, and switch with culture clutch the second stage, transition to the gear composite sets the Character complete the set, in HARmonies inset 2 comb style together, in the universal superimposition of the inward stage of human forms -... replete, to feel sensations as would itching under soaking closes in heat, the pin point of the

horror, with a single scent arriving, with the notion ill implant from a film, that evil made a place perhaps in unbelieving, that in addition, there was too an unfamiliar born amid familiar comfort inside basking tone of beach wash inset under surface deeper out the senses in the cavities and passing through, as water in our course, our set of operative things -. Has had you finished in one breath when you might decide the next, some moment autonomic suspension only once per chance, then in a split between a simple two part choice decide -. In a punch exchange, in a punch to the rib, avoided kidneys, later matched, later match the father to the grand boxer, then with broken nose unconscious till the next was two more years and he could lick his dad but downed again, the nose three times, the cartilage is actor born in faces, - vegetable the face and other face parts compare there is reason those salad parts, or like a mother who overcooks, so overbeaten as a man -. Have recalled the beating and the whip, the grazing when it missed but always came again until the task. It was as God had said, - or by committee, in a different and flattened time, immersed the way the barn fight, but the fighter beating with a flat arrangement, was a welter with a hammer – say to outside of the body voice now this is a premonition, on the outside, with the shout, that there will be a flattening that accounts for many layers in the stack, and some should freely move by some adjustment of the tooth or passing walk a kind of walk, but mostly them they stay enlarged stayed in one flat, as the others on theirs never passed or knew or shared, -. So fat for the previous, the ones who turn the plug and twisted off the wire, breaking both device and means sustained -. These the ancestors lost in the walk so ghost who broke adapters card slots find no way to pass – and praised on all are the present the ones now who in a chance because each time a preparation is as if there was no past, because the knowing wrecks illusory that true things are as natural and complete a set -... then there is an announcement, that there is no promise to get from one shore to the next that the boat is a block of stone and the wish belongs to someone else -... then if you know of this there is no hope to exclude it, but the ignorant is perfected in the path, as something never knows -... the walls and ceilings are a pathogen when turning inside out exposed everything that can invert -... as the matter dances in failing night to sleep. Long for words that lasting right now in the midst, a comfort and the sound of swallowing, ease the evening and standing up abrupt, confer on you the signature of maps and bonds -... the sound of rasping lungs the screen door I cannot forget they never oiled it, white shirts still deflect -. Many method perfectly and winding down -. Up above in other times, when growing back it cranks and stirs. Now the one should wait the day and morning wall. You are the familiar thing. It is an old room, though never before. Seeing for that it is a funneling into a place that is a something new you spoke. If climbed pins the rule, it is a second body, purposed like a staff for walking. Someone breathing is like a steady laugh. It is a carnival. Are you in your reckless spirit comforted. Are you bent around a pole and when you walk away, retain it -. They are swelling into colors and ad campaigns. There is a mutual contempt. There are creatures born of implicit sales -. They are a test species. They will be jurors. There are trials of unrealized ideas. There are test for type on the idea of thinking toward a certain direction in the hopes of fabricating some thought that might address an as yet unimagined state or count of some object act or living form, or that not sufficiently inclusive, the measure of habitat which might accommodate with some feature other than a physical dwelling or location -. As pressed because there is the OVERRIDING over-riding, that there is no opportunity or option beyond the moment to confront the necessity of doing. This inflexible quality. As like to a very dry leaf. Presumption of the nothing. Made exception, of that be made. Quiet time with lard in a jar and typing paper. Some picture caption typhoon water gourd. Some caption, release date and then a number smudged out. Continuance, at the time of the notation, some short aftermath, slow mote stirred black water in a cold draft. Erosion cords form questioning intent, then a reoccurrence of the first trauma. Occurrence maintains three

surnames - questions in the backs of three booklet, read a text for comprehension. Small waves produce mystery conditions each that mimic common complaint. A parallel to an equivalent sent of designated "wonders" or miracles of a circumstance. Blue white yellow red orange green – flames, crackling ripping churning churping squealing whining, sounds – sleep learning intensive drilling submergence association, box use formatting functions – in the loin in an engine for sleep progression of the gears mature – so car engines plus human groaning. Exceptionalism. Code sets refer to several kinds of removal – invasive study, plastic and aluminum transit joiners. A short study of contract vernacular, and a general praise of storage as might be qualified by unpredictable wen beneath the eyelid – angel hair noodle is a realization of the green vegetable fibers filling the pond – short procedure scab cones pocket protector. And grazing, actions and committed to parade and comfort – half the brain in resolution, half in quiet endurance testing labs. Should for not be waiting to the wife – already to trespass – push handmade, snow plow. Small acts not waited recovery. Regained some lost treasure, earn back investments – sleep more, ride as friends to the valley – it is far, to cross, as with some cover ice pocked bait bag, humming bird suet sometimes pleasant again, in crossing a mix, a heavy, coma-like passage pastel clouds hues there is a bay a sun rising. ...milk and a body wash from a cucumber – arranged from an earlier predication. Breakfast foods mid-way valley three dawns pass in campfire, smoke illusion, time is gone, the angry picture of a fate -. One space sees the story future, struggle with the hostile self – who – is the pin's composure -. Conflict – tree burn - ... rice cup pork, low slope before the hill wanderer, striped cloth, rag possessed, anchor – successive swamps -. Foam, hot bubbles, - crab frothing -. Recombining all of the notes trying to find the latch and the door, when up together right -...the right combined materializes every room -... truth to pad puddings -... some other combined -...sorted rounded up and locking notes -. Made, the wooden cubical the hardwood cell, the pine registry, ... trellis work holds out the corridors and makeshift halls. There in rides the pinprick rain drops, how litter how edit, how complete and perfect is the form - have the walls are suiting, have the afternoon of sounds and crackling -. – the scrub for cleaning, the abrasion perfect forms remorse of follicles in small measure, in the large of occupation objects pushed to place the board, to reason with a rumpled stem or cause to follow of effect -. Am thus wary in believing, and wary in water, in the forming of an atom of a molecule the way a leg fits into a pant leg -... am restful, paused am restful, seasoning, and forced awake -. Return, the wooden machine, the worm eaten gear -... marked, sorrow, marked, for longer posts -... coughing and proceeding makes another hobbled thing, to be waiting I expecting, and, as happily the stealth -. Mistaken, pardons, departs, proceeds – makes editions of the hobble thing -. Farmed for sets, array multiple and many ply. Blue portion, white strips surrounding -. Come to know, reserve for them the one plate gasping with the difficulty of the dilation – filled replete respondent the friendly, the reserved. In outward appearing placed a pole and from it ribbons spread – notched and where they caught the air was more. The stripes of wind, and where the mass departed there – and the salivation – pushed on a bitter tasting line – and one salutation missed its target and raised alarm – final distender, decomposed through argument a living curse – as wide the witch hand mittens. As wide as hoses -. Had it with its hoses and with wide its bail -. After which, a shortened measure replete -. There air there is an offertory modest as such but one thick at the crest, and open in its end to number limit entry, there to shock and reap the harvest of the book that remains the writing -. Formal understudying undertook by remnant performers, they that act the words then write -... an accident and then an article to match -... and something auditorium in the mouth to swallow up -. Sometimes blacken hold hard results. Sample light. The sickness the wand. So carved objects made to rocks and made to soap -... pretense, dismiss long lines express lane -... forward earning, diffusion of the path that leads along umbilical roots -... frozen Formica

hydrogen pressure bottleneck – back way to the village – nestled in the cold -... drawing east of west -... confuse the modal with falsetto – some sounds with jargon like they gain control -... slow turning gap poison nozzle – things, past mastery, virtuoso confounds the skill -... returns to fumbling – advent grain meister – with hoarse black-noise a portion of the un-pitched celebration – melody grind register – perform ops acts -... mood – heavy curtains closed over the window -... fast moving -... two pitch slight apart -. Unexpected, collides the collision plates – flash dark specks seemed a burnt -... in a material grimace -... flash dump holds on still while once these were accepted parts -... moving of promotions to the height -, the bits of grain to sprinkle moss providers -... well post coastal fog alerts, ding of donging buoy bells in Doppler doplet effect from the running of the sea away -... and then, associated of the horns -, and passing pulse the light that cuts it -. Into the right side it goes as a click announces it has locked – then advances, the pinchers of the steel spider – or some-there else claw hammered their Ozark harp -... grave-like then comportment – whistled from a box of nails – extended fatigue-like from a metric ruler – containment dark wood boxes – mythic twelve month downed the maple. Inclusion vast intro vast faithful -. Up light sleep late diagonals for length to stretch the legs – was not hard but powders – would accompany into the town -. Bright orange food. Syrup. As the supplement of brand, - the voices -. Do you know, one woman asked, this has all the plastic of a mail slot -. There is the broken jawed man. Logs to hold the tunnel wall, fruit the snake skin -... caution, the cemetery jack-in-the-box – the drive by, the dead people will jump up and get you - ... an egg-oh-matic symphony – scatter letter piles block print – produces one but not the perfect word for all hours – it is written claims a postscript but it has not yet let dried – it is contracted but the signs have not appeared, the forehead, the swelling of one knee -. Eyes avert, then separate, independent in their rings in the head part – particle organs are played in shallow water -... alternate walking callous, scab, callous, scab -. Frosty fingertips -. Polar dumping ground, drag marks, tugged legless across snows -. Paws dug through heaving, freeing gas and bubbles of ore -... vagrant's impressions often reveal. To practice, appeal an audience, to alienate, flush facial, flush sound -. Appeal activate beauty. Knit needles bait pins -... battling insect species and a truce -... some flakes, ash, -. Crater snake. Forced where the lax mind wandered, the rind that overflowed -. Unlet then, unrolled, until it rested at an edge -. Elbows high up, when possible raised to top-of-the-head level, thrust forward this is the gunner position, to forward sharp bone arrow -. Now simple marching. Required service. Multiplied and then from the recycled redundancy renewed. Slow and sharp, opens up when pressed on, deepest, damaging -. And from earnestness in outgoing slots, where there are more than going in, constant is the effort to include a watering, of what necessities require flowing, to retain the operation of the funnel, when the crack, which made in haste to flex the parts most likely suffering a freezing heave and rupturing the whole, the stitch too now attached to it require special trust -; in these extended efforts, repair and nurture, as much as mechanical may have a need for something close to love, it is of this necessity given -. It goes to the mastery when other minimally add their weight to egotistic other movers standing near the alley which is used for friendly traffic -... and the other understood -... what other is to each the opposite themselves -. The friendliness of traffic – of the sharing moving as vocation having privately disconnected else but common acts -. Expectant blustering, back bent, a soloist forms in curls, hat parted and mystified – the air propulsion wind through water from a monument sand blasting jet – as the bricks few, orchestrated accidents underway -. Like carved the sin. String stitched history is embroidered. One wall to the ceiling. One half wall. One slot through the floor a foot wide to the basement, an inverted a negative wall -... many color coding. Many tainted ice cubes. Evenly spaced mouths are framing thought as they speak -. Silt catches on the corners of sharp rock, green waves repelling reason – wash board with standard knuckle -... there are projections of

this, into a bowl which functions as encompassing screen – some fit for few who falling in can know that something passed, once there once here and both times twice -... for totals turning in from something else than measure -. In some concept, added on, and in some pictured window, acted borders chartered, and, the presence of an influence -... not prescribed – but called by fates. Transchodelic – mattering when the frail turns vibrantly, against the sun it cuts a lacework, and, diffusing cooks its muted shapes across the orb – this one, the one that wall eyed wandered from the room and out the glass which magnified -. Not so supple now but rigid, calloused water cooled and creaking when it shifts the ancient gear the elder on return has turns a gaze and creaks again -... suffer nothing else to happen through a single life. Deep into fitful coma -... walking closely you can sense the pig feet hitting on the ground, and, in elevation, you can feel the vaporizing pig -... cleansing button, wooden softens -... stylized tacking back -. Features pinned, unique dissolved - manner and comportment -. Pointed ears for rounds -.

Occult miscellany and **copper green** – bowels defended in faith – in the movement through a room, a changing form required of the shortest blast that wakes the first to second moment and compiled beyond, the series many numbered stills, to gain, the farther wall, and sit there, there a chair. Transdotic -. The air is thick but good for coughing in -. The am is top the mound. Repeal waited to the easel mixed wet -, nine brushes, varnish, egg-white -... cursed parts flash burned thigh, parts spotted tapestry -... three part trumpets air horns -... angered servant tall maiden faint -... false vibration, - face left on the window pane -... haunted, as a reason, mingled glass and wire -. K bar meets tonsil -. Orderly resolve to depart -... drawn grey skin, collecting in folded blankets at the joints -... stick on peel off sore, removable discomfort -...most true is thirst -... un-pole-size rending snap-mare – pool standing -... wax thumbprint -. There is a consolation in forbidden ness. Crimp the hose. Hole blends made to spare --. Conditionate the rolled over towel of dough – to powder, then to adhere to undersides, to brickwork veneer -. Provide the statement of intent, then inflation, bladders, inert gas -... paddle faster, row from the tip of the pointed barrel, glide through holes the pioneers had drilled -... under-over popping -... pants deprived of fattening, the look -. Sorted out the log one false one true most perfect olives -... stomachs didn't host, held brigade the contest winning rumpus room the attic filled with wooden toy simulated in terry cloth alternating glue and cotton plies – a magnet nesting of a perfect sleeping pose with pillow head and dreamed green/Kline blue trees – distend round about the sequence of the views which side-wind, shared – the channel – the maximum at grand setting – chairs, floor sandpaper to shuffle beneath the shoe, like the cobra at dusk, the pant-leg holds the venom, -... still to ring it out the rag -. Better paddle drift, the boat in rings too, though floated paddled more one side -... slapping sound the waves, -... who had took it out, some odd cartoon name, -. Formal, attire in laughter construct, in transition to the captured air of hiccups – the compactor green button, the red cracked and cable cut -. See, the feel – the way, the variable thicknesses, the cushion and then below it, feel the metal frame, above, the air alert, and outer father is the sudden contact long a thousand miles the pin of puncture, as a ray of ordinary light, from far -. Happily, the also sudden success of abrasions, first a simply scrape, beyond a point also, that not across is down directly in and through. White gums, too. Pink in cardboard cutout, sized and reduced by powers, sends a mold to expert makers, sending back prepared the lab and series, each first quarantined then salt sauced flayed released the boil mark cataloged in magic shingle book, and slate menu knocked with hammered soapstone code -... lake water, loon -. Mixed ingredient. Been for waiting, string slice -. Held on to the first rung, the flax handle and the captive air -. Impressed upon by lunar shade -. Any such disgust is spread in the Vicks machine -. Flood them. Formed by working the one square inch. Targets to avoid. In a dry mass heave combined, a wry picture. Was up to the steep incline in wheel, the hub, the

nub. Brake or tire. Plunder forth. Wise assaulting. Radical the contemplation. There is muff instead. If you could rough combine the rough calcified pig, the rough dirt would rough a drive to the unfinished house, where only secret and the invisible bolt that holds the door -, -... some business suture as regards the measure of a fathom, displaced in hardwoods -... roughs. Measure close for warmth, -. Cold for understanding, adjust -. Porcupine quill cloud -... standard harmony each a text. Commentary. The dish is for the fingers. Ultimate and sized. Thermally reduced for joy. Guide lead constant digress constant post bumper chronicle one plus several attachments – over the precipice of lastly, the move to absolve for lengths undertaken tucked under. They should praise with empty cup, and see the whole, unseen. Caught stochastic blur paste. Foment the standard issuance of portable and hand held magnetic plate – foaming lightly resistance protective smile knowingly broad muscle tension no selection, strain of plural study pad – eye drops -. In shellfish to passing. Mussel possessed of yarn. And clam beards. Who is remotest. Who gains from sin. Who barter on the hillside and silhouette gardened before dawn -. Frost clutter hybrid flat plasticized wood precipitant resist and non-porous wide suggested curved edged disappear beyond all-direction horizon, illusive but mind essential eternity – observe from prescribed puncture cores, so gouged to fit a worm, inseparated scribing that to peel the two sets fused, that tear the melded hips out of a joint – to be, of free from crippling stability... loud through the nostrils as here is a portion of the failed consciousness as manifest, the cold counter grocer simple in the frame of one for small cogs – no about, what is, though – slate and sponge foreign deer the flames conform – the flower composes in the dirt – a special reserve -. Build until a crunch. Sameness wanders, it is homeless but as it is everywhere, it exchanges nothing, and, no thing is lost. Independence has a home but has no peace nor housed alone can rest. Bailed in paper coats, wrapped in purple blindfolds, dropping in but never knows the hole. Is what comes regress what heals what does not heal, white then blue in flavor tone the tally ‘combinant booked for filing in the drawer, then engagement at the shoreline tent – the torches light the way, -... fashions molded, fusion matters, melted sands -. Far and back, the movement is advance that turns or changes -... Shakes signed twelve ways number system of identity -. Pluralized each in separated moments of the time it forms -... how then in the lives can topping birds with their lice and dirt caked wings be saved -... to signature -... flushing on six rods dependent of each other you should follow special order sequence only once to cause, then cascade flow -... and starts the mountain steam into the pool and summit lake -... there, bodies found and flavors of the bones are wafting ‘round -... cognatize the particles most often that complain -. Free and form, tomorrow sending white a sheet that’s pure unused to sign. Cray paper river draining, boxed preserves mummified reward for the lazy myth of fruitless mines – and of the quantity, the quality drained out – it was emboldened by the none else. Wireframe rabbit figures, and models in clay of viral illness filled the museum laboratory shelves -. There were special meanings given to common words appropriated for jargon. Cerfew brought them in and under bunks when they arrived, their bones grew sideways and bowed as they were cramped... in the basketry – and for one, extending or expanding may be after or in better out of necessity and out of able ranged perception -...it was and it and was old and out of use. Fastly each an object placed inside a tile and then it finds its purpose through wide and narrowly advised listing action of determination and intent submitting objects each to means of opening their function pocket – personal glyph – as with said of milking and nesting, then with staged confusing and destruction of some productive labor by the accident aside, there is the nursing formed needles pushing through invention on the first synthetic fabric of, the foreign element – had the study failed to mute effects -... bulbous and the undue form that the crack faced smiling illed in gelatin edifices – and endurance – can it matter into furnishing the vapor cloud with suits and occupying spaces – writ, rot, rut dewaved devolved -, the foreignized treatment board and

woven steel puddle – one resist to scratch the itch – hot read liquid, advisory cream, - smooth contraction the range of being sucked out – fly poles. Fly/fish/hook suspend – special pinning – specialized toggle – discipline converted virtual – air filled mastery of the oratory, with a sharpened syphon, filed first lengthened of the overstitched preservative in the gratitude scaled down point system -, filings dusted – dry valve and gums – having placed it far, it was of many speakers – conversation printed on personal dust pads. White flies spin circles centered by the bulb -... when there then had stumped a mob of patient waiters -... also baffled glass eyed taxidermists -...slaves failed masters drown in peat bogs -... had they claimed you, darken skinned your corpse – fuzz adhesive binding solo cup, fermenting canal, to figure in, as if the soil below reposed, with sudden iron magenate, and coarse bull hair in composition judges, surface rites – open on side cross – slant in a vacuum pulled apart to rudeness felt along the rippling bumper sensor – they pretended the teeth gnashing universal sign -, Gravenstein, and far – a rank imploded now, regretting passed a list of testing grades the fuel – mordant beast and proposed a past of clan history. Family of rich in being, back and claim the upper chamberpot the sentiment of drift – not to spill but posed alternatives – miles, debris – line grow out hairs descending through the battery forth to position feasted safety slow regressed through boot blackened belts and blurred made of sturdy hope, forgotten will distracted difference, white walled – is it training with for of that takes the one -... having tested Lo, have one, and have but one. Under contract, waved, forgiven lone chores elastic responses read the word remotely written, flew-ed joined as sweet as faces also mean ad implication carved tomb the manner in the curve and wrinkle – fixed – solid joined irrelevant irradiated lead skirt to protect see loins – consult – formed in honor, formed in prepared the need to beach the boat and wade until beyond returning and the come the tide -... earnestly have added to, sincere in points and what was stitched upon. ...this has, fun made through the fabric, in the place to claim, that one froze washed in hazards conditions of haste for the units chosen in the stilted room we wait that haven't seen the plan, in of on the floating heat of day -... anniversary date -... was grown and not to got in retrospect, the accident, the drain at dusk and dawn, the ghost who hosts the sill and window of a presentation dealt with conduits of wind -.... The time distressed of one – in turnkey fashion, made the seal from fabricated causes, with a hammer, glass – asked and added on to be. Rituals and rites the sounds you pictured in. the mud cookie positioned in, refrained from distribution – doctrine – as if some canonized -. Free, directly to the spur. Imprisoned, saint – with blood and crust conducts his darker mass – rolled out of and performs then absorbed – scents – what have would ----- where salivate the thing worn to exclusion water rebelled in the church, the grass, leaves and fields that warrant it, the holiness and what with it adorns the wooden posts and fence the chicken wire – that along the contra-furtive wrest be wind nine meters on the line, the parts phone, contrive inflated by a mystery of means. Wherein the next stage of a critical thought. Bleats the lamb. Comes the stain. The unifying progress. It stops and you are on reserve. The bus is late and the stand in takes the stage. Platforms like the parts of puzzles joined to fake a shape, but for the purpose of a crowd, is well done, and, will even cause amaze -... roped away from hands and feet – connective posts. Defy the massive splendor – painted, clouded, ready – wool cable holds the housing pods above, suspend, then they pointed to the hostile skill against the timid surface against the later date resolve to confrontation in the style against, diverse and swirled -. Vagrant talent -... can be Autumnized as if forced into harmony with a rubberized mat -... it is an item in a series but commonly treated as a place. Prepatterned duel syndrome, and the chaos born of familiarity and griss be lost -... forced back twice evolves and then a pattern comes. The man who itched but nothing forcing him to scratch so depleted of the bodily control was drift and hence long life -... not inclined to pick and pull -. As if, it was a silver virgin of a powered self-control frost born then introduced, a coming out -.

Silver eyes made perfect, cool water without flavor. The son, superior clad, drift, eye pupil softened, angels melting -. Living into that favorable place. Remote control, slipping, remote control, taken over remote-remote control -. Silver flashing liquid pearls dots. Have distended – have rumbled in a bag – have released into the wild -. Have exchanged for flowers and a gift card. Who called wind then gently boiled their skin -... of all happy salesmen prone to song, there were two who fell into a singing duel. Revelatory shown through dungeon walls in European masks the face from mud caked parties speaks in blank verse twice. One time at the first where evolution placed a bud, and second when the cone emerged and opened with the runny mouth -. Blowing kind with pitches smooth to vibrate comfortably there is the set by which the science may advance, and we should see our children rising in the stars. Plasma bottled burdened by a peace, replace the trance-dancer then to rest them, to return. A cycle. Ten hours. Repressed. There is a slight abuse. A factory works a man late then dismisses him with no cause from his duties. A vein bursts in his skull and he falls into a coma. He recovers but has lost his ability to speak. It is a word math equation. There is nothing to be learned. Jelly Grosso. The constructions play their own way out of form. There is a short cut across a lake -... there is snow and ice and leaves that have been weighed down by oil which have settled to the bottom of the lake, now homes for leeches – there are parasitic insects living in the treetops -... there are fart-like smells coming from green grass, and there is an honor guard composed of dead mothers -... washed in hazard of dew -. Thieves left some victims there – old shoe soles, collected, glass display case, pyramid encased in quartz crystal – experiment, the movie laboratory, the national archive and the whale museum -... who sounds in soft talents squeezes as the onion sack is full, to make a mash fermented for the baby bottle, recycling fermenting, from the nutrient to toxin smiles the mind -... refreshes after forcing difficulty in the wakeful flex -... cover for the rounded tubule vessel – the airs remises and, the airs remorse(s) – barnacles on the covered hull, sealed water and the silicon I loved and coated on the tongue, the mercury that went into the hollow of the cheek and heavy weighed it down -... and that that moral color coded to the hill top, over on the valley floor, and low tide flatbed in a nightmare filled the sea cucumber and the stingers of rays and jells – and the boiled the salt came out just musky now from ovulating oceans – dreams the fruitfulness of earth – dorsal and impregnations – showered with mutation- dissected with a pure heart, distributed with an engine love – sway unhinging in the door heaven, - fluid that – resolved to liquid born returned the blow-hole deal was strong, but back out of the other clause. Swayed juice, swayed tea, swayed carbonated drink and additives. Ridiculous a dance displayed when out to work and alternately educating and, the plunging into funneled centers mind restricted leaving mass before the door but densities and fluff (a broader cloak) by circumspect agreement did allow -. So, decisions altered by the task of the decided, with the second nature of the tool divested of its lever from the landlocked core – familiar in association with equations of the mass -. Felt it numbered down, drought and drops on blades to wait the hour leg upraised to form the culvert seconding the current down the leg across the torso to the mouth that gaping waits and waste no salivation keeps the mind from it -. Keeps the dogs protruding much. Keeps the single cell from uninvited community -. Returned taxed stapled to a warning. Nerve retention. Float the cloud. Hurried mix. Hurried seeing to conditions of the accident. Prepared the stale discomfort, ready tones moved the circle was found advance first from back the wake – rolling impregnations as would the front of any storm. Dried and fixed the way a meat wagon is prepared, and cooler least deliveries impression to the freshness, clients. Flounder water baskets seals deported, was for slower progress by the sea, that took to air then settled back to all familiar science not to be repelled the innocence advantaged in the known. Should they say then with some gas that pressurizes you should be made wonderful as rounder and more lush inflated as attractive life-filled bags -... then a blaster

putter poem is lower on a reef, from heists above the tangle or nylon thread invisible the struggle only the success avails -... had they worked the factory, they would know and less the struggle, had they worked the factory – to keep they should all constant flex, and keep it tight what feeding in – and ready when a thing is running short that fix it now that later feebles – as to be involved and lax at once – as to be, in sorted, muffled, lice fouled feelers, brow grown. We of the type who in the mansion, dug the hole for sure retreat -. Tuned into four nervous systems, failed for that. That pure of sensation dressed into a downward mesh of nets and pillows, wanted more than once, but had it many more. was once like the regular and even swelling of a tide but advancing to an age became a random flush as well as uncontrolled, and in a being, never known to start or reliable to fail. Was like the body fat, was more like the tree beginning as a fragile bud, was less like naked strolling through a thistle -... had it been directed every time a thing came out, there may have been a growing rather over ending through the landscape to a tune the gravity of song and announcement of the pull that can't be fought or nothing wishes to resist. It is happy, it is sung, it is moving on a belt toward a flame. Where it starts up, mission and plans. Two left, nine have gone before, there have some returned but there is where there is belief that some remained in better states -... cobble down, the leather is the cover, it that hold it to the face, what needed to converse so not to look away, a face. Conformed. The good to going on, the long and thinnest rattle that could shake the vibration - ... loosening and puffing at the lung, the way it wanted by the past, then futures too, the hours gone, touched after where the chocolate with a smile might sell -... duty, retirement, reward -. After that for studied weight that on a scale for clues, -... for popular adverse report – slumping into pleasures, wakefulness returns -... retired drunken ... air remiss – space? As am so wanted to the job of acting in a pantomime to simulate what expectation -... transfiguration, art, the song -... in the drawer the waste-bank falling into that, a portion added to by method present in the card that was receipt – having seen, conservative and all the fitful going, was a plan, so was removed from that by force. Tested bindings, so was shorn dependence. Regretting dapper muscle, cognate forms and log books shelved. Where were you and test the questions had in that. Tree tops, blue green black tonight but know the color hidden well. This is as the story of the chicken also beaten hard by someone else. Where was it that fell so hard against a stone. Being in the case reward not more but less. Settled convention flood, was the foam that choked the pipes -... as the understanding eye has drawn the purple nude -... sitting comfortably on the beach, a wave comes -... in all these ways, contusions blossomed now. Was the paths along the foot pads dried for walking, else they would have been asided and have lost the way by curiosity, there was only one direction, when there was a safety guide -... as with the cracker path, the pads were useful tested and when gone replaced, so care was given, it was due report and honest in the world that spent what was committed for -... who was that, intrusion. Dismissed now, curtain bales. There is an insect boring in. It comes from hay, sleep cotton, stuffing, seaweed, soft-shelled crab. Sell the better rest. Who predicted, inclusion, water based alerts. There is a carpet, it is a surface, yet it has a lower layer too, so multifaceted as a diamond, though it is a fiber with a backing, and a plastic hybrid matter – as had plugged it in a journal like an ad, conditions of its meeting with someone who passed it over while in transit must be suspect -... of the sleep before resolved an issue of the sharing weather through a walking space, there was additional a shift of light, and comfort of the eye, for those in darkened caves and huts below the meridian, and others from a place so bright that they should find their way without the eye entire -... and so, over and abundance of the knobs that showed a stirring to a travel all along a raised embankment shortest route without committed guides as with a conscious pole or electric pin or wheel, to forward while in pressed along a curve seemed best, so was the common form from there to there. Impressed upon by weight of century it was the most and best incline, and nature had it

then to flow and follow, one by one in nature as a gravity of locks to fit evolving in a ditch and being in its part a part that ditch as well. And, that was the well as ware, it was both destination and the path as would religion in retreat convey a lasting breath before the fall, that such is natural and resonant that there be process to the narrative as well, and self-reflected was the frosting on the cake. In addition, nothing sacrificed and nothing asked so no response and nothing due, and nothing duties needs desires but their own, so as if nothing but to satisfy a questionnaire. She and he took jointed mascots to the town, transferred them there to fellows for the march, and with these added friends, without responsive needs and best agreeable as the fame became them also, they in having given nothing, taking anything to satisfy a wish, went forward into senseless noncommittal standards, into some new land that with no needs, they easily could take and then dismiss. It was as better worlds rewarded in a nest, a happiness, though there was still the ache felt from the years before when there were reason for effects, and which as all amassed by then had been diffused, it was mysterious and more impossible a thing, as there no recourse but to think, it is a happiness, and live it in this disconnected way -... they were solid, still they said, and even with these wasted parts. Even stillness now. Even flat and uneventful realms. Pleased, to let the wind blow. In the air then even not so far from here. Where was it, it was candies moved. It was with palms and cement blocks impossible to move, a patio with kilometers covered by basalt and snowflake crystals, and onion bags full of suet for the bird/bats, and the hinged legged lions made of cobblestone and iron k bar, moving slowly the way old gentlemen wander in the halls the homes -... so should endorsement, then it – materialize truth comes in a button, this the picture and at once instantaneous it is arrived and it has always been present, there is no alternative history once select -... maked moved -.. sky blue ocean – blue ocean sky -.. rocking horse sky and sea -... it flowing it is rocking as the sun and wind and rain will comes -... not enough in art to be just wanting that -. Advanced now could they, the project dedication, of the flat surface which dispelled where one would trod, them out -... keeping fluids and the seasoned holes that odd had made a study now, as with the Character the English took us in there way, to Greece and Rome and paddling into middle ages lakes and German towns, and in tableau in Satan’s depth – the sins – there is torment of rows in waiting, there is a lunch line, it is also wide, as some have attached twins, sharing a heart or lungs – and like these are strings or tentacles, also see as ribbons, flat and wide, which is the worm forms as the information takes it in its body manifest, the way a sheet of paper may contain, both broad and thick and wide, within its boundaries -... in out up pushed and pumping in a ghost of action - ... sealed into the seats, the his discomforted there, but finding finally a good and perfect fit a cloth or shirt stuffed underneath. It in happiness again, derailed of truth which struck a stone -... feeling, felt a knob and got a little rubberized in there, or assaulted and, then, turned into the fossilized that should deflect -. Some dizziness and squares, and moreover, gentle turnings so no movement or sickness sensation ... some discussion, micro-diversion masterfully erased background – then the duly committed and the institution where they go – to their cells, to their walls, to their beds and programs to their guaranteed recovery -... as in waiting to be where they second water goes, the pipe from out the building to the sea, and saw one too the hotel with the beach front where they swam when young, and now the bilge that draws the bloodworm to the sand, -...some long trip again, and plagued by trains, and sleep accidentally the tracks nearby and the shock and awe of evenings and the interruption of the grinding comed from hell -... but what had darken one mind after shock of comfort of the institution to return to beaches, comed back to the rail and gate and season of the train, and hell returning youthful in a full nesting -... full and not even a little bit combined – put by a bath of sensation, in which contained, a something floats, that comed from you -... in an unspeckled mess of leaves, she is conferring with the leeches -... something too has grown inside her -... where the weather stirs the frogs,

and often recall a hard rain will beat them down, and you may find the thousands of them floating on top of the pond the next morning, or, if especially it is hard, the leeches too, with float their salmon colored scaled bellies up -, and or, when earworms rise and drown in puddles, or wander to the mound that bakes in the afternoon, and dry out there in the sun -... it is a spotted morning, as the salamander too -. Oddly often, impression so soft burning in the darker inside of the eye machine – as if, the picture is infection -... “my books rise soft-shelled -...” writer says delirium -... there is a unity in where it arrives -... as the fog came, it was stirred in tightly with the smell of seaweed, and tangled with a fresh scent of burned hair – someone had thrown an old wig on top of a fire in a steel drum outside of their house – some ritual cleansing some housecleaning, some desire to see the colors of flames -... Epsom salts too, and a sprinkling of baking soda. Up above the window level and the roof sparks, paper, orange – catching eyes of coyotes they are in a pack over the cold round of the field, their orbits tiny shines as if some fireflies closer by, in answering, light lights everywhere, even this thick aired foggy night, carried magically or supernaturally across the way -... when stolen by a circumstance, each part conforms, the freedom lost in purpose, and, reforming into something as a role that should be played without a second nature from which something fell – as with something missing, that is gone -... also and as with the slight release, it only was the most and seeming insignificant of shifting spaces brought to fore the difference that made that before forgot, and birthed this role, the written just the once convergence to the story line -... she would have it, she was once remorseful she is now a shepherd she reborn by some small clicking sound that was enough with-out the hinge unhappiness the screws that held it only loosely on, allowing for the door to swing and wide, and off onto the sand the beach-house now she is the one in every season of the play rewards as with a role she has no knowledge she is acting now - ... this is hands and feet and torso and the situation’s always bland presentation. Local theatre Asia and regionalism upstate New York or South Carolina ... intensely to the eating out of dawn - ... probabilities and wax paper curtains – experimentalism -... snort the crushed opal -... then what weight is egotism – it is flat in shape, it is known -... with one pointy tip like a golf tee – and you should water it -... often it has upset stomach -... sometimes behaves like a stuffed animal brought to life by the play and bodily manipulations of its master -... to sort out into strands of behavior then to see from where behavior comes, who’s ego that it is ... or than is it that thing which becomes as independent even working outside a host -... hot how hot volcanic the black sands is that an ego -... who was she, she got lucid in the sun, an ego heat mirage -... as the driven, it is fast become. It saves face by pulling off the old. There are many flaccid disguises. Where is that to draw the line become repine – who oyster in this place meant meeting those who in their ritual status did not see the qualities of the other face, or even know their friend, who could look away and feel no connection to the space before their eyes, even while if tested by a quiz would swear if told to swear they saw the air in front of them as if a basket or a garden tool -... what is and was then, that turning up that blends the matters bleak in your hand to a shop vac or a misunderstood child from the small town who had been locked in the attic accidentally for a week and felt no ill effect – what wandered there, beyond the last grave in the cemetery, where all we thought was once that there beyond the dumping ground for extra grave dirt, for plastic flowers and old flags -... still someone found a beach ball, and once a moose which had been poached by flashlight down on the point had found his way before dawn here and fallen dead beyond the last grave -... slight unseen until it bloated so a rising brown mound up above the uncut grass and then it popped and gas and parts, and someone mowing lawns looked by and saw the thing, and deacons of the church met there and towed it out behind the wood with clergy truck -... such little mound, unto them in a time too far from now might pray it there, a wish, and beckon to the hill, you come and take it, these fine offering as it

already here, then wish on top of it, like praying just in case there is another mastery, and odd behind the church as well, as often evil dishes up itself like in appropriate a place, how better than from there, the steeple bell and ringing white and clapboards and the readiness of God to bless his flock -... how devils work in hands and gums and stupid men and grizzled beards in olden towns we know, and breed in too and make a wall eye and a son and doesn't see the compass -... all from clear mind sitting here, a far-away imagining that brought to living by the thought as most the living are that we record, are in the hamlets and the coves that hidden from a common view, are flowering and sending out their pores -... to be imagined with the mind of man is record that what is must be imagined first -... never had a clearer thing been done than give a man a brain. It is all but shade and feeling and the liquid in the bottle to the thirsty, though and come to call, within the lopsided of a head that sifts the weight to balance one thing giving comfort up against the thing that felt to be a sore -... hard to fathom hard to know be easy as enough with paper or a screen to even out by simple spills -. Taking after that topology to round it number wise and take down in a straw just one that follows another and to call it a suite with sharing names and word use and an assumed persona who should tell the all connected tales, and thatched hut into which the story goes, and found some later tie proclaimed some mystery, and drain the pockets as a matter of course. It is well enough. It is thought serious, and someone while they might laugh nervously and with a private sense of irony, it is mostly graven, and a little prospective that someone here should know some ill with recognized the characters though legal in the name is changed, but locally a wife has changed hands and a carpenter has done shoddy work and the house collapsed or electrician such as caused the house to burn, and still a local man -... so for that, outward looking it, it smacks, there is a wet lipped realism, so fumbling with the adjustments of superiority, a naïve styling brings the deal to its close. Stumbling walleyes man and wife beside each other with their critic in their unknowing states should crudely and accepting take the contract, thanking, holding as reward that they may keep some vague development of racial notions or a sentiment of there some meaning of a worthy and chosen kind -... in truth it hobbles on without a lisp and without a gasp too passing from a public view, and holding on to that moment in a silent way regales some tidbit, and in some retrospect, feel longing satisfied -. Somewhat one having great lumps and protrusions of mutation joining in, it rains now, a storm comes again. They huddle together sharing one direction than another in their glancing, turning heads like rabbits – odd shelf dwellers, these pass each other on the ledges, sometimes in their nervous haste to fall. Deprived then sold permission. What in some degraded length of time was a piece of wood, in another, a whisker – in a pungent and uprisen moment then, these two may share a transmutation into pumpkin and carriage – of such matters men are performing in the morality play of “As If.” Should not all movement being the passage of two on a ledge it assumes. Having waded in again. Three swim beyond the reef forgetting some appointments. Testing caution puts bodies in a special high gravity vat – there is a chemical catalyst, there is a song sung in three sections with three vocalists in continuous harmony of unchanging intervallic relation – there is a religious observation and moments of solitude during which nothing takes place and even then chemical interactions are halted by a special substance. In the end there is a speculative statement read by a machine, and a brief advertisement for future events and open call for volunteers – the experiment is concluded without examination or analysis of results, the vat is filled with wet cement and the building in which the testing took place is bulldozed into a pile of rubble. There is a night crew which conducts experiments on each other. The experimentation is drawn from articles they have casually read in magazines or newspapers. There is no effort made to further research any topic. The assumption is that the information given is true, and the extend of what is known. There are no guides or limits to what they will do. They submit to any thing. Two have

died in one process or another. Nothing is learned as generally they do not record any results or evaluate. They make elaborate effort to forget all aspects of an experiment. It is a kind of improvisation within a framed purpose – elbows raised, casts drawn out, casting, plaster cast, requests, casting skillful review of participants, casters and motorized wheeled plates onto which objects from carefully chosen worldwide ranging collections and houseplants sit and travel -... there are many studies of people posing for a camera as they feel various emotions -... this are not dealt with in a fashion of improvisation or “one fers” rather they are cataloged and harmonized, ... someone close would brand the next. Two leanings – understudies, wall loops on the tip – gaff and shorted word to fit – can the deep rutted grouping be adapted to – to inset into shallow furrows, like a slot that fits it – the deep inset the shallows, as the basement of the house is slid into a rack -... welded words after others made from twigs and cluttering the logging road -... here the other side the sweeps run through the streets, the whirling landings with some caught in the pathway – open reception – ambiguous faith nodules – admissions with enforceable slats with equal open spaces in between – the emergence with the scent, fresh cuts fruit citrus apple – tired and oft lying full face spending foiled in cherub attacking – and flooded harbor, in their boats, winged with sails of spirit curtains pinned with urchins -... came but on the beaches slowed and caught on trip wires with their useless feet -... and so was also a dormant moving, spent all day on suction and the compromise abroad -... sometimes built on blinking lights and hazy pictures as a proof, the ride of foreign militaries in some glass boxed helmet suits had come at first by mail, in behind the index of the newsprint magazine – then, by visitation, in dark at night on foot but also harbored in a shadow larger, disk shaped – comed again, in daylight bulbous eyed what comed from grandmother in southern Europe odd to relate it into space where claimed the cherub far beyond us, on the flat filed here defined an arena there the golden fields and diamond streets – so clarified for us once stupidly when they gathered telling tales, -... then brought pails of fortitude for mopping – who paid prices to us now, in asunder switching, angered by the pace -... past lodged in peaceful strings that dropped sad decoration from the sides -, the alter of activity and the earth plate found for fault -... worth winding, there were others who would come, and alters and their own despondent tassels hang from cornered books and reading lamps and car battery – many wars without display, many invisible objection -... disclosed recipients bar purchase as remnant -... compliments respectfully, all industry the friend -. Hopeful too, to win some purchase prize – and in a use of time, compressed and packed into a blue case. Screwed down teeth. Additions. Spots becoming targets. Greatest pulp in piling one like unit to another flattened hill – hunger sudden swelling, toast -... cardboard flats then, filled with cans – in the century of undesired will. Having made a play for and a charge for going, paced back and by inside a trunk and went forward. Gravy thick and posting in the town square, the village, first event, this June, it says. Attend. Formed for a part of personal protection. The sheep joined in the festivities held inside the formal maze -... should be worries for the indentation ... but rather there were other plans, to have the muscle in the eye to go to trim the trees - wearing the cloth found on the float, it became a way to mark adjacent objects with impressions from the life of something else. Willfully but slowly there is digging to accommodate the fattening forming in a separate sheath around the liquid bladder – it will sit beneath the ground, and as the excavation progresses, the ever widening and thickening form will cozy and snuggle more deeply into place -... then silently the chambered cell with song – stopping is enough – some beauty conformed and a dietary bliss -... bursting, flooding, code washed outward – some dirt to flavor, some added fish scale, copper -... sitting slightly. Pluralized in sitting housing. Plastic groins. For making, the holy plastering of a façade. Grail time, mixed. Had a cloak for searching, went into the night, and with a cloth sack on the head. Old solos advanced in the evening, tones with warble and feeble trembling – low degree

of experimentation or investigation, which for some the cloaked remained continuous a state and unsettled. No hands should rest until every branch was broken for effort. No glade to the ware, approaching use by one hundred percent -... slides, slurs, drooling sentimental tears excess lubricating. Devolved senses and labor. Otherwise the added disinterest, and the consumption of time. Retreats into holding and untarnished grip before patina – adaptive moods, for questions thematic givens fought before the birth of the entry point as doctors more likely were to enjoy in labeling – Latin names, jargons – attaching to each segment of the tape a picture or an idol of achievement – place a circle all around – resonate the worm to draw it from the giant (night-crawler) hovel – reworked, and finally some annoyance. Some restored the skins the beautiful subjective things -. But standards. Upward leaning when a thing that falls is balanced it is made to land one side first regardless of the fall. Made the standard with no or zero expiration. Having some number planted beneath the skin, it automatically and accurately recalls itself when any variable set of numbered things in sequence are carried through to finish – experiments in the surface digging below and intoxicated upper floundering both round the edge from the organic pod which seeks a penetration for excessive corners which it bares before – salt rocks mined, crystal and are used as doorstep -... having large implanted arrays, call up late, when times of it seemed almost forgot, - number values always coming calling – calls of late times transgressed and missed. Force a shed to pop from the nymph socket, before but after filled the hole, and gills to mouth canal as well, but first the shed emerges and, along its narrow long length inner coated tools, irregular the hooks and also claws hung over beams outside and white paint over-painted white below the wood is red and crumbling wet, and one end shedded to the house, the back hall and the stairs to attics other ended to the barn with red paint over-painted white, and deer hung beams and birds to dirty glass with heads collaged to make a small insaner brain, battery, truss fund bought the hitch-up from the sears book, loft with scrapbooks lost and boxed and kindling -... patch - forest converted to dock space – **guttred opus** – night watch, the shed wall. Refused the breathing placement. Strained and puffed. Independence. Curfew. Large and alabaster coal, door stop. Mined. Am defined by contrasts. Drawn in thick papered conclusion. Push the pencil through to make a dot. Push the string through the hole. Let it hang. Defended urgency. Red eyes. Like glass sacks. Not run. Defending drains closer as the irrigation forms its own of choosing. It is corrosion in a rusted tin. Timeline's dormant flax, wayward muscles find the bone. Albacore cooked on the mosquito cage -... reason tightly argued, strong, variable dissipating reason funeral argued, with a suit for blending, invisible to the camera, condensation, heat waves – knuckles counted, then the digits and limbs, and then compared, a standard. A constant, to the point on either side to balance murdered something in a bended position – then they ate cafeteria style – drum rolling spills and adopted convulsions – the heart of wire in the energy conducting property – constant to cut – there no fragment that should not be subject to the blade or hammer – it to see inside, it to pulverize and breathe in = pushed hard and outside – day to day the progress as the intercourse of venom – sold by auction, rare the anvil hat – in, the cave face introduction as practice and some conduct of animal character – the ripping with the teeth – the like brail pounding – what brought stranger to observe – some as mostly wander with their hand – caustic as of arrangement in between the shades made by the passing hands turn on controlling, feast, wave glow patterns and, when pocks settle, peace for endeavor and enduring – brown condition for the course – stems staves and masts, erect upright becoming as, this style – spasms, . education plies alone. More the question of the evolving of a mirrored disk – she states and fills lungs, she convulses as she is walking across the rope bridge -. Plies oak trees into custom papers- copies off the finger – for there are a matter tabs in recognition rows, disposed once having now remarked to make upon once (more). rounded one took off the points so fitting contracepted felt the set. Glades

dales sacks yarn filled rubber tubs, distant three meter of tree sap – bold (absorbing power) porous air in-blown blocks suck up harbor forests in the bubbled gaps – saved and ran the ceiling of that – awake and waking lustfulness – berailed file folded into pits -. The point of the push pin – outside in the journey of the tack failed through the mouth extraction still the thought persists – and convenient contraption the wood board made in flight – there opposite each side the hinge the filling and the empty out – impressions failed be risking, heightened risk raised high be gas infused rises, rise, runs she powers world level (with obstacles cut and pruned hills with mountains reduced by acid rains) floating with a power inflation muscle – evenly – with no contests only defeated self – maximum and minimum, each side the hinge – rebate box checked, legs lengthened spine compacted fingers pulled and fingernails grown adapted with a prong straight growth extends the hands. Hold up tables covered with hot pots – would extreme level shout – hardness and added wide space dense with gravity matter of INFLECTION hotly spoken, burned wide. The great stumping binding, soiled into the frame shaped as Chinese characters the one's name. for the wake against the sleep, the active on the restive mind, the comfort in the aggravation, sharper point of pinion, sharpen, shave, then secondly a movement pressing gums against raised lips, demand, insist, persist, turn to iron – fumbled onto poisonous agriculture – exerted on it was the rabbit chasing the stain - a grill of teeth-marks - in the settling, there are feather plumes with day glow, and a scent release in a hybrid form, skunk fowl game – one is a keep, and insensitive to the defense, but then is dull to many aesthetic experience – only grazed by some more crude things – one wondered how this is in narrows way to be – by design or accident, yet through the course uniquely as if in a perfect world of order finds its way as in adjusted calling - as the punctuations, equilibrium – yet to spite it something falls a skelter remotely - in a field laboratory tubes unwind (latex) insert (interfacing tissue) defending nodes sovereignty extending nano mini cubicles – in an equal adjust, New England discovery in mystical forest, path emerged but once and the trail head is never found, though towns folk seem to observe a thing on basalt mound, the cool night air raising one hood revealing an administrator – escaping into the cover, but the observer is locked in as the path receded – in this sense additional a long spear is raised as at rest, it points the sky – many find their way upriver, acclimated. Some peacefully in neurotic condition – flyby nutrition, a well dipping into go below the layered oil and the floating soot – purer below than the unborn – the screen to ply out the sun, the window cage, the birds or flying chair to penetrate, conducive to comfortable feeling safe feeling, silk and penetration by fabric to the nest, what's introduced by some trickery of the material – the Trojan horse – introduced the alien force into the laboratory now it is infected, and evil browed denizen now the test and incentive is tainted – results wave the stocks filled with milk, they sprinkle their oozing matt onto the grass and exercise platforms assortedly arranged in the stiff timbers struck split and on the outer rim flattened by the stellar incident they were witness to – so too the malignant energy that marble cakes its way here now, in final baking combinations fixed in photographic rigidity of fact, one moment caught and permanently stated in the fashion of deceptive tax returns – he is wild who makes his way, there is a hut protecting he and other wanderers, it shapes itself to fit into an expectation, - sheltered rough unfinished or luxuriant and splendorously numbing - he as one is backing into a space so not to be so simply judged, the face, mouth and fronts of hands – as in rememory there was a child who backed into then physical education shower per his shame his smallest weight in front of him, so it is here many travelers will shy away from showing off too proudly or humbly the truth of them that read in the face is like a window on their flight – in all its speculation of the anxious futures and the tattered confidences of the past -... protection limiting a night through hours while the safety is missed, the drain is in position as a safety falls sleeping, noisy valves turn draining through a micro-tap and leaving still like cups of gasoline left in the tank or dollar

bills remain the wallet after theft has taken all the twenties in between – and deception later when revealing to the payment of a thing, advancement of a quality that in reserves if one so lucky had some held amount, retained enough to catch the price and not the kitchen, if not, taken out some labor, or, suppressed some future regularity, a punishment, a brand in public or a mark -. A squandered totem in its grounding, the savaged remake of the familiar tune, to propaganda now -. Taxed curl of the rodent system, and, the flight from secret hobby holes the cockroach from disease or poisons runs - where from now spent playing, it is forwarded on the plow blade, out through the wet fiend, over the rise where the rubble piles and conglomerates on the long tractor tread, making passed the winding hoses and the rolls as bales of razor wire -, nothing as so honestly and mocking of the self to mimic in an expectation what demands are made, to duplicate the self for presentation of the person you would be inside another's eyes if the product of the hedging or commissioning was one that without would have been the same or some such suitable, but not the irony that one who's prompted with a shove would push back showing the impression of the back the hand had made -... if I introducing would incorporated myself as sins of sin to use the "I" which I inclined in these grey text to rarely do, would come expose my silver ghost and thrusting forth the power of the overseeing mind dismiss all things uncomfortable to be I would be that liar, who expels the truth of what is learned in empty commission, but, this not the case, I deliver (not) my ghost there to the page, and as this has not been, you see me not, and I withdraw the fact that I was never here -... forced Winter on the place where one would never do a carnal act inside a tent or cabinet, or in an old fashioned telephone booth inside of an auditorium during a symphony rehearsal – or, to take apart a child's motorized toy, our buy some chemicals through post and buy a book on crystals and once read, to throw it in the sink, and chemicals to follow, and to run the water until full and heat in regions with a propane torch and watches what grows inside the sink -... this kind of wanderlust, as places in the mind push back the realm of what and how to do from what is given and then take it back without the guides and instruments of cultivation that imprinted as the ink beneath the skin offers no choice but what to do by virtue of instructed into life, with no recourse but by the nature what's prescribed -... can you break it down the more, you should by cancer or some induction or a shaving off those brands from earlier the braces on the legs that stunk the growth, all up in you like that. So charged after that. On fire, the ice cold blue flame cooking without thawing, makes the cells alive to three of nine dimensions of the lungs – between in all degrees the way a streak is cooked, that for the mind in flexing out the breath that even stiffly in eternal pits of ice may breathlessly without a breath away expanding wide the lugs so gaping holes of oil and of oxygen without a single flex or evidence a thing that froze inside the earth a has move a core or neutron of a bit -... earnest and upmost -... it has a place for you it says itself in a dream, even cauterized by a hot stove pipe or exhausted from trucks – it has a place for you it repeats, its wobbly legs leaning it forward the hot lumpy gravy breath and gargling stomach near, tipping into off the gravity of the apex falling past you the receiver who in all along was there quite safe from all but stomach sounds – it was a way to away the charming fat and far away sounds of what produces in the head must come out all rumpled or creased from sleep or upside-down born out the gap -... not to let to stymie it -... washing path, river alls white across the road, whitewater pure as snow and milk, the whore of the earth -... when the pockets open, then the wanderer retreats, and finds an outcropping or a ledge in the mountain side on his way out the valley – and houses, best to stay until aging cracks the lodge and tears rains so hard from loneliness that he should float to the safety of a new Eden on his sadness. This is the map and on his leg between the knees and hip the legend of the map. Like the way into the full on pants that have been broken for stiffness, and are sharp to glass and etch it as the pants are pulled up to the waist. These ways leave the messages on the face of the world that will be replaced but

which will remain under as if posts put on with glue to walls and telephone poles in old and they reduce exposing old and that is what remains to find, for later. Second lives, so without setting now becomes a property of cults and dawns and golden meeting as to imagined purpose and so like the baby hybrid of two worlds. Everything is burning bearing fruit. Hatched the trees are angry sapping into rivers and resistant blushing bushels of the murdered tree's fruits -. It is corpulent and ribbing. It is a-flow with overgrowth. It is Florida golf course but Georgia countryside vines choking ferns tropical persuasion, brush in mad apparel – everything a-happier when left alone. When nature comes. Choked. And they have no lines raised on a board for your hands to read. The morph trap the water skimmer – can feel the pond or brook. When the water bladder buried in the earth had burst, there was sinking ground, deluded hoppers arriving – mass the road blocked lumps hot, Costa Rico toad – faulted reactive measure, orders, them maxims for expressing of guilt – repressed memory manifests as cute animal stories and innocent girl/boy stories set in remote valley villages -...colored crayons colors, persistent cough and an ivory ring finger ring – elegant twice long fingers of saints and wives tales – and a constellation of finger balls built by their maker fashioned first on the sea urchin, and then a failed creature man has never seen or found a petrified record of -.it was all many parts of hands with that human appendage as a model – a premonition of a part -. Trial and tournament jar bottle test tube housing – matching rope draws tightly between -. Versus - bleak openings, and the longest book written in English -... but there is still future time – olden forms perhaps seeming distortions frequently in visible trails of the walking – are they holy wonders some, to treat them as they have the eye that sees like seems unfocused, fetching from another world some recommendation or a word to descendent – admixed to the great outlook, years past, elders inform failed less stretched into long life in almost supernatural or supernature, who wavers with a walk, who sits uncomfortably, who looks to the side when speaking, who shakes with hands, and slurs the speech but sitting crumpled like a cloth reads theology and rhetoric -... it is said is it, that there is a follower too, who watches, the way a sitting bird each morning knows the routines and the coming/going to one small space for that one time before departing to another juncture of bird and observed, and if a dossier or portfolio of some abstract stuff, is the bird it is fallowing and knows acutely the exactitude from which the assumptions may be made and deductions in regard they relevance for the extended human community, that bird intersect -... but it takes the army of many forms, the bird with eyes to watch, some secret air born or beneath the floorboards flattened bodies beast with ears like fashion starring roles for testimonies it could make on film, for hearing it has conversations making it a body filled, the dog, or some repenting relative to that reliable and dedicated thing, but flattened form out from the center weakless limbs useless as if stationary for one node of the plan, to hear, with high tunes ears, to sensitive and know the making and break of the voice in the sound revealing the murmur of the soul from which a testimony comed -... weakless, always revealed, stated but indifferent to that the content, hearing the inflected meaning that is pushing out the word -... fully wool protected, it has been electrolysis and hair inside its mind reduced and plucked, it is updated to adjusted forms that better it like dolphin bodies on the beach, but here, in pile rug houses in the office den and pantry, living room kitchen and the bedroom, and the porch and swing and cellar and rumpus rooms -... daycare, car, balcony, patio, swarming pool, tadpoles and occasion duck -... excuses for the gap between the sending and receiving, resistant to the influences of the food or affection seduction, tamed in early training through film and depravation -... pets but pest, and the worm in the hole, and the one in the ear, with sensitivities but blind and deaf as well – but can feel the pulse, and thus a living monitor transmitting through some flesh the way a radio tower sends or relays something for the space -... tales in rushing of time in revolt to become the first deprived of perfect emptying and outpour until

frame collapsing – such the pressure on the subject of the observation, from all of the attention to minute detailed monitoring and ease dropping will bring something low first looking out the window feeling watched but later on one knee to seek the underside of the couch but then brought down on two knees, then the back, and then the stomach lying flat and not to rise, to feel at best reposed as if like driven downward by a weight of observation and a scrutiny from a mountain of observation so high in is like the weight of ten elephants striking the ground having been pushed from a spy plane flying thirty thousand feet above the earth -... so to pressure plunged in hard down on the brink -... so many buds and stops and dawns and proclamations of learning, lying down – the rug, so deep the pile -... oops there a flea, it watches him ... some remotes run out of food or fuel – are focused so intently too through the senses they have no concern for sustenance – drying up, collapsed dry part molded in the rug, the eaves -... smelling like old newspapers soaking in the rain -... is it true, it is docked, a boat. Previous a burning sensation, and a mound beneath the skin – a tribe recognized each member by their pained expression – was unique -. Lowered class. Some, who? Have dropped down the post -... shame builds, like illegal dumping patterns from a company truck -... and charcoal pills -... deep and resonant murmuring, it shakes the wooden railings, and takes a power from the chest to feel itself is in control of self – the wanderers arise early to the rumble on the ground and think they park themselves next to a train again, but it is not the situation, it is the murmur, passing through them, leaving traces in a crust on every inner wall of anger, salt and hesitation so to skip the heart a pulse delay a breath or water from the eyes or nose – delay a stepping up away as every nerve says run, but murmur low is as a weight that sits on top – it shares a hazard signal and the animals will know, and keep their distance, as they also know, the wanderers in greenness to the hill and wood they lost a K ago the feel for something stalking them -... descended from the great and the deeper thing, so far below the murmurer it often crushed for the joy of feeling dominance though less intelligent by virtue of a tendency to inbreed with their own – a muddle of a history growing into youth forgotten even generation, raised in pipes and elongated by a mechanism blending them in trusses and a holster that conformed their countenance into a near reflection of the next, with hair and arms and standardized no two unlike -... the flavored one and myriad of sameness, rolling into the last cave for the ones – still enough, so many loads appearing now with pressing to the boundary but even forced to rise inside it never rises past and out, but to the skin and in a dermatologist's rash from a guide but not the cause of skin as no treatment would alter it – it is the dimpling underneath the past is rising form against the separation of the modern time – rising form, revolting left behind, - the past as done -. Toxicity conforms, and stray the shape of one as only one is thrust, but even pressed in face from underneath the face may only bulge the mask out from its window, and the glassier the eye and redder the round of cheeks, and fuller of the neck conforms to age, and unpredicted in the watch would simply think it being older than it is, is added fifty years, but that in other circumstance is signaling, discomforts of the old the inner face to show expression pushing at the lips and face of smiles and breaking back the gums, distortions of the counter expression to the inappropriate reacting to inane continuities and there, expressing only shortness, and distrust of plain and simple things as most the circumstance has greater over all become -... the air and present situations launches own its code, dismisses as in blindness dallying along the way as if to taunt the face that even in that moment is insurgent on the rounds of one's own head – blanching green and purple, all upsetting nothing lapsing in the stations of the ones who see, the brothers in the common looks that can not register for want of more which as a dike would break and plummet masses into difference and expressions of all manner of the will for one -... a meander, and a sickness, and a slinking and the flu are what are want to match this un-remedy with and even only in the context of the normalcy of rooms one

color height and clothes shaped the same. So to it is with lifespan, expectation and the like. It is going, it is staying, it is unlike anything that was before, but not enough to pull it from the unit that is shared and hasty made with makeup retreat furniture and small and unimportant tributes to orderliness. Sour darling bird, for eating, sparrows, dartlet buttfoundlet buttocks long legged crane recognition in their group outside are indistinguishable so, the man – the human's perfect mimic bird, relays a single thing and only one, as one for all. Protective neighborhood foundling citation board, waits to board and bite, to buy and squander, but, the dollar with the name, each one the numbers same so not a series but a copied single made into a set -... fly away the dollars, paper. Lodged somewhere. Alive still through all that struggle to break through shedding life. Conform, the way back. Under retainer, washing while conducting a service -. Plain backing, heavy tack shelf paper -... outgrowth uncouth beard and untrimmed edge, nails, - with florescence – conceptions packages and loose in discouraged under shelf drawers – defend the unattained. She slept in trampled circles. It was nature. There is no relish in discourse. Dry themes in critical thought -. Forced to walk the stump speech. Truly all is all of ripping thunder now. Horse glue. Welts. The seeds are waiting. There is one row than another ready holding. To the exclusion of the ring including escalating species from the first expansive in dismissal. There is vocal pause and long and uninterrupted exhalation thereafter, from many and parallel sources. That is to the common form building. Arising from some serial nodes, in part alike, in species then alive extant, extinct, there is also a common expression linking the act of diffusion through the serial modality and abundance of neutral medium. Through the incline of the ear canal. This we hear. Approaching. Through commission, base and false in imitation on returns, there is in extension one more growth beside the spiral form, which puts aside and single turn from one angled departure to the next. Caution and shame. Extended wording by mouth. Had its masks found use before the winter, the resulting moral play would not have ended in the shed, but found a resolution in the hotel pool. In the tool yard, welding doors to compacted blocks and twisted frames, the operator having one deleted hemisphere by causes felled a cable once across his brow and nicked the center of his shell and muscle off and under someone else's wheel, and even after yesterday, still prompted visitors with threats of steel and incidental fate - ... as a man, a third of hosts had wired them their messages of activation, blended contours of the codes and silken comfort, sleeping in. seen in cabin logs light burning at the moment pictured it is caught and rendered up in smokes from flames, lighten forms also from the back to front, through single ported holes that to the eye is just a pinprick size to telescope out to the scale enough, engulfing house and car and afternoon -. In the theatres made after, there were many conclusions, long strips of red irritation, and yards of bandage padding and plastic postal strapping -. In the runes of circus rings and caravan wagons, many de-limbed their way across the continent without continued loss -... as with many malts, there are some myriad of ways deflecting of the missile as a means, the call. The thickening. Rolled wool, canvas, asbestos, chain mail, birch bark, window sheeting, protected in a sealed cubical, and planted to be harvested by some one other, accidentally -. The souls of eighteen spirits in synonym. So in the plumping six feet thick that piled up on the doors the way a snow drift driven by the wind but plumping pushed by middle age-ed discontent, blue balls and scaly skin -... it is a different variety of drift, but if the scales of fish were saved through time and suddenly by deity released as one dark envelop of flocks, it would like that too, and unborn the spirits suddenly to go there rutting on a path to flustering above the trees confused and beaconing the earth bound back -... what excuse to make it back again, reversing by nostalgia and remnant children's scraps of happy time, the reading and the idols of the hapless worship fatherlessly wondering, how would it be, absorbing into pictures records and the dream of being something other more a still and well defined emblazoned name that rings because appropriated by one's self who after all more

perfectly could model those desires -... is there any wishing left, after the child is old -... the skates and ridges of the road, the crown of tar, the haunted house and broken windows with the rock in hand, the refusal and the anger breaking whatever stayed unmoved by night – there, old plastic bags, there, newspapers and sour smell, and line of books as long as you can line across a wall as if to make a straight line forced into a trophy of wallpaper and musty paperback mold -... some kind soul fighter took that all apart, and added cinder blocks, and hand delivered to another solid swills that turned the bearer blue with throttled blood and blue with feelings of the tentacles it stepped onto while the boat deck slipped beneath the last whiplashing wave -... there is a solid cloud, dense as tractor wheels or support beams in the cabin, it is passing over, it could dislodge the climber on the ledge if it were to nudge him, or, take out the top of the radio tower, or topple the church steeple with no trouble -... we should be expecting, this is how the dense world lives -. Incidental in the realm, the block of wood, the whale, each equal in its way may in the dense world, incidentally, come to you dislodging, sending down the mountainside, or pushing in collapsing some odd structure with the presence of its mass -... such things in constant reworking, and Reformation. Pushed so hard feet compress to inches, junkyard into tight compacted cubes -. It is in the flaccid afternoon, the grey to black chunk of air some defined as mollusk comes from over the hill, hangs, and then slowly in the way a blubber shelf from off the body split and parsed by whalers lowers onto village and the villagers -... in a unification of meeting parts once held separately on the scale, man and wife, and children running for the crevice where they fit, and, the newborn cat, devise some orderly prayer. Slivers of color are escaping. There is celebration in many short corners. Iron booted, waiting, can't move but hopeful. Infliction. Laughter, burns begin to heal. Fossil morsel. A piece of jade cracks from a setting and falls to the floor. It is a rare matrix with a single threaded black swirl -. Dry down loitering, fish skin stretches as it dries across a y fork in a branch, and pulls it tight, becomes a drum -. Emotions one through seven converge. Eight through fourteen are not compelling. Of more, then. Small charges of explosive powder are packed into socks and toes of shoes – there is corruption that continues to allow this. Toes and heels. Foot bent assault. As the moniker of sleep, streams turned of line wrap quietly round the land marker rusted of iron heavy sunken post that will remain the fifty years hence, tripping, stumping, snagging the common stroller in the dell -... can it suction from this theme remains, warm salt baths and Epsom puddles over our floor, share in picture stamps that grow in number like geometry -. More propositions are in constant bailing of water. That is the own setting and the stone. Tractor wheel, mud, stuck the middle field, farm machine expenses tow. The man to axles. Many here got sunken. There are these bailings from wishes. Whose hands shiver. It slows the pace. Pretended lays on its back preferred to seem have passed. It seems solid now with little shift for interest or diversion. Only the pure, the pipe with what it pumps. Can you suck the glow out. Floater — in the embrace of the water fowl, the floating was inflating, even as the heavy waves would drive it down, internal engines had begun and pumped the second life into balloons alive it never knew. One does with what one can without. Even a direction taken on, the soft of islands is adrift as slowly and methodic as a tank determined, it will land, some shore, it will, in catalogues be defined and in a year examined and in recognition be returned to some off progeny – what's left that lapsed, as in the distribution of the final things is as it goes, reclaimed, resuscitated in a thought, and lost a second wind again forgot.

:O: transition

O

When I drift in a housing not so unlike that
size conditional states
did it settle on me that a momentary
pinion
was in all it took
detrimentally, one way, and a lodging
one other
so like that any other thing as well is
merely rent –
blackened, bacterial shades drawn –
and scent defers the rooming –
so, at least, one thing unique
in
converse, conserve
predicated on
the surface staff
upright
the boats, the turned up ends,
that too much, toast –
pier jetty,
Bali –
offer, or, olfactory O,
persistent kernel
old sheep, moving off the
well, and how like
battlements, the farm
fair wheel jams –
standardized adventure
rose and burdock -.

:O - between the - O: Offertory Ghost Month

Burning this sending it to them

In some being there of tabulated parts, where lists arise, sorry there for duties, an addition tests the time. An older style returns. There are milder smells and tastes. Many are treated for lay conditions. Some are milked for excess. A few squirm, uncomfortably. The days are long, but streets and tempers are short. Sun is on the seats, but so is puddled water. Ambivalence circles in smoke rings.

O

Each pointed naturally and must find its rest advantage when emerging. As the spray behind the dutiful wheel, each point should be transmitted through form, finding a maximum assertion in the establishment of an associated act, and the mystery of that adaptive connection –

O

It is the strumming of morbid grease which called it up, it was built brick by brick from crematory ash, and questioned seemingly an opposing state of legitimacy – even in surrounding labyrinth of shrubs, the message coached in low sentiments and reaction, lost when looking down, raising the eyes above so to see across the glade, there is the diagonal which moves forward, legs of opposition.

O

Webbed fingers reminds it lives on web toed fowl – resonance the skin tipped spear avenges the poison dart frog on the rest – often twisted in ironic match, natural, and forced pairing -, insipid points are uncountable between a binary.

O

import tune | driving down the ponce
pictures flex | beats release burst
punch holes | a cup between
pressed rounds | dimples force folds
toxins rise | skimmed milk pods
acid pond | to drink the venom
black snake | double bulks
should hold in | holding water balloon
pushed on | the wire hose burned
bound flame | flaccid dermatology
found blind | underscore bile tone
foam bladder | parched gum above
wide wand | she buried water
blender passed | path to tomorrow
soil caps | glass floss, fiber
dream dawn | flower reunion wax
sea flash | strange unwalking
weightless mass | skin pan lamplight
massless matter | binding the knees
folded mends | contacted dynamo shafts
do not phase | vast, long, separated
three sided | triangle phasing signs
heart channel | tunnel core wire
frozen unit | zinc flavored
chalk taste | conical reverse bumpers
posed dry | seasoned mark
secret wheel | was to oppose
pocked line | is there webbing
buckled face | faded washcloth
unknown question | fill the bottle
fold nine twos | desired point
frequent answers | into poison pools
air knife | see the pressure

determination, I | felt the eye move
over the lap | insecticide wade
her chin, stiff | free hour
moth ball | spool pin
welded patch | flooding floor
vertical mix | pipe cone
flattened funnel | inflate the side
slice the orb | toxin kiss
fish skin branch | conditioning weather
wish fulfillment | fists folded fingers
sage dry-mouth | released compression
nails hold board | held up the mask
wand floss | moved to tears
bored hole | sleeping purity
upsurge strings | suppressed module
awaked moth | soft pulsing

O

Hers, a world of changing was impacted and deflected by a world of systematic uniform visions and retreats. That a measure came that a variety was stymied that an impression was made the way a weight is lowered onto a spoon and makes a dimple while the gel is setting can be counted as a member of the series prompted to conform to be the reason (the identifier of the large or unaccounted number in array) for the choice deflected which enforced that she remain unchanged, and act following from one the next to be the same.

O

The course of polyps, the reign of marker ink over the known bodies predetermines how the man should act. As there are many hidden exercises, there several corresponding castings into lands, and oceans, make force to match what expectation may produce -.

O

Should the self be ever introduced if you can stand aside it asked expecting it (might) be allowed the word. But, no answer coming, saw the one one asked could not respond, as one had only learned the question, and not even every word that otherwise might, were it recognized, be seen, to that imagination of response.

O

Four men in a field are addicted together of walking slow. They would fail most any task because of always arriving late.

O

grey lines | tight form fit spray
fool's gold | memory for doctrine
perfect share | failing, they both return
seasonal disaster | fleece and steel chain
steam heat | preselected winner
earth tones | wings clipped close to bones

take-up reel | monkeyed with it
without resting | encased in pitch
trusted friend | the salt will sap it
below windows | without a serious offer
peat moss | support the missions
roaring hole | showed the stranger
the wire room | without a contact
producing dreams | the wave swept it away
final taboo | underneath the elm tree
talking out | rainbow colored pot
false teeth | placed the key inside
through today | the segments of the mechanism
grind stone | only the sensation of it
scent sack | it made him sweat wax
level surface | was a victim himself
fissure, leak | an odd shape tumbles forward
cool engine | there is a pleasantry
wax journal | brazil nut wheels oiled
black pepper | today in a holding cell
squid beak | wandered without design
past markets | forced to confession
fossil field | in the valley basin
wood blocks | the ripple crossed it
wave caps | petrified cheese
clear sacks | bolt, washer, nut
well spring | fashion statement
crossroad sign | the feathers were gone
oxen yoke | the fish are safe
shaved harvest | there were seven votes
frost heaves | skill rose to the top
solid, relief | the railing was wet
fork prongs | appreciate the skunk
shank coordinator | she walked alone
silt layer | the hybrid children
simple paste | the suspension fluid
orchid stem | the first church bell
woven discovery | a special wind
visible chronicles | the victorious wake
sliding scale | reposed in numbness
salt march | slight left latitude
small proportion | on cortical margins
absolving butter | prefabricated contra-formative
contact microphones | in want of solitude
emotional diversity | crowding into spaces
loin meat | unaware of observation
cosmetic aesthetics | disposed to know
faulty utility | inclined to hubris
soil samples | extreme formal plans

crowns of wire | crushed with fear
low flying | condemned by degree
misleading information | depression in the underbelly
diverse principle | instilled with desire
endurable process | second tier writing
standard retribution | salt mine steering
technical prose | portion for tithing
silent equation | thunder rung ears
purposeful existence | fatigued from examination
worldly assault | for fear of denial
terminal rest | conditioning the plate
hand extensions | under personal restraint
concluding proposition | floundering on the beach
proportionate resource | disturbed the presentation
communion weight | thrusting out then in
directional curfew | tear in three eyes
stream strain | immune to deviation
first fallen | while secret screening
calcified orb | flat fish bait
muddy shaft | without the mask
property marker | fluttering moth wing
well stocked | fruit for study
glue pot | standard issue oar
filtered contents | flights in illusion
snow cover | rational thought process
false bottomed | complimentary color codes
shameful lesions | copper shelf liner
vengeful spoils | cured second skins
flattened protrusions | torqued beyond tight
powdered confidence | free margin wipes
worn carpets | provision of the plow
haunting stare | warped wobbly wooden wheel
white coating | beyond the mouth
oil reduced | glass cheese sliver
cross currents | coma induced toxin
memory marshland | fostered by greed
river sentinels | boiled the instruments
supporting wall | wash basin blacking
carnal eruption | peels of popping
concrete barrier | flash magnesium laughter
broken thumb | wrap around canvas

O

Where was she after they departed, winding with the coil. How to act, those people in the tortured grey place, full the ghost, see how they reappear the window glass baked deep inside “illuminated” in the hot flash of the lightning punctuated by the crack of sound bowls -...

O

Made to be concealed by paint and then by hiding under then departure too. Silence for the blind, quaking for insensitive, the fighting goal to find and then reduce. Finally the stilling of the acts that recognition speaks through in evacuation by restraint, sends, to out of reach, reach deployed, returns, indefinite and stalled.

O

First forms of concentration was no less the burst of light that split and softened cells to comment madly in the flash and uncontrolled, began to sing and never stop, even, until, now. It is as a chatter and a habit never like this to relent. It is of self abuse. And, it has no right, or left.

O

Also, it is, the many minds, unclear.

O

Participations flushed them out, the feeders with their barbs dug into napes, which fattened on the stillness of retirement. The active muscles bring to life a self repair, repelling off the parasitic part – renewed and active, claiming for the self again, the strengths it earned.

O

Carbon dial | predicted the dissolution
purpose redundant | defined by recognition
frosted glass | absolved itself once
expressive outlet | jointly removed grit
internal joy | nothing to believe
protective fence | contrived lone attachment
fine hairs | when you laid rest
forced ascent | observed by remote
mild contradiction | comforted by opposing
prevailing insensitivity | rendered in a catalyst
contract obligation | resolved to argument
natural observance | interact the counterpart
three crossroads | ghost month sausage
branded arm | informs the organ
effusive cause | offertory black candle
mad crowd | angle to walk forward
contracted aperture | of all attachments
sorted of abundance | hammered until dissolved
concord mass | instance of the iron
unearthed, parched | the melted glass and sand
salt marsh | without the sheath
silent bird | hardening and mirroring
rigid minded | blue ointment glow
concave pocket | onto the dew jacket

mutter

early rendering

the action in the body
proud
that late returns
a septic wave
should choke out
all incumbent
youthful waste

mutter

Sway the branch
that heavy of advancing
shows, declining attitude
that in reposing
soft reflection back
advance the laying down
undistinguishing and process

mutter

feeding,
hatching,
copulance, abundance, purple
at the lowest
teaming overriding
nextness

mutter

phobic and snail
Manchester cross
albino sun –
ready worsting
closed quarter –

mutter

to prepared
the shielded wised
exposed in measure
alter kindred
jumble in field
dynasties but shaking
just the wand –

mutter

sworn, redundant
extinction, -
bliss lever, breech
a curtain placed,
salmon colored walls
pink uniforms.

mutter

After that to raised
in rides again
withhold to answer
sworn redundant

maxim.

I be there washed,
Sworn, redundant
Harness.

mutter

Land mass
margins
pulling central
pushing outward orbits
concealing
folder colors
magic light

murmur

documented
regenerated, and,
pan recovery,
submergence, principles
the moat,
the fish pond,
spread apart
the run legs that lowered
to the ground –
suspensions –

murmur

the grid
of sitting ridges
elbow ledges, crease
block towers in the
season with the goat
the dull knife drunk
the aborigine –
(the goat head on and goat head off)

murmur

the long goat wears
the long coat
to water in the shed
to shed the water in the
rain -

murmur, mutter

to an uncle name,
the Howard or the Chen
to the sir name
baffle widely
numbed, numbers
limited series
west obligatory pride
grey blood iron jaws
gateways

mutter

to the shift, the mouth is rising
to the shift a simple day
is tree sapped tapped
to the rounds, the square
resolves itself to 'scribe
to the mailings
single parts

mutter

unrevealed from the
canvas wrap
the hard skinned doll
is on the dusty floor
wiping sounds
rough sand
grit
tumble
stones
pebbles
grinding
in the time
speculation
spectacle
and overload
before invention
of the fuse and breaker, -

murmur

betrayal by elder
phobic submission
was the boiling hatch
respondent in the
center lake
and regions out
responsive interrupted
toil.

mutter

Fly absolves
concurrent to the
happenings in space
between the mass
its own –
fly absolves it's
sharing with the holy –

murmur

to the wrong display
for captions, there has change, such
as can not be reset
so much, that, of invisible

abate true retreats,
should conform, unavoidable
caption. There was a
volley, and a bolt and something
moving as if from some small
acquired skill -.

O

shortened supply | underestimated value
uninhibited gaze | the narrow temperate zone
mild consideration | three way junction
elbow force | the fight for attention
times compressed | want for more
burning fuel | pity extractions enjoyed
alpine fur | shifting of color
brush fire | slow gradation to peace
bell ringer | victim of regret
lightning drama | the long wade in
cliff house | misstep into a hole
broad interpretation | felt upon soft skin
stove heat | cornered in the barn
ornate gate | resulting in pitting
misguided devotion | chemical induced sorrow
land dispute | likeness pretended difference
despondent friend | high pressure profile
linked lineage | employed one method
unworthy partition | conditions of thought
sand pit | holding multiple keys
water's taint | oil based paint
false baritone | high art resolve
unformed goat | sampled razor edge
mudslide overpass | making eating sounds

O

these then sometimes other veiled expressions

O

Come down from the height, address the lowly topics here, down with higher minded standing which remains or only fades out, while it now is still too fresh – for here – see how, the lowly topic, the approach to guess once then repeat the answer, because, there is no receptor on the body of the worm – why how now take the first right, it is, the podium and the topic is the one rehearsed. It is solid management, step one step two through nine. The cloud that passes above the seaweed forest stops and drops a load of bones should now be seen as it makes land at the south tip of our island. It rains hard, there will be some flooding too -. Come the cloud, a white scattering. It is – ok – we have done the room in green and white -... as it is felt, along a slope, such as that too there is a long groove and ride along it, through ancestor but for one a more important slide ahead and far away, and from the root that born was at first enough, now with

putting minds behind, the effort of the roll ahead to instant places, body only dangling there, the pod that took you as the peas so mostly eaten up, but still it floats, the water pushes up and holds it but of course if not no loss at it is always once you enter, -... once only -... float ahead, without regret -. Sometimes even, swaying in response. It is a singer's song. Alternatively; in the sea the saw retained a driving clouded kingdom setting down on stranded kelp in masses skeletons and nickel plated watches caught are sprinkled down, a rain as, the storm moves on – long days, now its pictures of a place drilled three holes to a bar, - progress in weathered tatters – the farm is flooded, Guava trees standing in pools – retrospective in rite, first memories behind the tractor turning up the odd shaped potatoes – hollow giant Aroostook a pearl inside – rich the soil to get ahead of themselves -... scribing into many of unplaces, drained of matter but a remnant thread a standing frame beyond recall and put forward to tomorrow, has not been so no to substantial things until they come – unplaces, scribed into something unlike what we know as Greeks (one) even once placed up above the earth in some idea, the shape more perfect than required us to know that there is something gracing something somewhere – scribed into so as if shimmering unreal it as ideal will shrink and fit around unique the shape of things approaching. Glimmering, too as reaching to ideals, a gold and silver gown and garment fit with tightly measured seals for openings and piping raw with waste and the economy of organic deterioration and the stench of chemicals – fear washing, fear toiling, wonder, plastic gloves and barefoot walking up and down the stair at night – sample four sentinels with hats and cups – fill yourself – cortisone is shot across the brow – in addition, a high grit pact grinds down the sally we know and pops of red faced freckle checkered heads rewritten that odd childhood replica of algae forms that take the construct of the child – some in liking it to boxing of a hat – with every cell replaced in something of the negative miracle – in the sense the putty in the window frame holds in the glass – the stomach emerged swiftly from the mouth inverted and engulfed a target – sucked back up and in you heard the muffled rattle of bones inside the constricting sack -... bathroom dens in white design, sleeping sitting, -. Swaths cut by current – beyond retention there is a small skirt of abutment which drives a narrow cyclone wind to spin the skirting, and, drives the tacks that pin and hold it down by lace edges -... lying dormant substance rises in these conical swirls, only reduced to a point with the perforation just across the lake in existence, perhaps an atom across in occupation of space – that it is just enough to be defining an opening -. Mass of influential sound, wanderers, stationary, stalwarts, bastions, sounding horns conform the remaining not, spread to resonant and codify alternative vibration into recognizable allures – patterns come forming from dust, from metallic nodules fifty to a pack, to surface volva – how long can preparing talk the question not in thought but in a proposition of material, is enacted, then an answer struck, and sculpted from the path that matter takes – many styled wares present as option and variation, thumb canals, narrows that bring through straits and rapids, falls and plummeting gorges, in the final or **penultimate** **tapers** limiting carving by oppressive weight bearing down on the blade as not to make allowance for the lifting up, or moving back and forth as so, so sharp still it should sit and helplessly be fully unable for the cutting – use then in the way of use and not the conforming to the cause – one-ly corruptions both mindful and bodily, defined apart, that cling to childhood memory of the cool night air and falling stars, the crisp cloth of the black jacket, and the invisible shoe -... labor filling pocket of art presentation, exhibition of the surface -----

- **a show of skin** - previous a personalized launch and reform of the pegboard fashioned lay of entry points, that are the greater surface part, allowing of the observation through the medium of light, the uppermost and recently concerning – and then when, long doubt parts coming, are additional an invasive set of peggings – some conflict, surface should from below it

cauterize – disallowing, only in the tyrant here that best allows, it is the only allowance, one voice, for itself, which speaks for nothing else, the necessary spirit for the black ball holding in its place the single coring through dimensionality -... first, it is itself -. Lastly, relative connecting should impart. Corner taping tent tight. Meditate the part. Sit the rate on it, which knocks back in freckles at each turning of one face to the light, a symbol in a series outlines in the dots. Falsely, arrive at turning, more. This series, and sequence again. These when the one introduces itself claims is distempered steel. Attachment bounces behind on a thread, it cuts an irregular groove that some determine is an established path, a coherent alternative direction, while another is inclined to elevate the attachment or cut the cord that causes it to make this mark – its roots are accidents of unintended fate-making, - – flourishes of a different nature, which act in expectation through the coordinating of event periods, which contain unpredictable potentials -... this is a variation of the action narrative, a ballet collision, burst -. Forest burning said the candle, said the spark that lit the bridge, - germ from Hungary, Switzerland, - graves of northern U.S., Maine, and river cabins -, placing, rooting, a flush of arms -... harvest, and, consider all posts – and, the thermal word when spoken, and the ice sentence, and, the father with his homegrown genetic experiments one year potatoes the size of melons, but cutting open finds them hollow -... blocks exposed, wooden bolted weight -...trends crossing paths - a trail of water, delusion provoked by the flow of digestive juice – the door rusted closed at the hinges. In countable glyphs, instruction. The modest desire for conversation, exchanges with a stone. Every point in rehearsal – low function, lambs, clubfeet – peaceful and quietary residue -. Imagination is the victim of a syphon proposed to evacuate the creation of long grass on the brain screen, every frustrated feeling plucking from the grass of golf courses -...frequent fall of shells, nuts and sea life becomes a factor in behavioral modification – wide ranging disgust from gelatin – timid to walk barefoot – yet associated, a feeling for murder – as alien from any of the species, if inclined might choose a torment – or a capture -... and in heat becoming demented – rescue something lost -. Contact paper, over the ledge – low pile carpets cover the summit – laments of the great evaluations many voices piping their dull narratives – ill in violent sleeps – afoot in full bull charge, the waves of morbid faced grain root in mass and then they strip away – the landscape changes three times each day, in features and in overall contour – false steps plunge the walker into vast deep un-inherited confines, true steps thrust him upward and the ground rolls out another scene below him before he lands -... it is a trick and a test, and a story for the descendants or the ancestors, put on a scroll and stuff into a lions mouth - aware is awareness -, salted pudding, depressed tongues, - five annoying factors – wait to study time – swell in the beard, rolled pores beside the hair growth variously cropping from beside the root a joiner vine – a second scale that tests itself against – the first – and outcrops, various vined, confusion of the hold, the circling of the spring – as swum among it, down and after with energizing fifth quarter – feed – drape over a counter – shade from light, pronunciation of the darkness in a shadow -... the sound of standing in light – staring at the sun, again – a portion of the stem and the base, buried in the sand -... Morris code, the mirror blinking – cross aboard a topic now a waste a want away alert – the button sight the pressure point the matrix of the dotted word – anticipated intervals that interrupt corrupt or ill define reverse and blink again, sustaining with a double dose or cross out and correct – stand in stutterer – blockade the difficulty of the deft of hand – re-Morris code – proclaim half-witted but a gentleman – knobs nutritious dirt – presentations under earth, the hollow theory – skeptical commissions, find it first, collect reporting – fox-tailing – monkey with the box until you get it right – cloth is rolled and paper folded. Truisms introducing skill set you said is the value on a stringy yard – wage or some such, or was it wag some delivery in the sense of a costume – or a statement let it be in blank verse or alliteration – ghost whistle, high and low both out of range – inter-sub-super.

Assault of snails. The long long march. Processions never gaining ground, nightmare of running. Old rakes, yard and farm. The despondent hospital worker softly tipped the exposed K bar in the unfinished wall with cotton balls. There was more lament as the stomach churning stimulated then marshaled wood chopping behavior. There were three layers of relief – each addressed a different tone or degree of anxiety – severe for severe, the wood pile calls the knot to unravel – it will uncoil with the wind up, and tug with the impact of the axe – aside – beside machines, my son the hybrid is on a screen – now the heart beat – bark brown image, thermal rainbows – a low fear steady impression spur a grinder of knuckles against the armrest in a car or on the sill of a window in the quiet room – meanwhile the cat carries the kitten by the scruff of the neck – is it the new street cat or the sign of the side of the postal building and scooter – moving also has a bracket of BLEND surrounding it for fit and adjustment to external aptitudes, attached wishing, obsessive dwelling perforations custom and standard, pegboard, also, time of day as unit groupings of five – the sounds but not the syllables from the mouth part – the fruit but not the tree part – rememory, rememory, strain and shift – a nerve ending third beginning, gentler gain and purchase, a periodic flutter of organ adjusting with each other in the side transmutation of matter from shaking railing to kneading hands – the stop sign, into the brick wall, the iron building into the frame into the conjoined human spines in a tall spindle -... attic doctors going, cellar potato bin nappers arriving – cold newspapers and cement powders -... concrete eroding as they speak -... if than, matters little -. Conveyed on, up numbered baking by the sun, cool seats leather already are soft and hot – picture posters fade and radiance loss luster on the scale – the sun as storms across the sky directed down, the water fades, draw string pulled, conclusion as the gradual closing pig ears landed men boiled positions undulating ground, casually others step aside they are sold for seven hundred visits to the cold spot, is it hot out still. But

O

milk solids | nine-thousand continuous lengths
burst vessel | three day month
drill team | hotel room safe
white marble | lottery for occupancy
paper shaft | it was riding hard
first competitor | under pepper spray skies
forced confession | in theory, did repent
personalized shroud | rinse before use
amber parent | the paint and outlined body
yoked together | beach ball moon
received alerts | the way without dreams
pants provider | radical heat condition
basement etiquette | minded, in open view
simulated landing | apologies to the doctors
unexpected guest | failed to be uncomfortable
local accommodation | amplified after yesterday
orthodox demeanor | bile came up
extended lamb | transplanting the tulip
directed disregard | endurance play
senior progress | cloud of locust and nutmeg
hard whistle | raised through donation
lay preacher | shortcut through acid bath

velvet soft | glycerin well
kitten oxide | blood drinker bad skin
proud standing | abandoned X ray elements
the activated | the clue
connective tissue | of two machines
the darks | dry laundry baskets
sliding rule | sight proclaims calm
arrested attention | reading cylinder etching
wanton seed | secured tent posts
educational fissure | in ornament betrayed
explicated deviation | old work not cost
proportional amount | caution rag window
desired effect | beneath three veils
confirmed loss | confirmed by raking
contained disaster | smooth for gliding
urgent signals | evacuating the oils
unwritten law | intermittent eye lubrication
impacted state | expressed diverted influence
questionable serial | burst forth timidly
casual exposure | imagined breaking tides
fixed dimension | routine kind harmonies
early placement | dissonant renal pathways
acceptable margin | entangled in seaweed
exhaustive retainer | grim slice of marrow
compressed concerns | form right converge left
rush release | blanket undertow

O

run in moisture now, it might be called to document adjacent neighbors, send some photos, in all, the tired almanac of the well behind the stone abutments, what supported gone though -... complex for the simple native, must resort to ancient period, perhaps a different race entirely - ... or the common degradation where each generation slides a little more -... run in moisture now, the hotels have enough for swimming pools and fountains, yet the ruins sinking every year, -... we were swimming before they took it, in the cloister, now the simulation of a waterfall, and walking almost naked in the town, and share the bags of potato chips with the simple but colorfully dressed monks could as one for that robe, would give a hundred bucks for it -... ok man rolled eyes while waiting as the small blind man came on the tour bus with a ukulele wondered begging now, but open mouthed came out the voice of early Elvis singing love me tender -... who told in emersion of grey pages what to say when open mouth emerging ghosts in far away, the fat recipient with ears grows back in horror, they have took my idol and stuck eye white on it -... convulsing too, the spirit be dispelled, it is a trance and gamelan all part the show, get ready for ten hours trapped the bus should pee the floor, the gods will watch you don't look in their eyes, you did so now impossible to leave they watch you through the adolescents – go on pee the floor -... watching Elvis maybe he erupts with Hindu gods -... hot flat rocks the temple steps and stone block grounds where nothing stands, made to be the hot plate of the Gods -... dizzy, falling, heat, with shimmering waves – everyone is seen with pin-cushioned arms that wrap in moving front to back -... not the time to run but if you do they chase you down and force you buying this one's catalog and having bought it, fight them all, who angered buying his

not theirs, should strip you of your money then your shoes and socks -... the prayer for heat to cool the legs, but only open stone and waves, the shimmer -... that in a continuous way, there is greeting -.

O

salt bunion | without the tail
averting collapse | pulling over inclusion
believing the cousin | in the place of onion
fostered resentment | for summer release
felt shy | chicken feather mulch
bas relief | half lost glee
developed skills | the lodger's shoes
exaggerated achievement | office under the bridge
oil pot hole | mint tree trunk
unburdened belief | the mailing grace
rested peacefully | bailing rain water
shame award | respectful Dane
seven nostrils | every day surrender
within boundaries | one uninspired uncle
broken axel | mills and granaries
barn wire | her free opinion
attempted once | mimic the ocean
male exclusivity | to money the power
talked softly | behind the waterfall
irrigation canals | crawl in the trench
Oxford mission | regress beyond fighting
Bashful agents | for reason blistering
Sensitive skin | ancient ruin host
Half load | which was edited
Uninhabited city | north out the door

O

Without doubting, thousand gathered on the hill and held their simple weapons at their sides, not hiding them and not brandishing them. Wound punishment come. Would exultation. Surrounded by the colors blue brown and black. Some up, some down, some, even, beneath the soil, and giving of aura, invisible to the senses yet seen at austere place and occasion – as now, as during some war on these grounds before. Passing though series of high level concentrations – that were art's trajectory through a single post driven in here. Behind iron fisting it is cell division, grand and filled with pageantry and aggressing jackboot procession - bold monitors platforms risers, catapults swing experimentalists – lists – the dust is sleeping – garbled attempts to reason, native truths and appropriated from backstory Europe some in value memory trying to grasp some tangle from the blood -... questions row up – not a test but wiped with lotion ease it to recompose into the form to recognize for answers – this trajectory could not and will (never not) be different, it is the fact of the moment – that the matter submerges, rises up when any (thing) emits the errant bubble -... banished until attention -. The knocking sound and the house where everything has dried, - steel pins and skin adjustments to the frame, - the pellets in the air as if rice rain – sharp gradations between a matt silver a

chrome of polish and tar black – bright yellow high on sharp edge – hands mostly used for pointing now – accusing of it in the field – safe in the air, gesture – falling of the flats, finding order in the stack - in a small woodshed there is a rusty hoe and a rake. Someone sleeps there but is gone in the morning. It is in the middle of a potato field that has been turned over, it is full of furrows – full the wake and amplified the waking power outer balances the lust for sleep – there are footprints outside the shed always different sized – outscored too – demons living in the mouth speaking all of the new words – step, the night mines, day mines, defending – where are the files – violence of the ringing ear and eye -... colors, oval ear and eye – full box expression – orbits, rivers of yellow, black lines – field as vibrating, raising dust again, the dust that was sleeping before – send a postcard sized photo – frankly studied, three fields are infected. Matching wills – meet along the property lines – field defensive – of eating, fields – of eating, dust, property lines, the air black wind comes rolling – waiting horizons, stopping, piling, property lines -... each is on a separate take-up, burning smell, fish smell, heavy limbed, tired, sucking up rest, waiting, who are you, do they know you? Who rose from a mound. Evacuated thing had forced the perfect status there. Soul after midnight, rising to meet the sheets out on the line – clinging find someone's back to own -... what happens and the TV comes on now – in all the houses of the thousand room, and overflows – force of water where the baths and showers run – who taking it drain meat and prosperity – imagined it was dry heaving – the weight of birth here, ghost month – holes are synchronized. Conversions hands turned up raised surrender – which form folds – joined creases of the yield – cloud half through the narrow slit – aware to adoration – retracted state – nine far reaches, border abutting – hex shifting fat spring's weight – words across, numbers down – railings for holding, glass beds slant for sliding – beater bowls the sprockets spinning drums, the prongs too sharp to lend a hand, that curious is drawn to it, the fear but greater fear is not to try to know what happens in the moment of the accident we can't imagine so must know intent – running out or rushing in, and when the whirling starts the sound is one temptation how our hand might make it sing the more or less, and other, see the blur, and can that slow into a set of notches not less spun but pictures we imagine from the flipbook once was made – hand hand hand – the key to gates – single one file lines, stale murk - elevated ones up prudent – whereas like mirrored rope – move of disconcerted, of direction or of the misdirection – crawling is slow, but speed at fly must greater to be flying slow should fall – sorry to apply the tangle of black wire, green but single strand – cool between the cold and hot so either ended grey comfort – sway to one or two, the bat across the end of multiplex and dad end halls – for counting, there arrives the special priest, or minister for Protestants – who blesses one, then two for Protestants, convinces, there is hope, you are blessed, that there is one we never know, that on the other side awaits the mercy never felt like that, that though-out all before, the threat of condemnation when the passage opens then before the entry, it is secreted and parted between, that was most a hollow threat, that now, should either way fall into ecstasy of never having thought the word of illness but as if the life had lived itself through perfect acts on any kindness stove, the engine too, and several other of the utilities now we hear forming at the battery of walls as nothing passed through like a cotton veil - only form the smile, remorse of it regresses back, that channel down the ground water and the narrow lead pipes plumbed before the gnawing on them sent the message or the mercury that swished inside the mouth was echoed in the texts of answers to the **dementia** approximated by the aging and the wayward relapsing of practical and receiving of common sense – plastic demarcation , retrograde curve over the brink, where the dotted line of where to cut, but differing the sense of where the tear, which should be ragged and unkempt, and kept in purposes of rough address, and not defined before has here, but by the hand at moments not before – the two are roads, and taking burns the other down – having here, come, arrived

should move, without, should turn within and try to match the picture with the something known before -. In the heat of moving, frail, it gloats until the popping sound insights the shoring of the crippled, weakened sides -... mill creeks and more burdens. Long forecast, the short reflex, milled – sensations of being pinched, short temper, back of focus, extending of waking to wake. The staircase of the knob declines as worthy of receipt – lingering the angled ridge all anthropomorphic talk and talisman – shake out the log like coats, wouldn't have that, half compared – eyes soft wiping out the holes – then more eyes of mixtures, pastures, rains – dissolved over the wire that three feet above defines the border, makes a line of frosting or a narrow cake – that like cracked like proportions on the moon, like daisy swans and fiberglass hedges – resonating in the palms of what they call the hands and what they call the soups – failed sometimes to stop reunions – the delicately balanced, evil in the shell – neutered dominance, - soled cat padded feet – down then let me up to make – shock ward burning lantern – have wrinkled up the downs of time – kernel inside rings, - aviation through the air three cords again above the ground, from there enough and pushing off renounced against the body weight -... the I is purging through the billowing and wide, the straw and through the paper cut – pressured of alumni (to the project) masks – wearing – hope concealed – fruit rind too – can sail in the sheet strung arms, can pull up fence posts anchoring the spirit, can uplift the matter of the shingles of the camp into the covenant – beautifying lumps and stone curtains, rectifying to the damage of the cloak of ice saws -... circles in the snow, lake -... lower meditations, undercarriage barn somewhere the rusted fork – cautious room – every visitor grand hall filled with foolish uses, obligation of the forms they hotly mixed, waves in drafts -. Arresting mutuals. Conceiving cast and ornament makeshift gravels – cashed burn barrels – half way mortal, half landscape – white spools, left knuckles – seal the zippered length of body pockets – rods, fail matching, double features facial balances – right contorts left hangs limply – thrust of push pins, - agonistic actions – rights, responses, benefits – confrontations over speckled pots – clam sorts majestic missions, rope bridges, cliffs – sounds of canons, hollows of the ocean caves- shorting of the classic bones and rose protections – vines on brick, sauce, cracked window – variously waste and projects, minted coin and metal frames, tin strips – down its side a path again, beds and boxes with the taste of faucets -. Rooftops drying. Emblematic scarring. Detections, small scale additives, a composition in the surface, from an alabaster rolling ball inside cement rooms etching pictures on the sense – predilections, knowing now, confronts conforming to the width and height the mat – saved repeatedly to row so variations, now perform -... a record, cut long the schooner plank, so long – brings the sea and story punches through it in a corridor of compliment – collar bones and masts suspend the cups that hold the wind -... handled most protruded currents – unusual heat roaring through a mouth - raisins and raked fields -... cones, block shapes, combinations submerged into each other at the hips – she alone inside the quiet house excepting for the propaganda wishes to have people do as she commands -... exalting on herself in ribald waking dreams of strength beyond her border, as of the intellect and overcompensations -... some spot retards the way – disclaimed, automated, reformed – complexions, round sticks joined by lines -... with the burden of the blackest tar is coupled in a sling with pulled back in the sleeve, the ringed ones pulling at the ground, - scab light, phosphorus of patches cast the light participating laborers convey the rays from one to farther deeper relays punching sounds – effective, vibrating, the style contraction twist in diuretic flumes, explosion slow of mud and sponge, and, then rips apart the effusions of brown and pink animated in the heart meat, and muscle of the lower arm, below the print – inhabited still with plan submissions outlines -... guidelines path still raining today, cool, fan, grumbling thunder – photographic box, rough reclining mouth – the stuck – captured weeds peripheral four ends – swells the underneath fossil exo-part, crunches, elbows crustaceans, knees.

Westerly east, compacted in a theme, reductions, a concentration – fade of rose parts -. What great things to bring, but what parts ill of you and ill of me -... BLENDING (across modes). Dry moving, heel creaks, meadow barbed wire, rotted posts, dry wood chip -... pond acknowledge puddle acknowledge dew or drops – in addition any pouring distillation or a lubricating round a thistle – gravel pit respects the dash kicked up behind the deer, respects the turn up rocks from falling over trees that topple in the storm and also scattering of pebbles after heavy rain converts the logging road into a culvert and the river forming pushes ground into expanding deltas at the crowns, and sandbars down toward the bottom of the tree lined hill -... go to housing this or that small wanderer, the bristled insect you divided from common sense to touch but did, the way one falls again again from tree tops just to feel the feel of falling -... just to as from those dividing too from idiom to find their own way with the mind of mouth -... divulge long talk elastic to dialogue and the cone inside building perfected rounded tipping points to swinging encouragements at the base of the growing shape -... yards and houses winding courts of alders briers just to get there, undeserted having not been populated so not ever undone why, asked air, as even spirit of the civilized and ordering of thought put to the uttered sound above the grunts disposing need and demand visceral, it a sound completely void and lost here just a sound unpleasant to the leaning tree or pile of moose shit -... wanderer disposed recaps, walk. Offering a level beating. Multiple promotion and with no delay between. In winding clocks one receives them all, a series stepping forward and the rider seals it to the seat, infusing with exposing -... comes the grip, it ends. Fuzzy spotted back up the hill, the trees, lined bend to you now. To find the rusted car. False picture true comes – she being slowing in the woods – there is a slat that turns three miles once and in the other time, as narrow as three inches – the slats has been and because of humidity followed by arid heat warping twists it also into hollow space – fashion in clay turned almost white, blue tint was marine clay, the woman holding the stick dressed in a gown that looks both straight and long like a stove pipe - a mist of braches nets the traveler, caught the way suspended by a row police with body length shields they pound the road with -... threats of dogs and ocean seas - ... in the lightly sterner older place, the surfaces are less pitted, - assaults by something must have come to be inside the place and not from out – small minded flat screen reconstruction, media – reaching over, you can play inside with shrunken hands, to fit the scenes you might play out there, once you choose, entirely descend -... plates directed in location set to mask one then another plane, even pulling, put in place - but then really where has someone driven out the rusted car? Forced fast furling now has rented paddled wadded feet to mark the walls – three front pasting, put the script to rest – as it lives in wading followers the grouping shared exception one on two more parts to grow the seed to place it high in lowly fondues -... grinding is depending on the sounds – requires hurling distress – some impassioned towels swung over the banister – exotic on a bandwidth – unexpected intersections – after struggle found the perfect spot. Eyes nostrils ear drums born the atmosphere the unitary lungfish take in through their fins – the core refuses the periphery as touching borders stretch apart so not to share – confides in winking codes across the increase with the edges gaping making up the seams – confusion of parts, join together by themselves inside a bag -... all in said the rope was neutral – one lay sand approximation, they could see again – suitable guides – pray tours – heists with bows and saws – recast, in plastic -. Make the toy. The vein that secretly is hid inside each rock – in ways lines marched through loose strands' history making models with dementia incentives out of iron ore ground and shared percentage dosed with radium carried in their cuticles, then implanting digging deep into each other's necks – and what they model in the clay, once tainted -... the urges twist and boil – expert swelling and open nooses – snatch and gather – promised lands – coupons. In the rows and paddies ox that mire down sinking under their own shoulders, are the depths of steep

regrets to finish. These strands left their floating at the top too buoyant to be following the others down are what will stir the wireframe remains that jingle over property walls and demarcations when the moon come shining through casting smoke and mist in spill shapes out before – don't prepare – is only spoke, but wisely, not returning by the way because no crumbs sprinkling on the path – festering and only on, before cannot struggle in the turning of the head – is fused, the spine. The happy gloat. The purple gum and shank of mouth blades coming down – as are dry in some recourse for heaving, so is measured evacuation on the still past burner – remote laps and there is no strain for over exertion. Wind pumps, billows, leather on a triangular frame -, -. Front to back. Don't dismiss without discussion. Articulated cable bends over the reticulated florescent substrate – forming two sides of an woven form -... and um humming with that syllable - turn down those sides like cuffs – form a moat on each – sail the paper boats – the cats are on the roof again – in the harbor, fourteen, seventy-four, contrasted limbs and standing, opposite lengths, two easels in a sun room, bowl of fruit, cats are on the roof, we should exit back porch chase them off before resuming, painting lessons, cats the rooftops below my black room on the black second floor of the black house in Bandung, it is three a m and they are feral and countless on the terracotta sun will rise soon, wailing cats flee the light and chanting - ... begins now, bounces from those same rooftops -... round now from so many circumstance – can be found floundering in the mosh pit which only hours previous was a grassy field now after ten more hours on the earth it was the cube of mud and fruit and piss, and sweat, the ten boys having taken on the gods but in some vernacular they are demons and then falling into sweats and trance exhausted after acting out their fall don't look then in the eyes, you'll take them on, the fall the real fall, to the ground, the dosed with water in a bucket from a well and exercised by black and red the referee and exorcist and throw the spirit off then rest then not within their power come again the field, the pounding tin and brass in synchronization with each movement of the flesh but not locked into a gaze or seeking out a gesture only fixed into the same place all the children have gone to, is the group, they now turn inside out, their skins are hanging loose, they are the butchered snake seen last at market or the cement hole of the snake farmer, and there is no time for remorse or begging, there is no forgiver-ness, the snakes are taking back their own -.... Stripped down, - puncture, - hole stripped long - - lung and hearts hang out, --.... Mouth cut across the cheeks, --- fangs flapping on the two loose and separated strips and as the jaws are separated too, they peel both down the side and wiggle ugly ribbons – tipped in venom -... trying to be lively, in the shaking down, the snakes came in the dream and there were trodden into the mud, like this, destroyed, but mistaking, we looked in their eyes, and they will come back looking too, for infinite of time – every haunting – in an afternoon of moving frozen figures from the past, the trainmen broke for night and took turns swimming in the swamp that gathered at the melting feet – green foliage a dark purple and the weeds, a tangle of scribbles, short moon light growing from a corner slit to up at both ends, still is very hard to redirect the shine – the crescent failed supply – impounding on the eyes, jointly applied – here they am, trailing in that – dribbles – yellow, green specks – counter each by itself, in its own standing judged alone. Special understanding of the banks and sloping hill that meets the stone wall – rivers Thames, Rhine, Penobscot, Charles, Love, ... float the paper boat a thousand burning on the river night. Ghost month, many -. The lovers suicide there, or threw a basket in -... murky water, better yet – decorated overpasses, bridges – sugar melting into familiar profiles -... use some bundle for a classroom text – itch, move over – encounter, flashing light, submerged deadhead – tie off the boat, sit – erotically the joined platonically the fused cosmetically the correction to approximated standards advertised adjectival misted by pellets of hard description from the obscurity – a haze sinking up from the ground – fostering deepening convolutions – who raised up raw and then composed the

smelted toggles and the dials, what radiated faces reception rods to light, and luminous coasters blanked in thought retrieving fully forgot – that one marked the recollected hearth – amiably - out the back porch, painted in the summer, ready snow waits falling. Slung, commissions. Slung, the hand held at the pocket camera, the belt gun law. Through the glass perch yourself. Predisposed at length tuned over, the aright. Muffled by attention capture with a fish eye snare, under-rendered incompleting feet could barely walk, the face could not express. Trading bundles for the free and expert opinion in support, a flexible determination puts the brave descendants through the wax headed hoop – was a time repented lost waiting out the wind inside. Come the dynastic wind. The forward flower driving of fear undertow. Fulls me all reset now, button co-tangles avenues the streets. Soon sly dons shadows in the mirth you set before -... kidney in the syrup – blown, avenges raging waters -... crow's feet fishtail wrinkles cover the hollering grass logs in their piles – it is dew day, sun suggests rising, itself lingers lowly – in a long paper agreement no one reads, secret narratives, folktales have composed themselves. Sufficient, angered by the reef with its too proud ancestry of gape mouthed corpses and calcium skeleton grade piles – a spontaneous decide drove a group of twelve to risk the summit and climb then tumble cartoon style over it and down the slope into the valley shard pot -. As razors act, the skin, the parts, depending on the bearer's weight – then in the pot, a stew. So folk tales. Odd knots to nothing. Dexterous sliding, bands cold dark metal blue, ochre checkered happy muse, then eye shades draw, that seen half misted in the second eye the translucent shade the fish resorts to in the cloud of squid, and murky wake, evolving back and forth between participants exchange until the meet is matched, but secretly, the attic dweller, under the porch, in the eaves and behind the curtain exclusively by contract -. Lots to pluck a thimble full of, mix for concentration, or for teas, or obsessive, over over thinking -. Fodder. Burn it, pop the basted, needed more, poured on forgot the stove, to sleep. Kind of enjambment in activities. Next the plural line. Uncleared range of earth, arid sun ripening. Property chalk, a row of bright yellow on the ground, double duty, phosphorous. Enjoy the soil. Desolation, expanse. Delete the unnecessary blubbing, the explanation of emotion and self-examination. Reflect later there will be time with the body in a disabled mode -. Rush jump – fall down or bounce in a dream – squeezing into crevice melting -... parental advice on the contemplative child -... ribbons are trailing over edges and disappearing into holes, air pockets, raspy voices, down the throat – in competitive direction, three have partnered to press each other through envy – even in advance of learning, intellect had rolled out cause in heavy carpet – of preparedness to activity, studies maps of elbows moving, and diagrams from anatomists' personal diaries -... in advance of cleaning the bone, bleaching, scraping, preparing through the study of extreme survivals, accidents in high altitudes, someone long in the water and drown, revived – of longest committed to accident and skill and relation to the erratic and the spasm – fingers, others, parts of shifting great glows, low heat, cool light, gas and chemical -. It is as similar to something which has not been drained before -. A steel drum coated orange rustless color coats rubberized, sealed with a pitch inside, seams approach the uniformity of the cast, the equal tensions to the microscopic bind – when the active agent is ready, there is release and the test begins, and as buried drums evacuate their confidence through their excess valves, and blow into the dirt beneath their burial sight -... the rose returns to cheeks and rounds, the cheer to what was settled into spinning of hungry beetles and the buzzing when it slows, the mud wasp flies at high altitudes in the northern winter sockets stiffening and wings icing - ... regards the drums, steel orange buries hopes, confusion and paranoid visions, evacuated houses in the dell – worms the coming dust balls in the corners, fear the waves control the clouds, confidence distorted that the lines the hand makes in the air extend up to the tree tops bring currents in the swirls tornadoes bringing calm -... in the contest of this poem -. In redundant a king – imagined how –

played rules imagined in the pathway or interference of traveling light, the luggage blocks the view between seats. Truth and as of deeper focuses and concentration we are well aware of, yet are like to step aside and let pass greater ignorant -. Files flights of lines and blurring – tuck proportions under, broad chords backdrop – miter corners with slate sheets – as so language of the habitat and flat surfaces in spaces has evolved the way advancing virus knocks its own walls down and makes a better shape – running out a change is running in. Overflow has come remove the caps. Vibrating vitally until everything jiggles then down to the smallest, two against each other shaking breaks them – levels then around about, reaching acceptance, measures, shaking, rattling. To some, a song. Hammering invading sound space. This place, this way, courtyard breathing and exercising. Intending to burn these into smoke, then send to the ancestors this ghost month, not to placate them but to wake them with confusion and dizzy heads (of ghosts) – Abraham in Nova Scotia, Konrad Gesner in Zurich, perhaps the dead Von Trapps for song, (though preferred are more serious encounters of sound) the Von Trapps might annoy - but all the striking of the gong first, energized, no slow pace reset button or red/green compactor fumbling over big buttons with hazy finger masses shifting into ghost the self – either or the two typhoons come back to back the way a double feature, one screen, one island, - pressure dropping, feeling the air is pulling even through the air conditioning, black sky now mid day, reset, will it dark and light at night the way the lightning turn the window in its frame snow white – expectorant -. Clowns are clothed, specks of spilling, organization of ridiculed classed conscious design, then exaggeration, feature doubled, one foot tow in double feature size, and double other, member (in the style of things that pair) ad fists for thyroid, finger joints for knobby knees -... clown the face exposed so much the inverse is the reading – often in a premonition death mask clouding, that in last, the cast of still, no necessity the breathing hole the mouth, fill in the lips fill in the nostrils not before, but not without a doubt (or care). Then, with no one there to mock or caution paint it all in stripes -. That is a black sea of mystery or for one might be the one who claims identity remaining, this the host the writer -, the East China Sea with the silhouette beyond the land mass being Bali Island, - and the narrow ended flat boats and the sea wall stone and lapping waves and only short end visible the sea bed, and the feel so far above even the sea wall that the water is as cold and comforting a place to fall – and there so far from started in that hemisphere could rest the way a traveler in a bunk bed bound for Europe sleeps a long and peaceful sleep despite the homeless wish – also a boneless wish, and corn with pork soup, soft bones you can eat – sleep and dream – predation for the traveler adventure story, conditioning the flesh and soul – as long, identity puts facing mood and groping tongue – places – non the academic non the unrest of fitting, for forgetting for abandoning it is so hard to flush what passed for learning of those all established ways – so few would flush investments – **break idiom** – demand – contend – the one honesty – bemuse it to the block in where it fits -. Bemouth more templates then are needed, so surplus in sheds and prefab for the day. (They kept announcing). I of dentity said once, but not polite repeated dreaded foul letters looking like a one behost the best, requests. Using magic paste remove the glitch. Discomforts for the masking painting mouths the words for clown, the lips and nose sock pads and teeth, inside the ears what takes place most, the eyebrows marked on -... women elder remorsing eighty, sins forgiven but what's more forgot -. Seek soft landing spaces, flat, unobstructed, private, - obtainable – with rest and quill reduction, friendly to common use – contradict, but allow, the procedures, formalism and process loved of old as now tradition of it has become, but raze it so to wipe all but the creature incentive of the new, the way a tadpole comes out the gel of its pudding egg – driving unitary, driving into recourses of momentary invention to taking proceeding steps and, the life of spontaneously resetting, realizing interpreting into slated troughs of understandable aesthetic, wipe the wand end if it is too moist

and won't release, then code again, the master remake, many times before return to consideration of the words that make traditions inescapable and category. Flies in forming realized to molt and leave the shell to read, the score, teaches reach, teaches how compose down the fell and giving up to feel, the strength materializing feel to act and object gather there by switch to though that shakes so hard it crosses into shaking hard that makes an object when the shaking withdraws into invisible the cones of sounds surrounding – so, the limiting, of feel, lest that become the normal now and every drifted and obsessive taunt inside the self-one case be vibrated out and unto tables screens and plateaus until more full of junk than empty space will be – there is the more and more to go before then run catches up to shut the top onto bottom gate and we left wanting one or two our favorite things, but nothing more than vapor or the smell of developer remains. Thank god for the factory, thank god for the factory job. He is science study now, two and ten, and moving apartment hopping experimental sociology couches, traveler the old time Irish tinker, -... the world the greatest of all labs – am what added to the paste to make it hard and sudden. Rest out of loins and barrels. Sausage so dark no features discerned. Malt beef. Tartar. Body temperature, at keeping lower rated medicate the shake and stir by moving just enough electro-stimulation through a wet sheet makes the cold exact and preservation with relationships to use complete. Be mated, be parried on the sheets the alternating cold to warm from wet to dry -... drunken why to rob the tinker, the occult the man – in twilight, molting again the shale white crumb found awkward with the rest though still not primitive or gone -. Tips, blued. Middle sections, cost. Sky pink, eye white – dome of a cloud. Smokestacks cast in shadow. Rooftop drains, flooding. Scatter it, at alternating points to push, for sight how do the attended move about the force applied else - what struck else the course, altering. Subject on the path to undulating wading through the shallows, rippling below the feet and layer underneath the skin – feeling of the sand inside the body opened the shoe opened -... typical the 12 ended contact points also growth spurts, 12, each a notch to maturity and each a tentacle able to retrieve the sources for its own program – difficulty deforms the difficult – science and then literature in experiment /literature and study and the form, - of the object in sculpture or the thickness of paper to the drawing, other concern block and block the kidney, heart of thought – offer knowing something of something to the simple, prefer the texture of the beach stone, the tone of the squid caught on a hook – as the deadly rooted premise with a single dendrite hard and quick as the cooper wire of a radio kit -... and all the stuck together papers can eventually be pulled apart – the special stuck scores – a dot of glue, various corners, papers stacked -... passing operative gesture, flourish of the stumble and repeatable patterned gait -... reconvene attentions of both eyes -. Didn't know, but recognized the mouth mark. Uprolled breathing, once through the small straw, then following with a plumbing fitting – scalded by the cool florescence, it is the kind of emission and the nature of the room, and ceiling panels with a coral design – sucks optical and nasal which releases from those as a gas – noise is only there when wood is used, the silence bought, otherwise is muted and partitioned in a legal subtraction within agreed on range – some bound in tight balls, or cubes, sometimes in topological blobs with narrows and fat feet, or uniformly contoured and riddled with nobs – when upon escape from conscripted ranges flow into some shape responding as with hearing first their own voice, then conformed in differently, their presentation of their form, to join, the meaning of their song -... irritation, trial of cords in flex – hardened edges of embracing, harmonized in three positions stapled to each other so they shift as one – each has freedom moved apart from voice by calculation in the harmony's calendar unfolding, illustrated with contorted color from the ultraviolet scale and just below it a register which also launches into odor on its own index of time, and flat tone sucking up opaque the surface layer of the facing things within the scape – these begin to act, and in the field for long enough observes can

distinguish between the even invisible things-, that harmonies are prey, and, they also form in packs, and, suffer from the predator within their own, and, can live apart, unharmonized as modes -... salt found sweating from the concrete -. In of wire tipped creation knotting tightly bound in wrapping, layers laid down as the topic rotates through examination repeatedly attentioning each spot passing underneath the optic – there is too high then what is the vertical stone if not a monument or gravestone, - is nothing is it than, a marker celebrating mottled surfaces, the weight of earth and monitoring stress - cross beating, two combined but differential notes are pushing back to both the source – it is an organism – of it is, a monument and tombstone, not the marker, which is making... fish head, again it comes the mascot – fish head, marking the night, the settling, the layers in the air of heat and water – brains minds passing in the studies gloating, arteries and other slower answers dumb to know, to be, accepting of, interpreting, masks the many wakes diluting late determinations whether song form, PH, or, sensations unassociated with the body parts – to learning, junk it, go on taper as sensation now is in a disconnect -. Kitchen hammer, onyx curtain, floor rough single slab pink marble polished foot traffic some odd nine centuries -... other hard locations out of time – moving to them even as to occupy is in the matter of envisioning and fixing – then to making something of it there, and mining through it out, or in a tooth extracting, for a bridge from where one place the essence more repeating rests or wakes, and less, the body still that clings onto it as the root, a necessary but an unattractive thing, and then a thing imprisoned to the ground – talking down, from the incremental movement integer of one – formed of plow shapes, cabins on wheels and rags thrown as high as can be thrown up into the trees -. Many centuries again account for the paper bags that seem to fill up quickly with coupons. Sitting in the grass on top a layer of brown fragments, darker on their edges, thick like sawdust, but, softer how you find a crumpled pile of fiberglass insulation after tearing out the insides of a house, - they, being newspapers, and having come to, like from eaves where someone stuffed them many years ago while reading in the attic, having come to light which in the attic dried them out through cracks inside the outside walls, and on the grassy dirt exposed they fell to pieces little words detected ink faded, Joan Bennett, movie pages, these were old enough, so in consistency leaves now, laid, decomposing, sun scorched, when they dug them from the bottom of the pond, with leeches too – some still find their way, on underneath -... likenesses are many and sideways, and confused. Sights and vanities, protests lodge there, thorny, sticking - . Escaping air. The netting blocking the sun could be ripped off today by the third power, wind, as typhoon comes, already chasing out the light -... the fan sends the sweat rivers through their natural canals -, feeling threaded -, ready. Acclaiming one additional in the sediment which is each consecutive interruption. Specialized production. There is a cabinet of some sort, the shelves are worn down, but they are empty, they are a stained brown color, which can be seen through on some corners, the wood below being simple pine – it seems something very old which would like to eat, but which can not feed itself – how is it with old shelves – it is in an indistinct space, light enough around the shelf to see it, but no illumination passes much beyond into the holding space – the darkness however has a feel, of grey wool. (resolve control to peek behind) Smell of onion here, perhaps. Having a few. Memory biting one raw. Now the smell increases. Mental block room. Tearing, now child emotion, child absorbed in classical melancholy – dramatic poses for imagined viewer, circumstance, though not yet in situations, testing grounds zero -... composite from media, magazines, reading nineteenth century fictions – was the betterment of the fungoid woods and phosphorescent stump of rot, permitting wild green path of leaves occultism – pattern pounding, beating standard into practice, expressed in slowly interest – a rock on the ground while sung (to cover all the range, slurring, gliss) – wandering that range of walking, measures starting begun, measures across the width and beat of a floor, and measures away

against the horizon -. Trading, or transfers -. Sounds, preventative, steering under glass and lead, stain of iodine, flavor of sea fish – eel – cobbling diagonally through the thread that flattened to a ribbon loses function, looks remaining, flat attractive - tacking, or nailing, - exploit the coating on the cave sides – of some corrosive metal barrel runoff – in who some plans when activated – pass time use and public examination if some public – wait the dishes, wait the pan to lose the handle, proxy it – a wooden caldron burnt to charcoal inside - cement the floored snake pit – and the sticks stabs and bites, instead of badges. Pure resolve, left in a quiet way -. Pieces. Made the line, to write it down begin at pointed ending uplift upright, before the stop removes the Last

Negates as before,
The ending point –

Sand instigates the



Lined up forward, trod it flat your width the sides, an other path, filling in color – stage it, light, build a turnstile, obligations raised, and crossed sacks. If the doubt has reproduced, the tending, cross off letters mailed, false load confident the managed in the forest makes it doubtless -. Cross the way with cords, tethers, ropes, slide on them canvas sacks sacks filled passengers the path of offerings, boxes, cats, shells, gold rings, prick the lid breathe it – vial insolence, insulin – a blown and whipped metal froth -. Dragon year, ghost month, night of the typhoon, - color and, cool grey, fire engine red, steel railing from cement patio to rooftop – black Indian ink, amber crayon, parchment tracing paper – off salmon, burnt umber, bamboo chopstick and fire ant – ivy green, pearl essence, Chinese cabbage with fish head – and the color of the hand, and Ovaltine – and remembering ice cubes melting on the lawn – and a whirring sound at night which I could not identify -... ceiling fan, stove exhaust, air conditioners, radio timer, appliance adapter, water delivery truck, factory nearby, earthquake, wide vibrating, steel yard machinery, motorcycle idling, monks at temple, local theater sound system, weather chopper, invasion -... outlining, pulse infra sound 6:30 6:35 6:45, signals arriving nearing compressions – a beat exhibits exceptionalism – a beat exhibits sky pounds pressures air suction push brick base hmm dilating pulses openings mouth sounds AH and OOO typhoon steadily arrival heart polyrhythm closes crosses paths typhoon stalled at sea sudden surging come toward the land dropping mind is in an immediate plunging, metronome static stasis earth pounds plasma translucence surrounding, ghosts arrive and merge into a single mass – heating fuel with steak and vegetable, dilating again -... hard color distraction ceiling fan is feeling the one, a plane prop driving down each spin enough together sound the infra – steak meat, pulse – land to sea spray – mountain, grumbling, grocery, clicking, tin rattle roof-cap-lid. Sparkling, all waits, under-flowering, three of thousand buds, those caught inside the drain -... candle rinds, clover, fairy, pine scent, boughs, sleigh drag mark -... snow, trench -... mud spatter -, chains, -... log road, swirl, sounding, image of an open mouth, haunting of sound, - swirl, in frequencies, search evenly for a target pitch -... someplace where noise can rest – soft, slow – boiled, sweet, sour, spice hinting an expanding into the space behind the left eye -... a bubble -... air pocket, flavor -. Nurture breaking, and the separation with the grain of one and the matrix of the next -. Waxes from consortium of layers, inserted each to the next in an overlap alternating in a pattern of intersection – two then three combs, forming locking, waxes -.

Pulse was 8:05

Rays the chattering, and a string stretched, you can hear, something snaps in the cable column, something spills from the ballasts -... tars, paint the hulls and sink holes outline gaping and the

marvels of richest dissolution every color, passing into stuff, feathers, lead, scurvy, weight of cork and calcium, air holes drill pots soak reefs of rags, coiling shell depositing the sweat the mollusk breathes – trumpet bones and brass graveyards -. The river is alls the rounding, to a lake. Pits the pond, sunken, below the bed of sea – salt it sequence, removed, return -. Land pocket – xtra grade, rough sand, one third more quartz, rose – drone grooves on the wake, treble meeting midrange imploded, first pop low mollusk coming through the wind tunnel, the car door opening, growls the seeds – pulse, 10:30 – I am landing, it said, going where else it lets from weakness when I press my fingers there -... it is two stacked on the column some small dirt atop rises higher than the department store -...

Exposed at last and at before. Balance breaking. Cautious in defilement and the reading. The realm apart – some poses freeze, stuck when crossed your eyes or squats too long the knees heal fixed or toes turn into fins -... superior to the previous committed men, who made appeals to selfishness in wrongly judging gods from esoteric otherness the cultures they wished were but born apart from, -, as a germ inborn accepts the water -... balanced up around again, cycle nobs, switches, glands, turn signal. Foster grunting on the field and on the valley floor, before we walk to the hilltop cabin on the slippery morning grass – many exposures and bland exceptions. Tight was before retracting. Unhappy mirth. Troubling to speak, demands of binding, shared force too multiply the tensions by as much -. Scoring in the wait the individual strikes in hearing forming and letting go against the varied parts the house – it comes. A horde. But not, as yet. In full, replete, investigative, drop, and singles, mesh – point one -. As one bright nob, it shingles itself to best **surlapse** this short appealing. It is a feeling as the open mouth appealing to the food, or stuffing, one to make it short live other longly dining saved to picturesque with cotton soaked blood salts Epsom pulls it out -... silent, something moving cannot one the sleep the other holds its bars lips tight enclosed, dilating obelisk some come to us, black out, pits the house one knock timing wait the typhoon comes the asphalt blacker by the wetting, though this night dark out the tinted night glass too, the house, it pitted, while to wait, the opening, the pulses of the markings times that close in closer to the selfing time, one held pitch when pulse break locks and comes, the world grows once and more and eternity glitch, muffins one -... how long to stay you deadlocked shale -... washed – is it. Trough. Lot.

Sod buy up the store field, lapse film lay it down, on fallow. As am, starts that waiting rain, -. Function tilting. Was am fats the ribbon. Cluster. Rays of fighters through a window. Conglomerate stones. Build the fence. Strung on wires and silk thread from floss -... old window FRAMES fall lose, rotted and the sashes spring them out pop tart wood frags -... shrink. You are going, there is the mark, stand. Test this, it is experiment in time, take the note and pass through the bodies, permission slip. Save it salvage thousand pocket pants. Scraps. While exposed, more tying. Dragging across, then up then down, resend by lifting hold it pig style on the shoulders till the quakes let go the boards, and the level finds the solid ground. Then to nail it with the hitch. More times in the steady wood. Obligations and the hurt dog pass by but don't turn or lose the edge. Once is too many to fail. Trying on, should fit when shrunken where you go. Sods found. Flying in the worsted means, the platitude to coping made a glyph, and reading it, some fell away and others peeled and then became freestanding skin -. Was waffled. Some punctured, other well embossed, became. Time it said one trade journal repeating found sound from the field, recount, and send. Staple and assess. Multitudes reblows. Flunking front to side in flat costumes, no ruff, hot frill, one sash, old diapers, nine yards of felt, three meters of fiberglass insulation, a prop wand from theatre, six jargon books out of print a monkey suit, a cymbal, flash cards for accelerated learning dead languages and molds for perfect burgers. Slicers. Juicers. Cosmetic boxes. Self-adhesive glasses. Sponges made from soot. Record albums scratched with children's names -. Onion messiahs. Approaching the sidebar, a cloak covers the speaker, as silences poses problems, the case if solved by wood steel rubber paint canisters fixed for wallpaper removal nozzles but, confusing the intent, the

actors rough the wood and try to sand with cuffs – as carpenters, in acting class, in lawyers, court approved, in dog food advertisement, wearing seals of proof some quality, based on confessions from expected loss of legal cases, acting out in dreams the settlements and resulting lessened prison sentences, reduced to burial in part in prison yards, and cultivation of behaviors in the psychological freemasonry evolving from developing interspecies friendships, contoured to the banisters found courtside of the law and near new sporting centers European second rate construction products half afford the safety fans demand and thus, preventatively sentence terminal the makers having predilection to fall from seating and, to save the fate of two, demanding just reduced the termination of the product manager who shared responsibility with demand and recipient of that said. Ways wolfs staff wrapping snakes and binds alive but shrinking tight binding as expired -... demure. Unwrapping with reversed effect of living into bodies vapors passed, regurgitate and find it back, the smell, the function of it found and refund, slipping through the gutter use, a carving simulating irrigation through the sunset farm, where happy crops ascend the poles for beans and corns, and happy farmers skip and milk and rise at dawn with rest once in the curtain drifting afternoon and reassessing in the night remake but once themselves a daughter too. Converge the famer on the other lot, next door. She smiles -. Something meld it now. It will never release. Floodlight, paper lanterns mist feral kittens -... safety contracting. Soft boned pork scraps. Air, previously described symptoms sliding scale pleasure tingle to discomfort -... abstracted swash bullet course – clam hole mudflats, cone, arch – word topics sentence meets relatives through bottomless boat – long calf sorted ultra- glycerin extraction various returns to beasts – sack cloth undone thread, restitched mutated forgot first shape, the bag. In advance, -. Presume to knowledge of the tree creak, catalog. Resonant, as good as old violin and cello – and so too distinct – seek the creak. Stock and handle. Song the sickle and the axe. Prefound. Return before. Sod rotunda. Smoky shield glass corral. Eyeglass ams, twice waiting underflow of nozzles, low pressure stall -. Shot through with gas bubble pellets -, lead bead -, birdshot -. Ratshot. Shrapnel in the fencepost. Tin ribbon -. Married lodger, single citizen against outrage, bold headline idiom. Alliteration. One hundred percent hybrid – cloudtop winding batter no. Odd flack no, topping floats -, dirty foam, - river falls foam, dirty -... flack. Sucker fish spear. The leeches lay beneath the leaves the bottom of the pond – I see the frog with one attached onto its back it looks too pale -... the leech is fat – prefound, undone, oil smelling, heating – loon, sea grass, flowing hair -... preservative, sting -... separations, bailing, tattle – standing rain gossip, umbrella, prefabricated metal roof on four posts shelters cars – in the many other yards and propped protection, picked point, up the coming metal grate the overflow, the current goes to left – canisters, in the other holds, seeping. Clutching at the air, a thing alive that seems to see another thing the other other thing cannot – is in rotations of despairing -... then, a tranquil sleep, curled with a potato sack -. All forgotten, half forgives. Two to forgive excuses one. Two rains hard dines one. Dissuade from moving, stillness, cover and then sudden come alert. Plethora spread, elbows, cheek.

Foot is cutting, dirty spear.


**Tension rods in place
saddles strapped
in coming to the muscle bound,
some tighter cords and sing
the throat binds too -.
Fished out streams, the brook
I saw a crayfish there
freshwater, cold and bubbling
over**

walking rocks stepping
but not twisting in it, a salamander
underneath, bright gravel under
current – carefully – involve –
habitations, and hard wise, red
silt – below moss tree root
loosened fell away and made a
deep hole
the corner of the brook's bright
turn
something, there -.
Slide guards, the way
summer porch door
Otis Creek near Otis Pond
badgers, beavers, moose tick, red shotgun shells,
spent –
wood bridge stepping over gaps
some weathered platform,
they dammed up, chewed trunks
alders, secreting, the water home,
black water snake, lurk low
leaves cover –
a red door closes it is
opposite – a panel
hides a cavity, opposite –
excite/bland, assessment
binding front cover tattered cardboard
back marbleized paper – sit the platform
off –,
flat granite to the high
tide
up line else,
slanted, sitting, gravity
feels.
Some tighter cords,
a contract shun
sample grace accompanies
put in, mixed
sitting, toss
cleared opinion,
opened gates
trickling
under lens amplification
will scratch at the eye white
to be released from sighting
pulse, 4:15 -.

Telled,
watch wind sock
some power outside, unmoved in –
urges hunger forward, to repel an older satisfaction which is
peeled, the onion until, one roll that started as a stock –
unwrapping also,
stuck papers,
plates
of composited sheets, -
mimicry sea thread
mimicry, the ledge, the foot bridge, in between
the scarring pinnacles – of more, it is
long pretends.
Unrest sleepless.
Sea of disappearing.
Now, wire hanger whiskers, and then, growing into tuner – turning, stepper motor,
wide margin overdue –
soul preventions,
sticks that telescope,
baseboard.

Doctored locust, barrel cactus, and the scorpion – test broke status amalgamated brace – sort right functions, rowed teeth -. If one thing optioned, more appear, the begged. Under bird shelves, white poo, nests, mud, flaking paint, lead. Waiting ten the physical contract, the pull over cloth, head butted wait, time charge by the minute, the rent of lungs as if a car -... mind the carriage, the lock on the door, and the head room. The orderly of the Christian sitter, robed, secured in a carved soapstone thrown, hard but smooth and cool, -, chipped to fit the brace. In the wake of the thousand gaping mouths, hungrily, greedily popping open and closed, a wind of nostrils, exhaled -... signs swing creaking barn doors are rusted hinged then turn the door it cracks and buckles the panels in the front, the hinge is fixed but manages, a quarter inch of give, enough to flex the door, -... the seesaw all atopped in graveyard jitters, oddly placed, the children come, amid the tombs, and up and down. Locked time meeting, seconded by the staff, open register, each shares, the buyers too, the shareholders pressed their hands in books and weights flat bloodless removed that hold together by the grace of gold-leaf threaded through, the flexible of metals -... and too, the capsized boat, to fish from on the top though floating fishers just as floaters they would bob and bite where they the subjects, though-ly in the great ironic mass composited each weekly end, they are this, too, and subject even more, in part a link alone and on the chain to much important others, less absorbed -. Without pretension twice is ground down into pudding, is a wanderer and nearly going every day expecting journeys soon repenting then another trip until there lacks the math to make returns -. Unproductive some would cast, and vext on that, regenerate, and ask for more advance in hopes, they trick the ending by reposing while at rest and not in transit -... up ahead some low returns, to next afflict, the walk is ways the run accords the god in seats the cork his bulk plugs up the seat and hole, so suction, and, so makes a current blended all around -. Let have it, make some paper cones. Retract now, push, bloat, under-burden. Retrial. Concern, bottled -. Eventual, and after prayer, tiny cogs appear on top the flashy parts. The lock and move each other, even while submerging at some daisy chained end point inside the body barer, - so the result and the purpose is not clear, but, they are, in working as they are, appearing to be part of functions – inside of the bigger parts -. In

permission, in wise white to cream tones. Barriers one in each applied illusion – double invisible twin is cockled on the knee of a deceit shaped by a felt bound monk with acne -. Casual associations with his

topics. Prayer for all. Pulse 8:07, again, 8:25. Familiar 

Flutter basic infiltrate the cuticles touch the slate, familiar in the substitution and wash, forcing reactive to the new contestant, saturates milder soaps contingent on the age of users and experience of the elements of hope, piled buttons, dug up the mint and tubers and the bulbs three hundred year tulips velvet dark with purple trim -... the, am as lopsided in the grail of earning. Others must restore, then, consummately dehydration comes, affliction mild again the hair wings, ingrown. Ego plaster on the neck, rotunda timbers, thickly cut from straight centers, high – tipped chrome car steel bumper from the sixties caps, glinting -. Dutch garden, swoop jet engine overpowers Japanese quartet -... landed something having gone where it went, glistening tears milked by happenstance -. She in the crazy timid valley, them ins the stern bumpy foothills. See eruption gagged its hot choking breath -... afforded some suit, and too, expense, seams, and temporary stitch. Mite mixture, alter solder silver piled and metal, copper gold embedded in the nail of Christ, the mounds resplendent on the sojourner who even filthy yet so brave to step inside in fearlessness, the gentile matron(ess) who in her moment spits him down, and soils with uncontrol, the bowels in her cloak and folds of flax and corduroy gowns in layered veils – sponge out the scent still burns in long, snakes roping out the cord gluts ripping gnarled cooked smells -... remember, them that butchered beast and rabbits in the woodshed, hammer side the axe the crush of skulls in poetry of sounds, the box inside that pop excitedly when it lets go, the compliment of sound to single power point pop and crunch in on, of also popping OUT while IN release, collapses -. Special and words and emphasis or size and repetition failing, only fractional transmissions, meanings and the picture fails less the act or traveling for every circumstance is new to go, and do, to know. Some natural wrapper keeps the shape. Praise, tags, lumps. Stamps, square, block letters for simple spelling. Sampling in the flaccid lands. Ropes long lines the clothes dry at the granite cliffs - ...typeset at the goldmine, tumble in the blast hole, was it oil came up there, or something else more stagnant than a plant -...also, long distilled – set the type write out the dream what thought they saw. Warn at winter groping of the smallest splint that makes it from a log, all packs ivory, encasing on the outer wall to trim away revealed discolored codes -... the tusks support beams compromise, compared. Gives up now, rumpled on the hand with tapping and a patience signaling it there. Likes the voice firm trait. Tap the power strong, the maple -, the fir for glue and incense – next, -. Radius. Present baking invention, regulated breath the oxygen through different secondary width and length of throat – and in one own particular stock there breeds stockades. Grand make, presents the whistler. So air holes. Flashes come but false, of things that never were, but full the way a recollection is, and filtered too with guilt or shame, or some sweet feeling – but, as such from nothing – responsive nerve shimmering -... slowing down, so can be gathered up inside of a box. Little light diode shiner, can shoot its sliver through the corner cracks - everybody knows. Called down barrels lined up daisy chained with syphon hoses – comes to life – from gravity some organs birth, and then display their signs – vital and a PULSE. Wire coat hangers, racks, wire nests for hamburger and decomposition's model of the chia pet, wire springs you make by wrapping it around your finger, and, you make a small thing such as fork or spoon bounce a little -... wire operation said behind the eye, lobotomy – grave plain plane ordinary things, fuels, wheels, connectors, caps and cups -. Containers. Manacles, embracing, a mood -... obtuse, proper. Sullen, directed attention, cast down, moved gently, waving, not looking up, locked to the cuff, shoe tip, horn, heel, eyes up, thinner air -. The car. Manual window. Sitting, up for her, -. Calf half wandering, half in decisive course, snow drifts, lost in white -... thermic head - ||: pulse and blade and frequency and partitions :| | bulbs

offertory weed garden ghost farm, venom cocktail was two tail ends here too, start and finish but this wing reserved with, no errant fluxing souls out, the hall gradient is stationed, overlabored, in its own, and, handed down, a bitter part, unclear, tart, rounded corners fits to any space especial in a blurry spin. One object turns, morphic, renegade picture slide strip countable incorporated, added destined too thinned fragiley but a taste of roe, then significant, produced diagonals. But, to training in the hall, and otherwise allowed outside. Indoctrinate forward practiced, local product hail to go, and matching to move, the principle select – passing bodies sustained in interruption, of the dialogue, discourse, discursive, up the flag post with the rag pulled down, coffers managing that hold in our kind, a holy blister, in our way the moth light facilitated resets magazines uplift in cartridge carriers withhold, in the afternoon, withdraw until the next – frosted lights, or cataract some diffusion, - wall, the fracture of outline, firm blockade formation, style-off, charismatic, the dust prime feed – apart, wide strokes – south yawns – plow bird consists nothing of than feather and drive short hyphen collective – unpopular emblems. Predominated in the echoes the hollow of the cave which made its own song too, in a meter and a scale, and a body – dwarf – the steam feeds patches of green, the hot stone sears the face – too many fractions, half lines divide more equations through the shell, attaching and providing vulnerable bellies hanging, drawing comment, hungry eye – required of the reading blind, they feel their way organs, shells, haunches -. Heats provide bailing of sensation through the hatches, hinged first from the cartilage, then, upgrown, finger nail skin first, then the double binding and separation as a side grows first, then fleshes out a sister – introduced was gone to through the word, the sound, and later the intention, lastly the transmutation through it – plucked minutely until covered with the uniform of fuzz – said, the set of standards contents relevant to food and purpose, sleep and reproduction. Incident, and, developed as the views to God – hard ball forms, one in each unique a pestering formative the person late inside complaint -. Hybrid eye black but hard blue steel note – make the matter, rare exception, supplement to disposition, cold joint deer loin sweat on Sundays, there far down well, sides ready soaked, particle one million taint, and, field far, all parts twice distant, distributions, diluted – shaded wardrobe cooled clothes misted to expected dry course atmosphere, expected, dry, course disposition - white milk habitat, expanded frames the picture – holding inside retainer cavity, curtained entry/exit, surrounded other ribbed invention softened by some sakes – three to wander unexpected, anxious to this other cone, with sitting light, a kitchen, or an eating set, and, a tool yard grown capacity, each utensil, for one bone, locked tracks with a converse expectation through the glance that far wells too to formulate the vocabulary sleeping parts and attire – didn't know all metal rings wandered by the intervention mask, who saw the waited rested miles inside the chair, often hard the afternoon nine long, preferred two walls preferred as unsupported ceiling - editions false adjust storage boxes seasonal matters holding call, false grip, slips, bag forms firm and plop big banded, and cabinet life, calmed the steps to the mall. Reports aglaze steins and forums outed processes overcrowding rinks – confirmed omens and stigmata, having witnessed exorcism and possession as a rite so negative the evidence suggests -. Viewing of the wide potato field at noon – profusion confiscated chunks frozen swill slides off the ledge, cracked by heat lightning make their way back to the engine's core in crumbs – pimples face the earth again stigmata. Born between the strikes of one typhoon that passed and then returned. Flight escaping reason from the place by accidentals – flatted sharp, outside the program – inflictions horse hair paste – become a part attachment value – part a grace will stomach spill – some part by purpose, adoption – root impacted to liking by preservation in the high dry caves – other ended drip machine composes feeble lovely columns as gastrical yet, a flowering of color tones, incapable and almost not sustaining their own, the appearing of the massive scales and someone yet returns to it the emblem of a future's power arm. Asking now the whale of kinds and fidget of uncultivated worm, the indirection of the third imparted limb, the run-wheel with the custom martyred wax embossment composite plastic waterfall wall, with likeness and recognitions, caps and fragments the familiarly disposed, hoping with the talisman of second use machines. Clipped to shedding one the added faucet doubles use to verify

while rarefying in a combination tooling – with assaults to style that anti-bare it out. In dark up as waiting there is, implement adaptive modes then blend the spring response corrosive and the caustic hinge – they underwearing sheets of polished mail, deflecting out of grain – averaged relocated down, a substitution nickel shingles burst lips convey the tangled veins – conveyed dressed down undercarriage and conjoined classics – prayer denied the oval priesthood sought after proposition for rare signatures, request ire and absorbed of name – walked the street and crossing posted on the phone pole glue mopped layer peel – delayed of destruction passions, forge a ring, a key, re-honor, dehydrate evacuate coolant, unconsolidated sweeps in time to share one, water table – on of a guardian to oversee – praise napkin, praise pants, praise costume stress the universal vigor of a realm – praise pomp fabric with tassel – window loss of glass, the doorway door without the knob – in participatory jaws, it is factory alpha day. Mills churn, pushing production. Push while furtive still, waiting while anticipation, gloating while proud. Build while inflamed. Churned while drum kit snared – except from the list. Round the class valley for the slope generally. Pose with radicalized photographic backdrops. What said, host unfriendly contortion, eyelids, salt stung sweat, other their components. Other orders of rule extraction. Morning aerosol, fate as pulled to meeting. At arrives the quick of vacuum availed. Wanting the irresistible in moving. Lack magnetic resistance poles cannot push but pull. Anchor rope, sleep remote. One hundred percent aimlessness – aimless makes a course – planned followers – labored toward receptivity, gardened, potato. Codes of recall. Executes task day. Early modern, tender grips – conserved pliant boards, ply were buckled but restored black magic – woodskill – they that underneath their own bulk can't row out or shout – then loose, ones that bore a hole to freedom through themselves – as with relation of the universal solvent to the vessel so the notion of returns in flying through the past, to things gone, the right to hit the wall, - undone side effect all sprawl, unexpected cascade yards apart between – on waking seeking afternoon, lunch is reserved for dinner – pride embrace, a wrestler's hold another archetype – year part month part weeks replace, essence cylinder, many courses – long forget reflection – only stating what they do – regulation commentary fill, press borders to, saturate, foaming tissue – tradition division conflicted interest of self and other free association of possible combines – plus understandment compose for time -. Flay toward the staircase – grand acceptance -. Was the display of the arranged. The animal dawning exposes to the magnetic north – in a state of rumor. White flour composing – when in holy piles they build a shrine. Vacant approximation, the former city where they dwelled, and buses, and the roads. Some folding and, some pausing in space – misuse disrupted sensation crossing over each other – am-ing slammed attraction – folding chair in a choir. Four deny faith. Cactus emergent. Dust bowl slowly returning across the horizon - forums on murdered time castles. Forms flavored antacids – ill made eating – rowed discomforted stacked with layers of - backward onto heel balance – round rolling tightening wadding – paper and ink are reassessed – newspapers rolled and swatting flies –cut hot wire through sea blue and chrome gelatin streaks translucent and cellophane – condescends to – and flame retardant friend – something comes back after once, reunions -. Misdirection, tall thieves keep looking up – in the drier air, shorter stovepipes are forming underlined defenses – still, the weather border hangs in place – there, enforced a docking in the way, the schooner's third mast catches on the underpass – interruption, a sidebar filled with projects shifted variously so requiring the myriad and no two things at once – blocks of salt from underground block doorways to private studies and dens, stained wood baseboards around the parameter and wainscoting matching a smoking jacket – the hair bound gobble rice with a ladle – manacled to chairs by their pig and pony tails – this is common, relatives of the serving class – and more work, strung pathways into the fiend outside the hostel, between the tracks and the clothesline – buildup made, one in the eye of images, and on the limbs are filled and totes transporting pulling down, and free arms lost, and elbows unhinged by the weight of files and product -. Even you artist lashed onto some board – am

reading am not bound by pedigree though **I** could skip ahead, and introduce myself though rarely

I, am Abraham and Conrad Gesner, and Von Trapp runs in my blood -... but roundly boasting

trademarks, tenders away from the topic of novelty attractive to the else outside the one. Two prong outwardly worthy, something on a small dish. Heat inside the mouth, spice, burning, douse. In the waiting room before the tests the anchors and the shields implanted in the muscle bone, radiating mirroring across the aisles – run caps, collectors ask for some pittance – seeming rude, even anyone would turn their back – rising hoses, choking, gales the hull -. Call and response – mystery, sandpaper all grades -. No freedom there, or aborted disclaims – oars -. K bar, glory, construction, bare lots. Slender matters. Constraints on periods of activity, sign in sign out for waking, -. Lines pass through holes in the sheet -... politic exploiting creation, low functions literalism and fart humor prevailing, in the untimed place above stars lines pass through holes in paper sheets -... it is always what it is now, always generating what comes, what doesn't, always making in preparation for the advancing of creative law – basket or bowl on a rope extracted upwards from the pit to the open sky, or the horizontal slide of general upper areas, topics also roam, categories and slots, disciplines and the religion of the soul of Ramus. As of the category still passing, entertainment, loose conformity confined to Catskill venues, fatted, hamstrung played, should divide in books, each thick but pages half used, or extra, bland. Thickness is appearing as a writing participating in a tome, though not accounting pure of writing, but the idea of it potential written. Short with many blanks and uncomposed. Deep inset, cold mood, chilled metal utensils and hand tools. Going, to a sweet resolve now, one with the docile air drill sending secondary matter, sugar contaminated in drops, the sticky air as if inside a soda factory, sickens finally, the bloodstream unregulated fills with sugar crystals, falls into itself and the body too is coma-ed. The drill ineffectual to perforate the air -... relying on the sound, the eloping of glory too, and undertone -... meters and yards in song sound, conventional beating of regular pulse, unchanged, undeveloped but, is thought not outside of, but inevitable, and only, no possibility is other introduction, even introducing, introduct. Even other else mob have done from motivation, look back wanting adding to and in performance, add a lost time, knowing, even tries to understand. What communities of word groups are forming now, sliding through their wet trails and skins. Is like to all participating components being liquid. Some with matching clothing, overcoats, outer limits, some are dense and entirely, they compose exterior identical inside in layers as without. Compose in retrogression fore-down, reversal back, undone, practices. Listed tones, to every recollection, to the travel away to lodgings, in belief and occult conjuring -... discuss and cobble -... requirements, awing, demands of meeting in the field -... some are coughing, others resting in the holes they dug – feel parts distantly contracting into greater reaches. Frontiers held apart, as if a stress to move can snap relations too, the yard and year is basic measure for the staging of occurrence in the natural contriving into strength with light notes making myth -... reconfigured till there forms both lips and jaws and bottle caps to fabricated tops, and razors for the adapting of the gasket to the fit that keeps from losing many numbers that are small and always pushing out -... always make of that, the lower plate, and animal and waters both confined to there, and how for some the upper side invisible to others to be seen and then passed through some readjustment to the form to let it go, and so, the change and rise and immigration crossing worlds -... for now but one. In failing has magnificence – widespread, carries instruments in moments of their fame, said cobble something with it too – while walking to their ending of a book. Foremost foreless. Excise and poo trail across clear ice – the arbitrary attribution – has it come from demon beast, (it seems no foot prints even hooves) or has it come from dimension unfamiliar, or visitations of spirits trapped in ice who drowned when lived -... then what part I is in, and what out, what the trace is -. Uniform discharging, over a

measure, adjusted each composition, twice loaded into pots. Come long returning twice length of

advancing, bacterial forms as if constructed oddly

from mass materials and fabriCations, partial

human

CO

n ST RUC

ti

ons

for machinery and clothing -. Whether grown here now or in the prophet's dream of late, it slides sand grates, grinds and with its altered and continued adjusted extractioned, deletions and compositing to elsewhere from the lost de-grinded into dust a shift a current carries, it is twisting into always something different as predicted in the act of instruction but in fact of doing something else occurring -. So as nothing waste not away not, the primordial auctioning of artifact. Sported fucked sicknesses. Words, nothing. See. Nothing died or withered. In company. Unexpected overflowing of canals and irrigation design, confounds futures -. Profound nostrils and perfections in breathing tubes made narrow and, made thin, and, made short and long, and, a paper release, a stack held out on palms up, in the wind -... having intervention and the stroking through years after conscious memory emerged, the access is in each a time remade that drags as with a heavy body cross the rolling hills up to the dump, we go, they go, the object incomplete but formed despite, in part composed complete and perfect much as it could cross into this, where is it it is it fabricates through tools as hand -... TOOLS AT HAND tools at hand. This as building building forms rinds down against a weight its check is pressed and causes bones to form at pressure slants -. From theirs their pressure patter, moved aside, and then addressed to weights they might compose themselves a different half, or move in wider globes or rings around it too - where the half emerged, weight on arm, it grows into a hook. Harms and glow, cool heat returns. Many clocks spinning without control, oiled no stops, stripped gears - standing room, red bliss switch, green slow motion dimmer -. Wooden paddle, blue handle, yellow racing stripe, purple one red other flat side. Swing it. Sounds, the wind, you conjure -. Sack exchange program. Organized, fishery, phones, dial tones, dials, office black -. Operators, phone jacks, patch bay. Structure unreal the time. Falsify to accomplish. So wide's the central pocket and the column with one sixtieth the planet's content of snap on sprockets -. Organ sounds, church pump organ, too far second the pipe organ - sounds the pipes inside gurgling, and then the squeezed parts making whistles, - plunge parts, redirection, tie off onto a deadhead fish until you fill the boat -... hard food block but lubricated, smooth and fill with oils -... boat uncorked sinking -... threaded to the grain so splitting one way, -... graces up in five rose directions, deltas -... caused vagrants grouping suddenly, dispersing into secret vehicles designed to blend into the pavement to become a quiet commentary - frill beast fingers not webbed but laced -...replaced derivative channels with bored out galleys - new to traffic - the cursing, mixed leaves, catch the branch,

armature the record player, armature of turned in fins for feet – evolution evening, inflection, other voice arriving through the lowest point connected on the neck – that pushes up a rock, that spurts out



bay water from the rush of t e, and balances it in the air, - a magic sort -. Forming, right

cloud,

Pulse - - 

Most was less than mighty. Long lasting beatings. Turned under. Then, a test. Please wait outside. You can enter when there is nothing to see. No plans. No cameras. The ones who rush in ignorant of rules will risk involving in protected tasks, and as such participating must be subject to the rules of those who entered screened and prepared aware, and forfeiting as with any volunteer the varied rights to normal progress as an independent form of living – woe to those, though there is no plan that says it so, who involved in unattested for, as they are subject not only to anticipated levels considered normally to bear, but all the wide range, having not been gauged -... stable but there is a squeeze that is a standard pass, through eight pins widening perception but that thin it to a tissue, so the breadth completes across the scale, but width is made to sacrifice -... and, it takes a special type -... even plains in final form for print are cross hatched or embossed on waxy cloth -... seeing nothing through the cloudy tort, some freed in accidents will thrust themselves into the nearest hopelessness – it is time that's help for ransom temporary stalling as the senses are repeated from the recent pressing of that book, and thus inform, the whole envelopes out-word in a filling air cushion that is fat against the closure when it reaches it in all directions as it inflates in all of them at once -... is it calm to press against this or, is it not relief at all, to feel the limit but to feel it being final limits to expansion or the problem of the fat that passes in the steaks for hormone love -... it is warts for love, it is gloss and indexes without a page of attributions - ...balls and wheels move, scratches, muscle bind balls of twine. As if a corner stone, it is not badly regarded. It is loveliness and mixed in a common appreciation of form as found in popular magazine advertisement. Lips hands nails mouth eyes noses and ears are cataloged and posted through composite paper windows in the back pages, and the reader eyes are tracked so by the time they reach the ads the ads know what they linger most to drink -... heart soul other spirit unlocated part, with liquor and fish oil, and blubber, both a sound and from the sea mammal -... what and all sorts of grand unities, for the opening (ceremony). Glut. Unlocated glass. You had broken something on the floor. Like that. The casual reducing hobby. It can last. The last thing made. But water damage. Watch. Lobes three to a kind and a long pretender. Awash in lungs and textures and organs. I remember someone pressing leaves. It is all that is under and recently adopted. It insertion takes a place in cycles ongoing and in spirals or cones telescoping to one side. It is an arrangement. In different directions, of an engine. But still no plan. Holy purpose not a thing in time. Rubber balls, - maybe bouncing or gliding, -... all the effort, flush and fluff, which dictates clocking of the body use, matching to the hand pressed list that is still wet with its tar

based ink, -... even spread green light which doesn't fade but rather abruptly drops away at sixty feet. Lined paper orderly. Sweeps the eye the pulling of a shade. Bristling doctoring. Logs can be made from anything. The green surface of the stagnant pond. Begin to play. Short dialogs. Carry the undercurrent. Of the platonic principles and the dirt of down below. Charade or lottery. The testament is always an I. Truck and load. Who happens across lands it. Some arrest in states of calamity while one is locked into an emotion of wet hunger. Cleaning while virtuous in one in a vanity to the second, and while one crease may be wiped, another should be dirtied. And ivory toast. Slips away easily. Logged perfectly in the indexes of fitted slots. Toast free in the following day and sealing in the green of dawn. There are samples on the lawn, but you need to find the right address. There is the old address catalog, which has out of date house numbers and street names, and there is the current, which list entities and properties in a stack of evaluations, largely based on class (extent and variety and commodity) and general technical classification of residents and origins -. You may go by the old catalog, but will find out of date versions of residencies and residents, and they are no longer guaranteed as to standards, or you may use the recent list, which may introduce some unpleasant contemporary development and permutation not yet completely evaluated as to quality standard, so, there is no standard so, as such, everything is shifting toward a final point toward an undesignated futures. It is un-cautious to commit within that, in any direction, -. Limited remorse filled study of the line, it is fading at an end suggesting distance or density, - or, a state emitting of a poem -... someone who studied something new. How wastes time. Limited sticks. Effective imaginary tool guides. Welded secured and cobbled incite constructions unknown things. Search for standard through invention and continuous shifting away -. General facades control the surface arrangement. Factory explosion. Inhibitor, punctuation. Whirling preservations. Unclad skies, assimilated practices -. Nothing more contracted of. Short periods, sudden bursts. Rip the phonebook. Wax onion and cadaver. Latex sprinkles. Falsify raw. Dewing away. Nurse the hot rock. Touch the lizard. Tested upside-down. Pesky and annoy. Condition with the fate. E laps. Hose down the slide -... welts worm grass. Something plastic, something gold. Silver, rubber tips. Mildew sheep and kittens parading soggy paws on mildewed grass, a dipping practice place, under-winged, seconding walks expansive to the border of the dome – slump, so what comes out is free fall, then you drip -. As a scientism of log account. Felt, fur marks, down slides, risers, bleachers, banks. Specialty fish bone compressed furniture -, off-skill the confusion comes the bashing yet to start but expected soon – along the edge is enriched with soil and amphibious poo – at nature, at the stagnant little ponds, - slow to compose and rules arrive, one follows -, two points begin the rest as well as finished – Fuchs -... resisting is the new report -. Downy, permed poodle skins, cover you your head, but shoulder and belows are hidden in a rut, white head moves slowly through the slot, the dog disguise. Street pinchers know, and conies -. Hold to force a lisp and squeeze for impediment. As pure for true is the epitomized vision. That not retained or reflected on anticipates the rejection by publicity seekers who see no reason to attach. Broadside windows on the binding, as a bisected cow releases curiosity to the fluid matters and begs us participate, so it is the various involvements with the mind affecting diseases. Infrastructured cosmic and cosmetic plans. Dainty like the doilies on the margins, and left forgotten by the driver on his fender, and regrets as this his secret passion, for his closeted collection -...the other his truck -... way ward becomes his soothing serum, settles his odd, recourses his bulbous hammer. Saints avail to drive him home when lost of truck his desert hopes and hidden valley with the hatch and cool desert cellar holding moistened doily, one each hidden horizon, never more, so as to rarify and raise it to an elevated place as with his mind, out in the world of limited supply as well. And so, the saints, they come, in long stained fly strips, revealing of his private stock, request he hold their secret too, that they without a license freely and indiscriminant in the darkest morning hours take to highway roads and back street, driving. Placed, and swollen up like peppered lips, and gone to. Exonicated, popped. Erotopiled. Inside, a sack or pouch. Stepping on the softened rake, there are ten points, but not all the way through. Fault line zeros and of any under. Serial plaque will recall achieving. Worsted in the grab. Suggestions of the top soil treatment.

Tacit file marks deposit on the lip, disgorge the buildup having turned into a single rigid scale -. An aisle seat flavoring is the sign of approval. Window seekers only ask, it is an empty call, they are happy not. Brass hinges, adhesive, rolodex magnesium flame – lighthouse lens -... itch of hay. Blue wands, use, death defying occupation -... age regurgitation – wire brush – idiot appends -. Portrait removal, and moles -. Slide long dark flat pan. Foment, denied reclusion, bolstered rhapsody in the points, dulled by pounded but is only to the sides. Quietly before simply, in a portion pales to be. Those pronounced sending are arriving no one beast counts as two. Nostril patterns on the paper, lined mills conjure prophetic dreams, the tissue. Reticulated clipping – even glances, odd dissuasion – drive to unamaze, is once an act as immunization, effecting the lamentation box, perfect shapes devolve. Thankfulness is wadded ungraciously – nail reaction to a floor, while to ventilate, slit the wallpaper as no wall below reflection space for one through deep shared – cartoon casts, low anatomy effortless, paces grabbing. Projected new correction – this there that hot lot – purple number column. You examine, shorted across the bay – then harbor, then port and dock, compelled to reason inclined repellent that -. Shocked occurrent – repellent to stare, wait the code number though is casual in arrival – dried telephone line brittle as that leaf -, and in the eaves, the squirrel has chewed away the rubber insulation, kiss of copper and amps, cooked blood cake spots, unfinished lumber, shingles out, nails in, roof attic. Repellent disguises the wait as someone in a row – wait one is delight but the word is shamed in truth. Like weakness. Frozen false, nine undescended true scents. Black oak milk and water. Flash itch, or form of attention, defined ball or cycle, something spinning defines a variation each time strike learn forget face collides with sick smell, intention provides excuse enough to plow aside un-necessity with heavy equipment or push broom. Ring wire string loin, protein concentration. Negative providing, psychological and damaging in express lanes. No two words together, each provides, a single situation – elements pure, mixtures tolerated compounds rejected pathos diagnostics – long side car bloat that comes in from the meadows – abundant breath -. The combined with imbibed secondary personalities - ... warning ways glorified. Sentenced myth, disturbances. Contestants. Driver's dark mattresses. Conjoining invisible roots. Curling sounds. Chalk sensation and two stoves passes. Iron missing from its place. Coffee pot of gold dots – magic hole punch – anti-idiom atrocity. Flex. Better than standard, with all humility. Potion hair bunion. All corrected signature. Gills in proportion. The elder woman pointed to her head with toothless mouth pronounce, all wires. Florescent gills. Hostile gas, escaping. Born of clouds in an accommodation. You are weightless. Diffusing as the spread of spaghetti – form whispers. Thin soups too. Ending of a season. Compounds elastic. Stretch close but stops before the ground. Containment in molded on skins. Aware of nothing. A bottle. Thrust with spent tirades – lunch and – unitary pews. Pox. Forested term field well confronted in the hopeful valley proportion – dynamically opposed, with tales times twelve ascends, the basket carriage, three thistle bush, one tin of mirrors. How arrive we when we go. Passing the weigh station – canned potentials seed out, called theirs in fictionals – polar, dosed, post after the bracket has settled. Of this world, ground plow begotten. Main fix planted then poisoned. Two across, one down, unfamiliar dancing with the gravel tones. No saw, shaking tooth, buttons wind the thread. Purpose not testimony sensation becoming water filled – bat out the dissolution – underscrap the test template – further manner – shift and sway protrusions never but familiar at their base – solution – formed by expired lotions applied in increments of serial delay – no, state season deferred cost, next – had how it known the heat sink, the bag repealed out seclusion bears laundered arrival exude the roasted seed something broke along the grain approached by the well worn path. Nothing defied. Formed well want, praise worth, slim sample paste --- west presumptive – thunder taste in the mouth, taint of going, fine toothed and rush no comb -. On eggs carton plan deceptions the wander styled knee highed gated slope, rathered not traveled to ignore, blanched on the sand – built tied to the wharf – sides, through select and exclusive want – reality the lust well hind time the aged fell – self sorted – surviving pinch, known to, unlike concerns -. Frill lacking. Slight miss deluge of – frill lacked center – back rode competitions, double grade – for felt watching contracts – address by

summits, construct analyzed twice short stitching – sluice water confections disposition mimed on, fountained on, retrieved one from cellar forts. Off emissions flash tide out of focus but casual aside, uncomfortable buttons or cold railing – straddle – is a machinist -, remember criminal smile, confident cloud begins confident gravel tones cymbal slide miss to undeclared country side yard steel grain lumber father figures troubled after math remorse – seclusion indwelt, oval forms for lagoon hex of tablets warm hose for winter chills – any wane becomes robust consider, eyeball – inclined through launch – wakeful mercy – get force water down a pipe goes up, hot skin and duty sun goes down should pay to hang for this. Balls rolling but something on the roof – a tinny speaker and a streak it might be a cat – chiefly the face and head are abounding – measuring of accepting, a fitting accomplishing, in a rationing system – thus the giving of the name -. But fitting only once, or then after numbered, then accepting counterfeits -... then pretending, it, in a blowing hole, what is gathered from the surface for the class – as much as not proportional to the rake. Plays for mannequins. The floor is uneven. One should also go to find the creaking boards, and form behavior, passing from one spot to the next, activating each - ...compulsory of nature -, can performing outer banks, just a moment brings the ledge, the meter plunges from a wrist into a fist – she forced pulmonary weather beaten has a stitched jacket -..., extended sleeves, accommodate two long poles strapped to forearms fanning into paddles – with brain out rowing, night falls. Stopped up passage, tunnel threshold, park gate, nostrils. Map out at this rate, why out not in. How rational transformation. Mylar, formal bounce into contraction. Emphatic to the wringing of hands, the slow bobbing of heads, and the wearing of caps -...associating sneezure conditions. Short blasts around the blue animate particle screen, the bent hanger. Sort, compose with claws, rule with branching fingertips which split again to twigs -... evaluate in flowered wash – a Malwart Trawlam capstone – in resisting exact balance and correspondence – the maneuver of Prokofiev – the rewrite to defy the trace of process – redress of harmony – finished want waddles after. Shocker news, detailing. Trim. That the time had moved expressed many achievements - facts are goaded – assignments through an eyehole find their objects, beds mitred and dressed for shifts of sleeping. Of, the wave removes and puts another back. In obscured and covered tributaries earthy sojourn port cavorting on the air that laps at waterlines, the next in scouts escort across those unknown plans, confront the moment of committing dallied over in the ultimate as being, forced on without duty mat or raw supply. Then, - go. All that part. It becomes what, no else. Then the part that waits , we of travel to with passing over those the weak attacked by simple acts are boarded, wildly for the longer term, though in the first so harmless meant, with what it all had been resolved before by elders when preparing to elapse – and twitch – are second, cuts the furrow through. Wait the bay, the ridge, the steeple and the rod and too associated lightning strikes that mark selected – go the weakness set by current ever, makes now had repeat, the west and east, the travel there and they aside. And on the path those had retreats and held some object by the head or thought that stiffen them, and made for something looking as the shelter or the hole of strength, but buried still while booted up hard in the knot, could find no after in the passage ways with nature who had grown then limbs, remain, stilled, tied. A fracture easier. Have the hollowing it the ground or flat as shale, and every lie beyond a year they hold too dear – walking to a door that isn't open, to say through this where you live – upside down and plummets dressing rulings – had soiled saints broken that sliding day. Slower stumbler, thinking in a short dip – enjoy of hard mess – ascend again with harder raw times going – feathering the flight – watched the sky another wishes falling haste – mugging – oil lead and mercury sucking into hungry pores – disallowed and products – nativity, aborigines indigenous bud – three in time the flat earth – threefold false and following – items forming upwards from their center – wisps – and cores – piles on stairs a fecal phantom log – the horror of the blight on fields – time light doors mutes – moves through closets and floor vents. Mental patients dream or have stopped or have been blocked – what fearing have erupts – created bad believer flying to a scene the sink is almost always at the edge the legendary door – moving forward pegs and wheels -.blunted but determined still, style, flat-nosed -. Fast moving

complicates – were they soon to plop, and other liquid sounds – missed the expression of the crackling in the stove – loose then tighten, god of candle and snow - at the same time, observant men looked to the sky and across land to formulate a more mechanical model of the cosmos. They wiped their teeth with their fingers, hoping for the best, turned their shoulders when the birds shit virus ridden seeds at them, and played counting games, invented recipes and tormented insects to keep their eyeballs for separating and to hold on to some habit. It was like nowhere they had gone before it was all new or unexploited. Flowing removing followed by ample exhausting. Float through parts. Plug in, where they, beseeched the conical prayer. Action confusion over tripwire, caused and was writing as fast heard the utterance, caused to trickle sweat with spittle and oil, to spasm in stadium cramps, and turn upside down to oxygenate -... oven-mates, sliding down two oven lines, rough – scaly baking metal flakes come from somewhere – bad plumbing – spinning paint machine, olive clove and muscle meeting, mud and pitch, fir bough and burning tents – avalanche of plateau mustard – howl owl, deep up brine filled cavity, cave, vacancy body bowels, suction spot with hiccup under removal fat unfilled, collapsed room, tied off stick. For most, the ellipsis controls the switch to intensify. Security measures taken to protect from overuse fail for long hibernation periods, which all encounter as an uncontrollable cycle. Rather planned for in the future, disrupted synthetically, outmoded by play or hypertension or inbreeding – also, grafting to replace standard multiplication, and translation from matter to a standard index or information quality, as is the structure or the sponge, or crystal. Play, das luden, hold tightly, form onto the pole and flat of the screen. Beast sleep representative, recognition of three briefcases and a single tooth-mark on the left cheek that in another circumstance might be mistaken for a shaving accident. Yet it is common. Ways then trades from milk to tea in graduations abrupt transmissions and slurred in watery response evaluating the leap – caught up there, so as the mother said the time reflection comes the end, depose the wish for thought and meaning understood within to trade without. Advanced the intellect by seeping in. Incorrect the colors. Paint chips. Two glass eyes or more. Box the past and falling back with iron stilts, the manmade and the blacksmith sharpens steel's glare. Albeit condition, albeit, washing with corrosion. Take the paddy mist, so quickly gone. So to beat the carpet. Humbly scrape the words away you wrote. Like bad boys with your clay and chalk. Forget the over arch the stranger friend the under bridge -. Capstone capstone. Reviled. Linked with what. Find it. Sacks of glory. Best the formal held, organic ties, or best organic held, the formal tie – to fix it both. Something said but missed for form. Or empty cabinets. Slow drawl, the lasting putterance of sounds out of the conclave battery – is what's begun to roll aversely. Can be nine mixed to a balanced P before recalled along the sloping miff – it would count for tasks in club code duty scout and earn you stars and belts. Ignore ignore nine the knotted mix. Capstone aircraft, cultish. Slobbering in yards and highway postings. In the banter, it is well to stuff some mouth as representative too much – packed tight cans in places, - reserve – born into a slapping wave – this break, added leaves the table grows – hails from alcohol still wood grain banisters stained colors from the fingernails retrieved with picks and combs -...slyly overviewed they shoved the paper tube into the window sleeve. It was the magic fit. Ice bound makes a cap. Dotted lines invade the room. Animals become. Added, stirred with rotating implement – brass and steel pipes, ringing glossy front over the apron and the dermal hood – have glazed and brazen beached. Old the whipped out doctored spot – under the first rib. Try the strings, something pulling out -... iron begot moss maid hardly standing, shimmers as the balcony shakes and moves from left to right inside the clothes -... flattened gestures well reversed to hit the page – then is mirrored by the eye –open confidence the way an ocean works. Frenzy, fearing cough and dry . Chambers of the milk and myth. Escape through riding bubbles. Bent around the drum. Metal fibroids. They as them held rights to dirt provisions, distribution, reception, variations and extra admixtures -...strong beyond the giant's clutch, the compact heightening proved the topical choice, and illustration for the furtherance in extrapolated tales. Habited, the dwell-in-lines rehearsed commitments through the method of a scroll viewer, headed strapped lamplighter lit box projection device -... of the failings, success achieved through **hocket** and a clam farm in the **mooth** –

raven participations, bat, crow, twig use three in variation and church brand call-and-response – on the voice pew harp – slamming petting, curling, straightening then on the anvil clipping, capping, angling in hot bends – and the nines hundred red when going, shale blue and other mood ring shades responsive auras glitch electrocute -... corona of the fingertips and eye-whites – so the travel or nomadic form, is a stretch band -... is a worsted vent – so moved in steady rhythms and a short rush – jump frog forces join and train – to a natural march – descant tractor, ox pull – seen country fair – holding pens, starting gates, prods -... mail box, green paint – pink flag – can be said in different tones, while holding head ajar - , -... sea floor rash, - hay stack, flea – mite – tuber – don't make eye contact it said but slipping, brought it back inside – all like a black worm – they should meet, they prayed for him, far, and knew it followed -... spotted there, thatched, heard the caterwaul of the off voice tranced -. Decree, out of location. Indigenous flight -. With the swivel chair the first of long exotic delights, and packaging, and powdered items, add-water flooring, milk -, and, prefabricated roofing and modular tornado homes – under test society flat returned to customer service, but with the moving coiled, the uninvited, traveling -..., estranged the exotic, and now seemed flat – even words fat lasted. Any shift would cause regurgitation until being still caused of to puke. Any lapse in tongues, licking of metal or driving blades into the ground would upchuck too. Hocket in the mOOth. In the unlingered, where motivation must come every following each other to the covering so unseen and the motivation protected from the brows, there goes it, in many courses, so the canopy rustle, and the tree leaves shaking, and the rattle of the metal lids -... image of the country south in summer, then the topping crest, white in contrasts, foam and veils -... having had it, fingernails and nothing more -. It is better than betterment. Food trough, enough, town line. Imagine lengthening. She took the truck. There was a road. It was a toad at night. There was a streetlight. It shone down. The road went to it. There was a moth caught in the rays. The toad sat patiently. The corner of the road retreated into the rearview. The truck passed onto the straightaway. It was black except for the street light. The window of the driver's side was down. She could hear insects and the sound that will go on all night. The toad looked like a sack of potatoes up ahead. She slowed down. The toad moved. She drove around it. It was black on the road up ahead. The toad appeared in the rearview. He leapt once and caught the moth. In the mind there was a tent or canopy on metal stilts. It stood on level ground. You can hear the waves. There is a sand beach, beginning only a few feet from the east-most tent post. It is dark grey sand. You cannot see the color of it at night. Sometimes you can see the glassy eye of an iguana by the lamplight of the tented area where they are swerving fish caught hours ago with hand-line from the beach. She feels a little sick, but hopes to find the tent, as it can only be on this road. She drank water mixed with juice. Her stomach is churning. Apart, there is a man near a landfill suddenly feeling a godishness in himself, and puffs his chest in advance of his stomach, while across some distant part-way another loses faith. So rationalism. In the past she said, unwanted critics. Felt always in public. Undressed. Proof of presence. From it spawn. Chairs and risers. Mortal access. Seating. Pine for gothic spaces, return child melancholy -... this is the resting, the muscles of the lids, lax, capillaries undulating the night crawler from the wet hole, the all brand modeling -. Automatic sorts, reeds, mouthpieces and mechanisms, fingerings and keys -... sheet returned the lid composed and backens – backensward to that broad recollection, air, the morose sensation and inclined and slanted dirt path, through the tall grass and cracked mud – flash picture, etched on partial windowpane -... the inclined air, heavy so it drops -...eventual so tatters -... pockets, tears of stillness -... wakes and spinners and coils -... with wandering and then the circling a pond, benches, lanterns -... red on Halloween, an innocent parade -... in some opening, and choosing, wish assailing on a wooden plank across and raised up wharf-like to the gathered, -...and the what was of becoming, and the called and request of watching to decide, that indirection of the cuticle just and only predicated on a history, that it will grow again -... so am to see, the winding tunnel, but from one end all the way though many rounds and spirals even curves it is as if its straight when looking in, or passing through, to see from everything – hide from nothing as nothing is hidden from you – as also always too a lens -... not only something but including all

of something elses – the lines up choices looking – newspaper pages head to shoulder photo and the blue ink pen beside you can you miss a face that should be blasphemed with a toothless gape or filled in eyes, and ear extensions, or a fly, or ski slope nose – ornament – some spot, or wrinkled thyroidal mass - ... fixes, off horns, snow pure peppered yellow rounds black rimmed -... oyster, old uncle, soft shiny head, - requests to once requests of pain – Sampson, blind in willing – outside forms. Simple brown leech, bright orange segmented belly, - soft hungering -... softer bodied razor -... derived of drama, made of something but. Go in deeper, wax turtle – hold inside a mirrored bag, half submerge the fountain. Wine holding in the mouth, through the nose – revive the books, and longest line attempted of a row of books - apartment floor. A factory worker (at the sardine plant) along the floor from one wall to the next the boarding house room – magic speed to read, can be started, has an old machine, can be started with an action obscura, can be pumped along the cobbled road, to the square with copper fairy, can be started with a rubber spark -...can be served, in rain with drainage, newspapers and coatings, can be signaled with a torrent covering the vine clad outer shield -... safe shape, long teeth, but mostly straws, silicate, launches and an ink cloud -... ogle ordering attention wanders to follow one sense after in a line, in turn, one turned off ditto then on so code and attention divided in turns -... tuning too, a carbon dial, potentiometer -... grades, from evacuate to come hither -... jets and streaming, tight hard bursts directed as a missile, goes to graves and shelters – was in walking on the beams the floorboards gone, the waves and shoreline rocks below covering of kelp and muscle black and blue, smell decomposing hot from crab shell washing salt, they straddled toward a doorframe, where, a better hold, they swung, and dangled, to below, the feeling of at risking, made the rushing slow for fear the enveloping harmony of synchronized consort -... proportion and tide – two alignment seep into a later part – wiping shines -... sand polished graphite – elder’s dreaming captured. Contain observations to periodic windows. Inhabited principles, - washed with drowning water. Unprompted legacy. Strands and straining. The vernacular exposes paling conceptions. Far away and continents covered with chiseled mountains leave not one worthy mark ungifted by a hand that’s called. Warranted dislocation, moving still returns to critical ends. A poem that forms a noodle shimmers sampling lightly from a minor note, a hero undetected is detained in mind as long enough to pencil out clichés and thread him through appearing in a prideful elevation. Hoping wish was ok pulling into life-streams, but the artwork it was never asked, and lay in piles reverting to the copyright of who was in the mind, and what disguise it wore -... on the large matched parts, the railing is a combination green and white striped, while a box descending from an upper room and hanging in the hall and stairs enough to house a secret engine has its angled cornered in a gold strip followed closely by unbroken yellow and a thicker bluer line, against a backdrop off white cream and stringy black as if a pot of highway tar were spatter in some haste -... attending should take note, it should be tested on, for service passage later to a credited club of explorers who designed by birth for whom that engine calls, have no recourse if failing passage but to try in practice many times until in nature they would fade into the cycle use of mass – into the wild commissions – as inside of the brail in user’s sweating, member moving with a snapping of a tendril elastic fashioned on a drum and making forward with a third and fourth stump leg kicking up a combination soil and settled dews from factories and common vehicles, to compound the special preparation salts returning ancestors to the germ, and then emitting tunnels back inside a womb -... one end of a twine of bearers is entangled in the forest tower, hanging until Christmas lights arrive -. The weight of rock is in the thrusting lines -... in a changing book, each character is pictured and then placed, imagined with extensions to the second life that only come inside for all the characters into the mind of only one -... when at first but makes a stride. Then in episodes, and wits. Intensive and the mouth stretched wide and clenching teeth expressing with a rose or boot, sand or calcium chloride road side rust salt bath and ice makes back-roads slick, - tampered telephones old machines, change slots -. Snow temple door. Hatch escape the icebound ship into the freezing sea -... engine rooms abound with smells and drive -... the trial is made and as the moving master, action stacks at levels of the doorframe notches -... that is,

on the line of daily tables. In the continuous and never faltering glow of perfection, which is light blue, there is always surrounding fringes grey and light green as a warp of punctuating weight around the one -... make known charges weird -. (air, electric) Plan, permissions, studies made to alter facts. Of some watching none confess. Plumb the grapes, the apple, the bean -... pressured faithful fear, roping one thing to a next so labors more, and practical, and scientific journals -... rinse, a trickle ... 0 ... moves the plant that wraps the leg around, and lower plunges lower to the half... flush over with like a brick saw – cut urbane, and capital, thick with underground wire -... don't finish, begin the different start, making rows, begins, winding around every limb with starting, -... only but one ray of completeness as a thought balloon, -... cranes, not vultures, observance not a party -... cutting as the force, - tearing, perpendicular enlightenment -... rack and bracket, holder sampler guide – growth of barns and hot house earthworms – as exercised by windowpanes set in the ground, and dug out down below, and flexing -... peepers rope and outlined boots – looked to, father 'clined to standing, driving – following the smell into the woods – roads cut it through hills, embankments drop to the back way – itch of the seven throats is a tradition of tea cures -... find policy, unwritten – testimony – slowly opens the reservoir – elaborate extrusion hard won, and lost some tip in its convoluted canal's difficulty -... somewhere gone, belong in the world that can be interacted in is the enough, as it is deep and widely cut – inroad gleam brighter rose the traveler dims – can take the mouth out of the hole, but the cavity remains the cave – many homes – hazards the attraction mixed the representation, clock turn to face accusatorially one held by silk clad Indian and dotted alarm ringing thrust out as she danced and clock becomes a tight knotted snake around her hand -... she is pushing through a crowd to face the viewer, who sees nothing else – no end in sight unless you turn out the light – the coil bough – while the other fish study, you should be eaten – the hat removed and swung as if to cut the wood but disappears into the porch roof shade – the sailing ropes one held tight and demand attending as the boom is as a nimble, paralyzed limb alone – a Christian tribe inside the Buddhist heart – placations for the figure of Jesus who is profile or is full in robe and outstretched hands, or hung and nailed, 3 pored, three reference then respondent manifest – through that be seen -. Convert all something into energy, required to be focused by a lens or budget, and by narrow thrust – but for wider, longer as the intellect of stone -. How much brights burns the long dull light by which you wreck the eyes to read -... capsuled brain, primitive can. Magic margins. Clinical, clean with additive smells, adhesive beads, utensils kitchen composition, workshop in the rear composed, the rooftop or the shed composed in Vaclav piece -... sheets and a blanket on a clothesline in a heavy wind and whipping sounds one way then the other directions as the lapping of waves but in a spiral air storm -... rocks that overturn, beach front disappearing into wash-away, diagnostic thought but not to carry out, only thought by thought design -... something not replete under the table it is moving as if legs but invisibly as there is a tablecloth that covers to the floor -... sounds, hard objects striking water different heights, sounds of drops of water striking water, one level -... then a listening, but from inside a passage where the sound is pushed around the hearer who obstructs -... shoot light through where skin is stretched, for a color wash that fades around the corners of a room, and, deplete the oxygen and see the glow from red to blue and shifting hues -... additives admitted too, as silver and the iodine, and peach skin -... and some calling, comprehended, in the bath, with medium then all else on an additive principle advance and deplete based on saturation and dilution – interest sidewinded circles and remotes, the curl and curve that caters to the sand being a code of easily destroyed and once again replaced as long as stylus lives – something of it here is pressuring through a small hole – results the one is tricked, has eaten monk poo in a soup, and takes a worm into the gut, - leaves the sores that pressure from the inside underneath so out a blemishing blister of a face with features even animated in a chant or disinterested list of words that curl as if to asked, but nothing is specifically named -... in a weekly plan, too, from a doctored hazard cultivator slowly takes the form beneath largely submerged in body ice under the wave of skin and pulls it by the relative legs until in time is backed away and even out the host and to a bottle like a Jin behind a barn -... in the lot, a many castes and disinterest. As wears an odd head

gear and overviews or down, so gigantic size, has on the side a basket, harvests plucking in the giant land, the potatoes have both feet and hands, and seem to struggle, moving in the satchel, sickened sight of kittens in the mind he thick glasses he unrelenting never hesitating or away his own limb may fatigue -... perhaps, walks backwards, too -. Inset into darkness. Sleep despite dismissal. Punctual creator always resists the clerk – disrupted in protective walls – hate staff fate – long split in demands to scoring, - threads that snag and catch in tube descent - ... even tightly in the chair or snorkel ball -... old mouths oval shaped and off the trailer hitch, that latches on the door and sashes -. Retrospective knobbing. Slick faced pretty with the jacket or the muff, over-bundled in the cold or tattered over-fields that form exclusive in the mapping of the want expressed. Map an anchor to it, a sharp stick. Come eccentric to the standard – brilliantly, deposing the country from me. Having rut the plant, a thousand streams lead to it -. Flats attached, the tar carpet, to the legs, and evening on, you drag from both the legs across the rooftops house to house, or unroll out against the sky the same sharp steeples pinnacles and clay – slide beside the unknown hoe -... majesty of color, when it sets, the clutter that you made has cut – no one looking now, to shine -. Defensive of, the long legged stools, and their grazing. When beat to task more lucid, out the series ports in a combination can escape but only that. Hammering on nine tin lids the magic number on a sidewalk while another circles in the fashion of a bat, and muttering, but only without swallowing -... saliva forms a ring around the ground as walks -... have committed now to fitting in, and this proposal what it takes. Must put extra on past sins -... systemic of self. Bonded to something -... two sheet ply. Three ply, drama. Prepares, as all slippery day – refusal lumber trade wood for page, rubber tire for the cliff note, summary for the storage rental unit – wattage old friend Wattsey – in the glen, some wooded powers, and, a bush of berries – chest air through the mediating sponge -... breath inflations, wandered mixture down the role, trails – two bronchial – treasure maps to loots -. Where do speaking come. There is pin pricks. Remove with it trays and barriers, the un-individuated, and participants in flat responsiveness – and, the needle, made the holes – every clue. Dispose, both wrapped in leaves and in an overnight bag. Remittent place, on the ring of travel, of the states departed and, the mystery that might come again – though held too optimistic of a dream, and feared believed for idiot reports, but secreted in even momentary stalling materialist – some should make return on strength of virtues – often of the covering to cloak the skin and for regurgitated rift with everything to scratch, the moment of its dressing for the worn to make, in paths across the long time yard until the back door with its awning helps extended protecting from the rain, so half the walk is guided by the house -... so half the way is led by hand, if held in hopes that coming back – but likely to, to making other trips, that follow that long gone the other way, two homes, - one – felt as long loneliness of disconnections – every tail leads – if only one reverting. Attentive, coming to the door -... familiar gait - ...walks hopeful answers -... drains pull waters down -... robotic escalator -... ask fors, greetings. Plumbed scents and glory, yields and harbor inundated by more harbor – toxins midget dwarf giants – the clan excommunicated the errant son – till still embraced by foreign cultivated lax – list of qualities are sutured on. The spring in step, the lope and the flap, and fold. Telltale signs and wearing, and profusion of salt, with a lime rim -. Where to spill and on each rapid edge performing, wax role. Many moving forth with mica sails -. Seized on lumens then empowered-up the difference – twelve-like the tugboat battery stack – to raise sensations, love on a window, inside of the screen – and, a narrator, who is a rolling talking head, capped, independent, not influenced by trend or regional appeals -. Wears a trailing waistcoat, with three hooks and a tassel anchors him for time and again, and saves on tumbling near a ledge top – all lines and rings from drinks. Bobbing, up then down. Saints in hayfields and seventy acres. Blast and tickle, both from winds -. Test subject, and, the one in mystical traditions makes return. Glyph converging on the form, a readable address all in a parcel style for elevated transport out of mode. Ideal and allegiance not remorse in the lap of a king god. Some one that pounded out a gong to say a word, then two and more to banter endlessly some slight or impression or a small complaint -. In the sore cloud, boarding up and winterizing, weather proofing as the others would deny such evidence. The eye

is bleeding. Optical effect, the sun at setting time -... the beckoning essence of the hero makes the backdrop glow, a stage assistant from a county on a holiday thinks it is skill that he transmits to nature, - common confusions twist the hillside in the afternoon. Many from abundance build a coaster, then they dally while another rides a boat of hooks while pulling scenic splendor in a piling wake in tow -... and this a hoarding underground, a light seeps up but once, to say farewell – in the lost without recourse the hill gone whiteout its textured blinds the eye, and sleds that sever limbs and fumbling over moving on, the simple complication on forwarded the disregard of motivated, halted by a sticking wheel to ride – it is sticking also, in the hair and in the pores, it widens them volcanic. It is much too far then, sometimes, a binding down. Sainted rushing. Cannoned organs suddenly in flight that model means and gesture as the bird -. Warning side-trips to return at night. Flush from smoke and corpuscles – twisting to resist a clock. Suddenly, emotion to the rupture. Walls, holes, breathing tasks. The long way blocks the summary. Come and stale and stay, reduced to a drop. Throat clearing flutter, and the kind girl to the kitten, flatters. Adjoined by thread, which also tickles (skin). Ropes surround, protective. Now professional, and duty. Tides round sinking. Airborne sensation in passing, positioned needles and spark, spiked, reunion with early cells, wads of undifferentiated, collections of purposed dismissed and outmoded. Signals, trails. The new to combat introductions. There is ice on the window. **Occult miscellany**. No one knows the source of the window's cold. Small local flights, insects en mass. Commitment to overcome-ance. Some virtue of philosophical positioning, one on a building top, one in the wooded grove, another dock man -... exposed wood beneath the vinyl beam – growth and all contaminated parts, are scrubbed – still a barbed point remains – a plastic molecule - the point to struggle comes, then privately excludes the argument for variation in a theme -... one selection over over over – come by truck and glance, multiple duty, a busy set of words -. Oceans rails then tracks and high speeds – fly over – where drive stakes, - Scandinavian comes to barren plain – the soiled flipped, the earth ripe came up feeding, passing, glowing , birthing -... the fighting score for plenty, the words climbing out of snow bound holes -... the doctor of the ground is claiming, freezing, we have ways, the spirit solid turns to pieces, seed. Special fuzzy function, atmosphere dust filled – perfect select for some thing -... particles, voice in the deserted countryside night a speckle human dot see the flash of skin distant florescent – role of hill the black silhouette committed to a shade darker a bile green than black – hoarse house, or a sound continues, see it has no pitch but pitches piled flatten at their ends that fill the map, their shape is the limit or border pressed upon -... marshaled over, the authority and the amplifiers in a space where you can always see the breath -... it is a monitor -... nothing those dots dropped over -... high-gate where east and west sides, cultivating one the other wild and growing on advanced advancing remains -... air and time machine, and winged statues never flown -... with contrite objects and controlling wind, wash is held out fore -... holy, they like the word. Running to saturations, there one touch and ruptures, many fields, many topics. Sensitive and full contracted by variety belts, strictures improvised and composed for tightening, pulling, isolating, stretch and pulling all regarding bulk mass and contents -... and then, with it is supplied, the subject guide. Fat ranged, controversial intent, to raise contrast levels. Who has tested, slide lines, staircase shapes, bubbles connecting and shooting arrows and blocks divided along divorced assents and diagonal (tangent) blurring shape the chemical expression – tastes adapt to size and scale with cooperative rails on which they glide -... forgot, the raised line, the ridge over which the emptied over most likely pass – powder, cool ease addition to the friction sentiment -... oblong beast, lasting voice of trills between the two locals, the raisin hotel, (some back cabinet corner) steak and coffee -, dark jacket man, graces book charges light and fringe of fire –fuel sap recognized supply -... add unfruitful source -... scatter on the little humans -... testaments and extinctions – raised up the fair gone teachers, academics and converted forms -... for the rare transmission disease dots return, the oil on the ground, dot on offering the blot -... seeing eye-through ports we know and yet to fathom too – (the water level) to enjoy then disallow -. Long lashed out discrete – described in holding and in launching. Had invented the mechanical screaming, and the rubber arch. Arc hands holding and deplore the fan

that flags the card to sound its notes -... soup and fluid fuels distained of mastered time that cultivates the action and the tool -...can for one be of the state to be digestive and the one to eaten up – rampant flagging. Inside a can to calibrate a comfort and a state alert to not reposed, the millimeters mattering, close produces settings then a slider or a dimmer in between to guide intent from automatic to the manual in supporting – dexterous one accounts for over-under **other**. (utter in the barn) Silk thread seclusion – often in the wait -... have, sense own, dominate, contract, send slowly to delay or inhibit in the speed of stepping for delivery, delivered, and announced before arriving, in a series, counting down, and then released, in stages. Modules.

Pastoral glaze over the perceptions – in a rust tank room – acid fabric sun that muffles in embracing comfort burns – LOUNGES leather seated naturalistic but a reptile grip – antennas – code the flat sky.

Seclusion – in the steeple, below the bell tower, power metal,(bell) thicket, (out of doors, inside) rope, a bulletin and carbon paper on the floor, the site of secretly the stacked books of the occult miscellany - as if to set the scene and done to fix it, waiting over ever long until the late – then no limb left for running crawling on the stump post THEN the time that travels glowing spots to pictures set like this -... as with any hole with some intention it is place, a coddled cellar cold cemented surrounding dimming entry pump hole dug it deeper as the passage left cement and went the dirt below a single square and in the coming back of dream the hole had some Egyptian child of corpses filling it but secretly in dreams was hid as if the victim of the dream -... treating each as if half eaten on a plate -. Surrounds abound. Putty window sills. But like slivers. Deep trance and sudden seeing. Parallel. Is there a bay, a knife, a cone. Bathing in suspensions – is then often grander of a thing. Remoter in some way that could no longer carry. Beyond the bowls. Studies and striations along the vent – academic, ledges and mountainsides – most the poem. The spike. Leanings and roundings.

The cloth sack on the rusted nail, the basket on the treated tree, the under-thing left in the washtub, the morning of the accumulated deposit -... the ore, the mineral, the pit and sink hole sliding dry earth mixing and the mud, and forming of the early frost -... far from done nearer just begun -.

Nearer of a stumping signal. Wire threat.

A common feeling. Inside of. Slowly, stray cool air. Unquestioned. Difficulty simulating in a thought.

Sanctioned and saved out. On reserve. Or, postponed.

Underbellies. Nine limits.

Partly packed into and riveted on, some still are loose, and hanging, caution presses on, but the caution of a decal flaking from the stillness of the time distant attached -... hanging, looked, wondered, what they are -... deflecting not so much to move as carve away, and cut out what it not belongs – in some conclusion battery, and the sprinkle of a medicating spice that burns like suns -... opera laugh -... weakness to contemplate in a vibrating silence -... some bit of strength beyond it as continuous endurance, even out the port. Taking pause and overshoot into calm – dumbed result from aria to song - ... then sprite and bright to clam footed and unsevere -. Beaten into froth that up the pipette pressurized

flushes into the flask and capped for sixty year – now have readied unprepared. As with the distilled caption of the seriousness, it was next, though in its turn. More flashing forms of portable light. And many courts. Under bridge and over – exertions and fountains pale and after missions reward. Prescription on the notelet -. Tiny causeway pad. A facefull now. Remove to the next room. Cloud the eye, but only the corners -... the violin maker died in his bed on the third floor he rented from the church friend. They didn't know what to do with his music books and reel to reel recordings that filled his rooms. Obligated to bless one curse the other, helmet hatted recipients of principled support derive their power from a powder ground in mortar with a walnut pestle made respectively from the crumbs of ancestors and, a cedar knot to form the mortar, and, a weathered and seasoned walnut tree root to do the pulverizing -... when then slabs out loud make their song, or sing their aria extractions, as the magic made from this arrangement both predicts and brings about (to realize itself, to condone the behavior and belief, and to pasteurize the tainted lines of descent) there is the solidification, and it is followed by the writing of tales and stories too, set in fact and lubricated with perfect lies to stir ire unexpectedly, and this is the result, that there is a complication which extends a brand, a model of, a life expectancy, and a channel through which some one individually has historically contraptioned to retain an otherwise insubstantial hand pressure which in the bloom is a grip, in the autumnal repose, a weakened clutch, on continuance in conscious presence -... then the margins of disgust and taboo pushed and shrunken, a flaking seaweed on the rice -... so following the margins of artistry made secure in representing fists and low required interpretive matters -... augments parts and privilege – nearer thy sack to thee – waves are moving AWAY. Diversion sucks focus. Good saints dry alive. Resistant, too often cracking, deplete then, too lately. Nearer of the plastic mist of cities. Meant to meet, sprayed on to ensure, marked for crowd identification – paint – clots – even ending and collapsing in a fire even perfect logs having endings even bottles, even steel and stone, and not to speak of flesh and bone, even oddly made, and used or put away, as their share in being should decline a permanence of time and even here a key and here transmission even moving caught, - out after but in before the wind keeps blowing paper smoke into my face, which hasn't changed this year – in after noon for counting down to mid-day, work resolved into cataloging and the study of the trance – am closing in that hiccup of a state, a sleeping evolution has it lined up in this place, appends -... fathomed institution of ideas, inoculated site, backbend relax like force. Post humoured, wherein the sense distends while suddenly and not expecting as if fast awake that's not aware but perfect – sometimes too and late half blinded or half arrived – is possible along new streams – sometimes too important as the labels on the can, is the color of the can and weight, -, - flashing considering use tinker -... ingrown sensation wound but have placed the key elsewhere, one turn, later makeshift nail contraption maybe inserts to the lock -... available terms only, who is holding the key always is it someone else the own. Unifying envy, of sorted index cards of fact, waiving drives and makes a hole, the edges sealed so fixed that way accept in light it is a style and not impediment. Tying to the tree trunk, the ankled participant tried to read the wood block with a hope of carving in it with his fingers, but the restraint always kept him only inches from his goal -... just an indentation, just a scratch was all he wished for – as official registration to acknowledge any act of marking then is a final and second motive. All officialdom the paper kingdom was required was of a single touch – but most of it detachment from expectation. Highest art is for no one. Still expect the voices. A spill and catalyst will accidentally repair a hole. Father of the sound. Billowing in the latex mask, the dark and confident mark, the double beat -. In answer to spoiled doldrums. One doldrum emerges. To be the only. Faces the day. Reverse the wanting. .reverse expectation .unwanted seeds find their way despite. Contort but find removal sources, then a sales binge and the unavailable hinge now gluts the market. Soon boxes instead of cabinets, stylish, quaint. Form fit blouses folded there, underneath the chair. Unavailable goblin-like in actions pull pins from available axles. Not wants clad. Long coats popularity of outlaw. Anti. Popularity and withhold from it, so rarify. Lax. Abundant. Demand. Pretense. A special style approaches a topic, another is pictogram for an essential substance which is contained outside, another style presses against

the boundary and further stretches if allowed, breaks if pressed again -. Ways clad in coating, clad in appeal also, apart, lowerly cast. Tidings as with the opener widerer form, the namesake bends the expectation to the object, which is advantaged by the sea of simplifiers. Holds the yoke, even in the broken half the shell. Expert hands. Slips and the word sloses, and the beating source arrives, it on a cart and rail-bed, with removal pins, the attention to the claim, in spirit moving so to see it, letting see it, wanting see it, pressing to itself for all its strength to seem, so thin and veiled and ghostlike -. Satisfied, but now exhausted as appearances the ghost. All of purpose to appear, powered less effectively. Bite the ground the severed head has no more left and nothing, as is drained away, the power gone to curse -... what for challenges and vanity. Equation. Planned storehouse. Storage locker, shed. Wait behind the other, who breaks the wind. It is a structural chant, a blanked out catalog entry. Excitable activity accompany a tired voice. More peculiar on the topic. Deft in language, regurgitated and the use of the word again too. Secret monk poo. Burst forth and is driven out of extreme unction, the staggered ledges of the shoreline radiate from an ancestral greatness though particles and substance gone long – halfness accounts the arrogance or humility of believing while a half declaims for fate, the accident and face of gods confronting by their sire – two but father’s blood and old way dominating in the cold and sea land – is it proven, that a reminded is at least the blood marker, is it reminded than at least a recognition draws a flesh to atmospheres and thought of recollection to the want of cells – what is faith in want what is want after. Is there purpose after return, what is motivation is it to navigate, rememory again to going, something pulling then the unfamiliar away from the comfort of the satisfied or sated -... three gifts unequal for who can claim or feel from it or take offence or sense the offering – and think additions not subtraction – surrounding as the broth, sense from placing – mastery, feel of confines – atmosphere abrupt against the brink -. Formation wind frequency, spotted goat rose, pickled in the sink hole, knows comeuppance – there through achievement wrongly chose one sense from the other so inward baskets forming, until rock hard sprung again as well liked to the opening of the core to the middle then the outer than the spreading of the ear the way a cabbage sprawls -... a coating maximum affords -... drawing in directions to confusions. Docked the ship allows exceptions once as sinking. Stilled in itches as it tries to sleep, the march has chaffed and the boot has made a hoof of a heel – as irritating too the spirit now. Land’s end hollow, and canon caves. That sound the tide. Cobbled and prescribed and who of permissions made a borrowed song, fell out of the way when skilled set followed on a tank and massive blends the likes of one across a million year that accessed of one node could call on any, any, and when preferred. Aside had forced a greater stepping with the ones unmade for pins of pointing, in a bitten vetted calling, mouthed a word and closed the rested part for audience and flattery. Having gone the scabs of scratching the bumps of riding over, and the auto-response coordinating head to travel course concealed the wooden box beneath the luggage seat, wherein the uniform, worn once, was waiting, on its call to don again some purposeful recognition sign -... and living down the lane, the island sleeper in the backset, long denied itself and even held the moniker another paid for somehow, through a scent of must from unwashed collar or a metal found beneath a bed, emerges from the background in a wisp that threatens self-promoting into gales – the things of taking, or the new unused of hoarded and bewildered miss-diluted have always found their ways. Always, one after tow, thus counting down, the dowager of the chest the seconded a raft and rowed to shore, was given prized of standing though of secretly, as what survived on it was ill held. But, all secrets, dowager in this respect, in lines drawn out in second mouthed and tongued by other forms than in its time would bring a comfort to inventors and the entity it housed before departure and the drying up away - where the many were enlist as one, who made designed and proper propelled the forward rush, was many cut across the field but, in the main, was but a single force -... beaten by the side, the log you know burns understanding flame, the foreign wood the vapors threaten with incendiary sparks metallic and abrasive from the outside of the space. Applied with rivulets and gravel holes, conclude their own wide reason but without, considered plain, will suck and spiral into it and fall the innocence of gatherers who steadfast in conservative abuse,

consider every matter want for practical resort. Turning upside on its head, should find positions not to stem the flow -. Hadn't they come close. Arrange. The mask is born. It will make you. Presentation, caught or hooked through the lip is best the proposition to resulting waters, pulling up from roots the nugget waiters fumble for, the mineral of consummation, of the essence of the soul of roots – strive still pulling to a line or hip for support, then hoping solid frames are built beyond the first post found -... where ends frontier and begins a void – behind of that are in your bubbles north. Predates unities, broken records and scraping sounds on glass. On loading, steel shelves on motorized ramps, there is a prototype rack of seven. They moved to several diagonal positions so that shelf contents may slide to the back of the rack, against a wall, or slide forward, falling off of the shelves onto the floor. Better to not continue making sounds with a steady continuous grind. Along an edge there is a weak point where undue pressure ruptures – closer in the field at dawn on Easter. Seasoned observers. Opinions influence. Bonds exploit mild wandering intent. Fluctuations embellish bulging, wire hanger risks puncturing -... later, in proportion maps, - present vibration, heat wards – as practiced, the series inspired contradiction amid communally shared limbs -... am as transplants. In a pocket, then it felt in all directions. Than it was transparent seen inside. Four loud parts, and seven silent bolts. Fabric and a heated brick. Nylon melting. Waiting with a wet napkin as it bubbles out between two tightly clenched baffles -... everything is lost unless you make a stitch – the facts of a bag opening and un-opening – tribute to someone as yet unknown - whistle, empty eye openings, notes coming out -. Forming then duplicating and all at once an orchestra of adjacent somethings slide as one -... some sort of long trough with a fluid bath accepts them -... touched then handled roughly finally screwed onto a tabletop – never to move – plucked, each stem of drama from the husk that burrows into bone below the shell or skin or the other option shared – but sometimes through a slow, slow feed -... trying to and pounding out a form, as copper dome gong from a blacksmith's anvil -... but it isn't played, but worn inside – small some pieces in a reply, white frills on a dark purple ground -... food for the whelps of alert - managed stepping, eggs and bulbs and snails – having logged a day of it you scrape the shoes – have of what one force of up and pulled regressed to swimming pool and avalanche – with the healthy hold of hands. Lots drawn exercising spasms. After registered a grope. Calls of mediums to undersides the resting beast across the river, psychic wands grow from the tender sides of child-like heads and beep as draining battery supply -. Wanted to be most encompassed there. But here, relay then, what they say. The soles of power beating on the stairs, - play pots false and raised, and under them another beam and set, of oddly balanced tipping cups, and lower still a row of tins -... but upside down -... make corrections in the dream, and cobble horse's heels onto the top of the gums that lose the tooth -... matters traded instead of changed, then new thought as repaired -. Places for the bugs to be, - still when the veil is pushed aside they can't resist to explore -... even though like there inside it comes as clarity and a wallet full of stools -... interceptions, one point -. Linking ornaments to toxic pigments, childhood and lead pipes. The word one wasn't you, back per when. The holding in the hand of the one's own name, dictated firstly by the flesh and later rubbed into the coils of matter as a seasoning of thought, the many names pass before as on a strip, but -, -, - importantly none repeated if are circumstantial to the forbearers -. None the more. haphazardly obtuse, slow meandered walk of generation -, slung ready, not receiving bound by cracked inflexible frame -. Mild while ridiculous and formed on the body of ridicule and filthy named to keep the spirits from taking, thus disguised by masked filth, like urine or shit -. Procure name. Continent, state bound, ownership retentions. As with, wading, sand bars, strange entropic familiar stumbler vaulting with a post from stolen fence-work, washing idols in the acid rain, with flaking and with feeling waxy deposit on the hands afterword. Falling forward try to catch and further more further with the suddenly produced pole and a vault results the behavior, a trigger response a twitch or convulse -... not enough though in the high tree or the lowly lower bough was treated to obscure the actions of the ground bound, lowly bushes and the alders and shrubbery as it rises just and high enough to kiss the actions of the honest world of trees the lesser of the shrub and ground -... some reach out of, in the hock mark and

the naming in the piles pushed up against the next when faults drew up the drawstrings of the earth -... innocuous and with a sharp pin knowing in directed points, removing into some one space along the

molding of following, the **designation**...

And that pissed out, have change it on its own from pride to shame. One word in a perforated cube that breathes, one ins one outs the hoard and razor edges of the paint chip weaponized -... flash powder for impact of color, magic fantasy and fear. Invisible fan concealed a swirling presence note. Penultimate a rendering the last and shining mound of golden melted ornament -, the relic fast secured in melted glass as thick the baby arm it held before, - the relic of the Jesus child, retold the story slip, the verse this time so recomposed, so death not birth, the nail then. Got small shrunk many nativities of paganism and creation mythic births -... molds broken off the finished as though unrefined form, with the string through -... was it wick or guide -. Conduit trough slop sea forming build up dam, face the plug but pull the hole. One thousand designations self. Resist the denial. So it said. The name, so small thing, be. Work at home, bullied by walls and doorframes, sitting, side-ache makes you stand and finally run. It is humid and dark. Firecrackers, temple moaning. Some code names apply, diesel tank tread oil spots smoke smell -. Sickness times and hours. Bolt of surprise – soft reaction, cubicle of peace inquired in, but. Offset, mispunched. Supreme states. Elongated. Overlap the cloth sack. Flowing rigged by sticks and tape planted through, a pipette and a hose, a needle and a sliver of cedar. Mispronounced, rugged attempts to match and outperform adhesive parts on sounds – enter application fees the second line the form – angrily absolved permissions, tied fingers, strapped legs to barrels -... apprehensive rowing -... general uncles, recliners. Heavy mans the standard switch. Under the dirty yard, a well swept storm that drives you out. Drawing comfort from a can, the row of ribs. False rubbing. Plans for multiuse conducted and the set aborted, in a ratio for broadest design application - ... terms of golden spoken code. Fresh worded verse. Fresh honours. Feed grain. Fears the test should break conditions to approval and restrain the frame, and jam the arm -... in proportions, air filters, onion smells. Dawn dream of lax chant. Copy out flagrant insult that duplicated vanishes. Magic silk, sun. Three more dawns, afternoons. Cabbage, spoons. Weight forms, bristles. Scales receive protective integrity, graphic longing. (with visible trail) mismatched aside, responses to each different article of faith – dismantled, metal boxes, wire hinges and scratched off emblems – flashing on the tank a bump and leak on the hot asphalt – ominous conditions, - afternoon salt flat – divine reprobate – where’s the cord – lay sacks, evening address, poured light, cold flames. Every even ending, odd are introductions. Want of fighting presentation as with the floor show or the brand X test conducted in a zoo -. In the quiet log bound water confessing who you are. A towel in a bowl of moisture. In practice skill restricted. Some one of them needs proof. Who’s hair is tangled in tight plural binds – there it is. Robotic coils. Dethatch. Slightly hangered. Imbecile patch -... live snails, kale. No drains down at X time, reduced to stick the sheet. Poster paste. Relaxing flavors. Gummy teeth. Designation of appropriate form. High rated turtle shell. Official posting at the school of choice -... high commissions, opposing salaried -. Discuss. Wind down various directions or options, to influence. Mechanical game. Old weathered sawdust. Bunk room. Paper mites to sneeze for old books. Piles stacked or long rows on the floor -... there is that, some greater mysteries. Arms ready for catching, lungs posed to suck or evacuate – back tense to be the ramp -... and torrents, tides, flourishes. Too many notes (spelled) and my old friend, fallen from the ledge. And then another friend, though only misnamed. Cool air, long walking with drive-bys, corner, air to dark, pits the air, white or circular spots with darkened centers, small colored spots near the street lights on the sparse street light back way road, the memory, some game, baseball, wind in the lung, spirit pushed, some picture on a scrap, a paper head or man drawn with the face of a cat -... can’t be tired of everything at once, recall some rise down, rest in short framed sensation, and the smell of books, and musky newspapers -... cloth, - pulled fast after the pile of chicken manure, red, chips wood, soggy with some feet emerging, talons pointing, flash one red hood, garden crow slow chiseled steps -... watchful, crack of the shotgun,

smelling powder. Some odd distance. A familiar yard, new fabricated barn, red rot barn long gone, so the side shed, collapsed or torn. Blackberry and stain and itch and fingers. Rend knobs knocking. Ambiguous stationary -. Requirements boarded so distill less – fortified limbs, additions, and magazines, publications admirations -. Cult. Vacuum stains. Hot-housed in fax and cube reports – waving, presence of a hand and sensitive to information feels as heat deposit. Bar slide divisions, follow along tangents from the fabric of the shirt that catches the eye with one closed -. Fats of eye ones, closed as well, this type. Controversy of the post to limits – X marked spots, slipping waxed by peels, intention, speckles in the eye sting, wolf hairs, whisker. Foster bet stored fast slotted invention for mastered transition bulb weighing minutes to miles-... and translucence on the dock, the eye watched, gel slopped against the pillars -... stapled grass garden, weeding sly moss sneaking, central cavity – host to holes -. All if cancelations broad remaining, to refuse consort, restrict perusal in black water, to secure dementia as valve, and wrestle free use of ties and tubes from supply sources using nonstandard irrigation styles -... improvised expressions, many strands at once ascending thick cord drops to freefalling elevator – screams – sounds pronounced one day time -. Proximity of unimagined attention, birds converging, insect waves -. Robust and climbing climbing. Cheer of followers and enthusiasts. Worm cloth wearing head draw tightly into necks, rods stiffen posture -... for wise warm sensation shrinking hides torment the wearer -. Stray, and strong hands performing waltzes toxic sting pads on a holster – frozen in a cliff – uncovered in the tenth year of the surf's reign – strange back shoulder of the master sayer – spoken word conjunction with the food trough – tattoo there and embossed with raised scar and colored stitching – string attach and form a cap, a head for covered pictures -. Pull them out, they latch and dig the deeper for the grain where they can roost -... proposition dragged apart addition, fever, white face – malcontent's fit – dwells foggy at arm's length – monolith of baby head in jungle WAAAAAA – leeches, chorus, jungle rot -... without connection, wiggles in a dish, looking, always on a search mission, no eyes – wading warnings, paddles floating in the moonlight -... who follows in wonder, presence sensation, feel of a quality in space – speechless outside of air – of passing going of leaving, designing, of protestation regretting, of stalling rounding off the edges, of removing to the asylum, registering the patient -... and siding with against, undeniable argument – assistance to function – still, argument sources in a dish – glass bottom boat, sea witch hair dancing, crusts – the work that rises, long fish-tailed terms – boat or ship? Launch – platform or stage? Shale, sorting, size – in a steel sink, in the forest, stone wall – foundation, house gone – pattern and tread, grip of wide flat wheels – meeting unto final things, battle of open mouths – as aimed, (was ised) the personal spike finds the other hand, a third?. Wash. Gone. Ghosted. Invisibly played instrumental note – but flows out the nose, all is found. Gush of water, milk, mucus. Am the balancing of the traveler, who goes away. Does not notify. Of some thick principle – and wider paper. Token of the voice, one pitch for memory. Path wash. Boardwalk. Rinse. Under rind. Cross boards keep them falling or FROM falling, in two directions of circumstance and story digression – snake bites, innocent dawn, soft ridge to bite but no teeth followed in, adult life has fangs. Long dripping death. Garter snake lasts into Cobra – firm wrapping in the planet, time drawing into expatriated coats – grounded on my coat of arms – a bloom of signs shields and literary documents – blooming other track to switch away the train and tank – folding prints and makes a dotted line that runs across the back yard through a tree and bisects that cat – sailing boat, into that patch of floating seaweed – parched drowning. -. All the smell of the wandering and the found inside that deepest cave, the first picture word drawn on France, the first crystal growing in Brazil – the kit child bought test tubes not toys and brazen mixed and convoluted burned instruction went by smell and bubbling and the making of the heat, and bitter taste when accidents on the fingers then the tongue – alls the mouth, finds the treat, draws the line but instead makes as if invisible by with the hand to the machine that no one knows, there is a way you bypass normal with the STREAM of choice, the connecting points that make a voice in paper or in electrons that is not the screen or the paper or matter that appears to be without exception, at the state accepted by the slow scan blinking as it watches you – to making in the medium as older, before typers

still with charcoal or a pencil on a scrap, and is reclaimed even for now, with medium – to draw the sound, that put forward in a forming glyph, announces a resisting to the pass of time into the void – something with a shallow wing leaves deposits there, a powder or a film, a little crushed into half liquid by the touch, to better blow across, collect as these as eggs, but small – butters, cactus milks – keeps saving a soul, but only one -. No one should understand this better. I am destroying idiom. Because that is what I do. Like monster, destroy all idiom. Burn down its house. I was accused. So late talk back. It becomes the mission. One channel that, and **Instrumentism** and **SURformalism**. That. Break water with another. Grails for graves. Moving, wiggle, water, blindness. Attract. Repel. Wiggle. Choose. Big soggy poems. Deploy the beast. Soak the overcoat, and bicker for the shop facts. You are in the forested road, in the first time life looking for the shack with information, only a scrap of paper and no memory of identity – it rained and something was drained away as if in a tub and running water and an open drain – likens the bad scene from an imagined movie or from the every image of the exploratory KINO. Understand the envelop. As it embraces on the globe, and feel there is an outgrowth, is it coming up from seas – test times, image wrings out – too much hanged, shrunk as adjusting. Poem performing optic on the heart – swelling too, enlarged by gaps of air space, - forms connecting tissue, then a cartilage into the ear, which dulls the drum -... **all sound you know percussive** as responsive to the pounding on the stretch of skin by wave on wave – still are waiting you know for the next and foremost waxing on the epidermal -... so then in a sequences follows it to pull apart, or separate, as layers in a cake or pig meat fat skin forms the made sandwiching of content there – experience through plunging or reformed as pins and with a power thrust, instead of beating and a pulse, -. Then is the moving thing in an exchange. As all thing are exceptions and a barter -... be prepared, the credo was, and went to get the stuff to steadily confront, as be prepared might to be understood, a call to arm with possible offense -... when having ill use follows requirement to be purposeful, for reason should exist to rational in use, it should be tried, so reason forms a bend, and round it forces method and a set that say that made to be, it should, so does – and thus the use – appearing, it should come to hand. Who said once and open mouth and winding downward then up on a hill, so seconded by upswings, every energized in value marker designates the motive in the self of pride, that thinks accomplishments, and not a fixed relation to a thing that was eventual a task from early spikes created in a birth -... blubber like it runs down lampposts other poles. All a'coat. And it said, you will never know who I am. It was a given. They should know. Sleeping or waking, nothing the same to see with, not a tool alone. As with saying, see the heist, and the single crane, and the temporary lift, and the staging of the shuddering wind over it, the move to complete. Final fish are coming from Indonesia and from Thailand. There is feeling on the wall, if the person rested their head. The tiny fish too. Sip the water for luck. Migration too. Round topics glow binding it is a page after page. Wet glue. Often stops. Local. Scaffolding grows around a form the way vines advance – if you are the monster then my I is a monster too, but with a different mouth – experimental on the ledge used by the butcher, it is air conditioned, too – oasis if they will – in the desert of lack – pouring still out the nostril it is far from the pocket to receive it -. Still, the silt has come arriving with the cranes. Any anxious one toddling toward a sinkhole would acknowledge, it is dark and deep to fall, affronts the brain which sinks a sudden even millimeters well enough as it is miles, it doesn't know for other than the shock, it moves a sudden – praise it in its glory, free from relativity. What is a false light. Is it a heavy blanket. In the cell, the organ presses on the inside the bone's wall – the whistle takes the throat. Drive toward secluded newness. Receive the ticket number. Indoctrinate as a precondition to an interview. After carefully considering a set of preselected (complete dismissal of the thought) the elements the larger working compound isolated in a juice and sunken on a chain -... it is free, it says in virtue, and that all the ministries are done, or dumb, - depending on the radio -... I would she said battle making sounds. Having slow but still expecting, holding in it, angry but is hard to let and giving up those familiar good. It is it's said, to something hasn't been too long but it is known as well, to not miss have not have lost it, who would know how it would be. So hard regret. Fight to battle then the

lumps describe. Retrieving from the soot pan, stroke it off, send it as the ash describes address. Still the odd posture for rest or nap the beating of the fur releases it, a cloud and swarm returning on the August day inside the house, the drawer or closet -... it outlines shape and tries to hold the posture so, should pass a driver's test -... licensing of all kinds stretches freedom – there is a sting in it, it is a marble accidentally absorbed through the pillow -. No tolerance for what happens now. Glow, shine, reduction, watering, withering, complete. It is the mindedness of a partial reversal, then a larger step forward puts it well beyond. No speech throat closed find the opening the back of the neck is good – suck up and march. Wild animal, flying over, make note. Conform to restriction apparent in the suit. Feeling of the hood the grows from out the side heads, feeling of the fins and shale emerging, the joints, wanting. Enormous of the bilge that wraps a name in circles in the river cut around. Cut the bed into a deeper gorge, than drains and left divides and finally falls in halves. Various soundings, and sinking too, to both discover, explore and lose, discard. And sounding (smart) er tries the words to fatten or the stiffened snake with of a pinch that freezes it and stiff. Hamstrung style of loosened angry now. Also for it where the wife brigade adjoins the man's world looking down the man to think how dumb of me. He must does want his loneliness. He does dumb does want to talk like sees a person as their parts, like he still dresses in his apron butchering. He does want to work hard all the time. He does melt into, soft cheese quickly in the tropical and subtropical soft from cold and is it like a man. He does his limits, and he does dumb up, and is wearing his butcher's apron, all the time and sleeps in it. Neither is he part cobra as the ones the men I remembered, that past time, in the company of men and labor. Have not thought them down enough. Should to cheese in the mind, then go. There, having done, committed to it going and are not to rise again, bye. Off in the land, now aged perfectly the expert and the freak. Perfection, now gradated path toward so varied goals completion and path finding that, the Cobra wall and the freak of nature, matured. Progress pleased by some post, made wooden by the hammer and the saw and capped with ivory from found-in-back-the-narrow-sack, - was perfectly complete. Now on from that, composing for that instrument, where walking with it like a stump that three legs too, the much made effort retrofit when took one of them off and doctors were consider but, availed to artists rather, who complied to understand, the leg removed the post was suitable at that time more considered as a fiend, but secreted in the plan, would come in and accept the other (leg). Ad knocking after, a bracing (with a copper rod and silver staff complete electro-chemical and prayer conditions as the melted mounds of reliquary church and alter had – of it prevailing, sod conditions and the grass, two times before one hour, and the deeps all done, for time, it made an atmosphere, and all for breathing, worked out well. Something simple in a frosted condition made was good for comforting at night and secreting in private times, obscured the window view. Has it been taken from its starting point. Two agree. One looks down on the situation but is plucked quickly. Paddling backward can't see where they go. Those. This is where they go. This is what they do. Some part is like drunk. Repeats itself. Monkey-like in a drifting port. The land so unstationary. Blends the trees mannequins departments delusions white plains and green textured plaster rooms. All present are found in-creased into the contours of arrival. Baskets hold out of lost volumes. Books important as the hold of the secret purposes that lost will plunge into a gradual chaos, any of the settlers -. Hydrate. Don't forget the sponge. Lecture. Time is spinning. Grander swirls. Talk it up. Working lamps, heat the stem or burn the edges of the page, the glue, too, is special, and, is waiting to be asked – and, the tear, and coveting and then releasing into air is precious averting to historic use and gloss of other venue and demand, attend to us, and see, and spread all wide, the cause -... projects resting in their binders I the eaves, as many free requests, they too are asking to be made, and loved, and held in close to feel a breath of breathing. Normal stuff for odder arts have bigger wants -... yes then burn us and then take away the ash and spread and make that too a public thing. In the throne, the binder thick and strong, up I where once was filled up hay, a loft of broken glass and parts and rusted metal rims and hubs that pile too high and later sometime indicate a crashing sound – the binder lost up there, the other stories too, more lost than that, forgot even themselves. Hay-bound facts, asunder and

a fog and strength held sleeper grip by weakness -. That's the current list, tacked the tree. Invisible and old friends some grandfathers now. How to be slow behind some roads. Perfectly they should be the most distained. Remove the window fill it in behind the stack of brick some mortar wouldn't hurt. Are out of focus too in these events. Conflicts in long, resonant corridors and halls as well. Something has felt message in the form of flattened tail. Is it evolution or a truck tire. Rising adding multiplying, sculpting last – what place does each hold to talking functions like a book or poem. I state you it says, and my flattered form. That's the one with pictures ID-ed and a wallet size. Formed you knowing going, fat for taking, rest it more. in the low lit study of light, there was a trail, it was shiny being wet, but lit from out, by moon. No one was toggled from the left, so only right lit options knew. So went, and ended there, the dirt road. It is like a number, but it has not been mixed. Adding it does nothing but confuse. It requires. You form starts, from it like mulch and from the spray of stars at night. Over the field, a big spray and spread so wide, from down below the fringes distant every way the hill. On the head the flakes of skin in dry, but coming cold and melting, it is deepest blue and white. Go there up above, inside some stand, the air, if you can hover, better than the tall grass -. Always in the tall voice too, and walking through the puddles, and the surface cracking and the boots breaking through into the water and that sound. Breaks and retirements and labor that is largely invisible. Or undetected, or ignored -. -. Fights battles most invisibles made are magic then. And monsters of the world. Miscellany occultus. Blacken the name to Gesnerus.

Writing for the thousand days. Blaze to the fire approach to put it out, composure. Makes to continue to dream and be. Logs in, lists sounds, not the word, but in-pushed means in meaning absolute in tying not given but invented out of access. Flush can't stop flush can't stop like a fire. It is wire, it is golden and copper and pulled tight sings high, stretched out across the field will cut at a head or sing a low slow song with bouncing -... faces amoss, wind blows on the tree, it too amosses, the elbow rested on the table in the underground habitation through the winter into spring and he has yet to move but breathing though it's true is only shallow now but still his elbow is not decomposed but only is amossed. No one all resented him, as he had planned it, and the only one to hold so strong a fist above the nature call of to draw the spirit out, that he could rend the motive out of earth and it would sit and wait until he let it go, and only giving to it out of kindness, sitting up into the chair and letting it become (to pass) that there it sat too, at his side, and on his elbow, once and once once its pores to seed, and let it be on him, his single body garden, amoss, amoss, amoss. Waiting, and she said too, I am only waiting, and the wasp bites she told one, and bee stings told another on the arm, but he had known himself and knew that neither, it was cigarettes that put the mark, so perfect round and pink and old the arm so young. Blessed, not rural and not quite, amoss, amoss, amoss, and more. You wait. In time and leave, in more, so stay, but stay, prepare, and cultivate, for in it power grows, and that in one, in only one, the one to resisting that of old, the cruel and too, the world, that stillness in the ground and grounds of oceans seas and lands at dawn ignoring all their own, can understand and short of letting go, produce this sharing of the meal, lament and go, and salt and sit, or eat and move into another chair and face another plate, where you had been before, the one of childhood see how you had gnawed the leg – and now it moves, as you are heavy and the chair is not. What waits left, it is all blessing. It is gone beyond, and you remain. To kiss. And to embrace. And to forgive what slipped beneath the door before, but wasn't now or any more, a slave to you, at least. To shake off. And. To free. Amoss. And moving, shaking that off too -.

So more perfected flakes of a miner's interest, - speckles hot to the tongue -... long away but never lost. Gone but still removing something else -. After like utopia or like introducing I for serious things like it is cancer – grinding too, as menus of removing – and for pulling apart should be guarded against theft -. Rolling bodies work for wheels. As for all of the metal drying welds, there is ice water. Who went, and another term, who froze in the pond -... who want first the way and then the tools to go, it hasn't been

so long to leave – fire bands – reports – uses golden in the earth – walled it up with slug trail and Munster - also knickknack on the ground to step on accurate when left to right or forward bends the foot endlessly directed by obstruction low to the surface still confusing as the walk on deck – a set the knickknack box complete, a foot in trade, and massed collect one house low relief on bottle caps and letter boxes organizers – saved brands used to make of suitable to balance of response – walls caped and of respectable ornament too, the cover seal the many thing, replete the even surface with a turning every ordinary way -. Hand stones changing from yellow to green, mountain burden laying low below the pit that runs the pump that empties out the valley in the rain -... side earned optical and sumptical swearing and a mix of dish soap and mouse poo – but only made to order – when the sword will miss its target it should land aground and be degraded unforgotten but expectorant – lost in tracking of the movements of the fan – than what is forming – cloud or teaming chemical from life – adored by some and other cursed – cycling through to varied sounds of resonated piles and lumps. For scalded by activity -. Slicing working through and understanding through the slice. Backward and stroking in huge numbered small confined entity. Ultrasection wanted in the multitier forming not the bulk but only AT the tips of lungs -... sharing in the round the long extending suit that goes beyond the length of measured limbs to which it's tailored for -... ground and specialization in thought -. Placed it (in that box). To live it by example. Prepared for noise to pound upon the back for loosening. Was exampled and the purchase of the known. Ointment lined and sticked. Softer in the stick than brick abode -. All in the tune of the dry-mouth. Prepared that all the stabbing on paper -. Working the surface whole. Rings the worms true in the yield by rake and machine, and conveyer, custom cared with the hand cloth moistened at the lake – the canoe beside the dock turned upside down repelling dew and rain and seats inside still dry – long right now here loafing said the partners, but the other too in deeper need, who basked the landing, and swam out the center-pool and felt with toes the bed below attracting something slender and purple bellied with disrupting all those stones and much within which they were living – in working it in overdone mode as with the paper sheet on pencil, tried again to form the pictogram and register the long abide, the time loin we should has be known to grow, in hoister pride that was a mix for us no longer felt so long into the night, that nude in privacy displayed by only to the unmade bed or wall, some fact sheet from the back of digest magazine for scales, -... any spending hours to the invisible benefit is a proposition no egged head should consider lightly, that the work be gone, some extraction wishes in associations' mouth is worth to tackle with a fist and iron – how fast questions moving travel through the brain as on a cylinder and is answer from a second cylinder that turns at remote request of a smooth gear (toothless) sliding but firmly between -... some god's perfect old design, that working best in later time as worn by wine the mechanism seems to have no expiration - ... worm though of the extensive ghost block, packed solidly in a square of white ghost-sheet spirit – dally down in the soft sides, under wings and limbs, tuned into the soft three inch beneath the soil, into the first clump of sod – dwelling, beauty of rest. Anti-pressures, like anti-itch in the category, prepare a paper file, storage – laced hanging into the screen at the society of vengeance the old country of origin, but there is an older one in Switzerland and Hungary, as these the one chooses and is not OWNED by -... indeed what country owns me. Iron oxide rounds the sores, it is a breach but also an extension as the hosting family of mechanisms has had a birth -... still, clean it out with an oil, water builds the rim into a sharpened tooth -... in an early stage still, but looking ahead, it is an abundant waffle formed of mold (pressed) and matters (backed and grilled) and something added, call it soul, applied by rite and weighed on molecular scale so feels the slightest change, and always there is one -, -... tolding, age -. Don't applied some aged item. Rejected, timed release. Preexisting to inoculation. Tired out of the growing incentive on the buttered or contorted-by—reason (ed) path, she was psychic a vampire on the source of wills -... trickling colors from down the slanted canvas loose enough a second slope is half way down a a sink hole and a valley – colors run away, toward a horizon, where the sun or something else waits hidden by a curve in space – if there are influenced of some comed before it is no one nothing you

would know of -... regretting you off of it. Along this direction you should see compilation and the yawning stretch that follows it, with mica flakes and sand with dominant crystal quartz, occasion to celebrate of a rose tone, introduction of a hue over scales requiring mileage meters to measure -... a dune machine or rover, circles round and in reverse too, it should have the sound transmission or be more expendable -... wooden wheels and tight springs cut the trunks of willow trees -... when then has focused, the recipient receives, it is a picture of childhood and bucolic but design by and for the imbecile. It is an understanding. It is put on a track so dispenses with freedom and improvisation. It is never stream of consciousness (to the weight lifting idiot). Then fight or conflict to prompt and promote. Standing, boxer shorts stripped or skulled shorts, - acted. Prime test ground. Spin in vehicle mechanism, rip out the tract, one moment in a free improvisation and a sunken minded past -... has for three miles saved and shaved apart, was the distance of a rock throw across a stretch, there a causeway, tonight a descended drive down the sitting chair, with combatant wheels, that is, with sharpened spokes and firing lava rings -... murmur murmur -... break the collar bone doing that woodwind art sound exercise – or suite -... forgotten truck number, scraped off the heel ad doorframe -... collision of mind part and the matter part of another prospect -. Demur with backside covered with heavy-grit sandpaper and scratches -... lost construction papers but the model still, the table top has been nailed to the wall and comes it out in high relief the surface is the wall plane as the planet too should move and balance dwells in the air and on their side and pulled by greater planetary mass eludes the feeling of the blood pooling in the side that's down, and in the side of the brain one sphere to one side getting all the red wash sos, one side made dumb the other smart and making all the choices though, with certain dextrose parts, the focus of that sphere was so original in different from that other part, so inclined toward and others posted are inclined away. Flashing mob light on an empty glassified filed where once was green blades knee high beach green and sand from high heat blends what matters in total and romantic swill as will a mouth too full but still should form a flushing act -...the action turns the minds too across the vegetable reason, with only two miles advanced, it is only once removed to find a side that runs off the edge of the manuscript into the air above (in a special cave) you should go, she should have the document, you should count the dollars (or some other accountable piece of mail), then was the dawning taken to the best location, twice numbered then removed to be cornered by the archive access payment or the picture of the form which is not original but a copy, to fill in, as necessary to allow for a release -... but a release of a copy only, as relative to the copy of the form and not the form -... so, as certain textural qualities and informations will be lost in reproduction, there is only a percentage of viability contained in the surface of resulting works that might be stemming from an in-error response to an absent aspect -... with this and most presentation, there is a plow through allowance, one of rude or approximate proportions as might be in appreciation of reduced resolution of informational value between original and duplication – saves time, it is a short form, but sadly a third generation duplication, so, a reduction follows it into product viability in surface and in-blended matters to the material (raw) but put to use in rendering, and even in the modeling stage, might in that, itself a duplication or transition which is a mediating step and also one at risk to lost integrity, - so waddles the duck as an example is a detail mightily at risk even though it is a small and second application of the feet, which could be subject to a similar but not insignificantly larger loss of surface -... ultasection grand and burden and then unburdened as if a bowel emptied suddenly and completely and with a wash accompanying as with a soap which is a shampoo and a conditioner in one -... so the concept of the information channel and its multi-birthing through the stages of its duplication and transmission and the product in the bypass of the bowel in a metaphor that dumps and then the mouth that feed or is it fed, but more (is feed from seagull adult to seagull young as digested and is readied for the gullet of the chick) and then there is an addition speaking, the emptied out the round it lands on, should be two techniques applied should it she SPREAD or should it be PILED and minimized horizontally but impacting vertically or, is it best entirely REMOVE but questions rising address to where it is best to go then is it best to consolidate

in one tighten impacted place, into some cube or other more perfect shape or an attempt to achieve a platonic perfection even there, in the removal of the remnant of the duplication in the process of accessing of the source in duplication for the study and the furtherance of an improvised scheme in some odd number question as the evens are consumed with answers, - then address that in this way twice for what is known as redundancy toward and inclined AT the more accurate transmission process, which no less is uninsured toward a gleeful appreciation in the loss of surface and thus increase in distrust the product in the final, when the grave is open and the plan is moted too, in-rimming the hole so as no further as the plank has been removed from the burial and the process as never more to be attained (AT) but which is still risked to be accessed by stranger in the likely event of even change that over time and transition even as responding to an incompleted duplication making of it misinterpreted revolt, there maybe further misread content, as the data never pure is always at some risk but why then not, as best as best can, attempt the most in accurate appraisal and in last in statement of the key to final data in the last as waiting to the hole at graves' end ready to encompass and eternal hold but only just for now in possibility of future altercation of the facts on facing sides -. Dry out the yes, old wandering flaccid knuckles in the breezes, in the solid of the packed earth, in the thicker sea, at trench level -... at least it is a fanatic abrasion. How easy to start and stop a walk how difficult to just walk in the middle. But the "I" is just beginning everything. With timid approach, with aggressive, but trying retained humility, some virtue tacked on too with small lengthened metal pins -... not to use a hook. Forming then on ice rods, place on it black rubber handles, pull. Placate of the time. Specific to impose, or vapor to be blown across. Times in lockets are captured out of this kind of kiddy cornering – talismans that hold inside a captured energy that's bigger than its size – packet, sack-tube – the rummage to perform, redolent and topped off, before secured with natures wax seal, harbor pitch and boat oil -... who carved it into a shelter so you could retreat into the trench of a crack, though not so wide, pull in the shoulders and the blades to front as possible -... as much the beast can fold in half -. Retrace the river, measure out the margin then use ring expanders from the engine kit to streeetch it out -... putting down the instruments then, feel it only. Cut down to a paste by shaving and boiling, continued to apply, so soften sidebars and runners at the edge where tiles in on kitchen floors meet last bars -... trills by mouth and attracted finger to the string and coffee elegant embellished or pneumatic study and the log that you should keep should you make great discoveries -... old out the drain the divers off the wharf on the wharf at the kitchen sink extent – all over in the crowd, nine region plunge box with the needle connect to the barrel/waterfall and history of the reckless lived -... all of in the red tape of the flaccid yard, the foot that bulges throbbing and the inch that nurture as a muffin rising in the oven unseen by the eyeless walls and metal pan with boil-off still is blackened bubble popping grease from beef – who the happy plan for put aside the friendly button on the register that felt the hand drift across the surface as when simple being was enough and additives were sugar and a water filled with seeds -... over the end will sauce it and be ready when a tight squeeze (a narrow corridor) arrives and then the thing is ready passage -... stop to hole promoting, number lines and renderings in shad that moist edges smudge -... offered by the other to the lay-clerk – rudder too – to direct upright flight through stillness – but back rolling – up the ghost comes or are you waiting for it to spurt out half formed -... hands out plying something, trivial spilling, grossly over mopping – directions of exchanging and ratios back to forth -. Coe up from the dry down under, not resisted by the rude red pointer -. Filled too un-upward buns, to serve in the higher shelf inside the brick oven, not the toast from dough but the serviced crowd achievers on the curb who singly join to near the warmth of the stove in winter -... cold storm bringing the gourde that swung one side the tree and twisted it toward the sun side -... sold out models and the draw on generation of the art made emissions from the single source that in defiance of the factory, regret nothing not appealing but is free itself to approve itself to represent itself to deny itself to be for itself to offer nothing outside of itself, to other that itself -... that is, no imposition on the brave frontier the inside of the artist where there is nothing and a no one else allowed -. A gate comes down it doesn't

see you better step away lest be chopped. So it is proclaimed by choir. So to sing along. A winding and a battery so a generator cranking, and a chemical post hot conducting and an acid burns along. It is the condition of the mediator and the incompetent position holding not the eye connected to a brain from use and birth is opened onto something other than a stomach but is pushed to match in some in-exclusive way the generation of the maker mind, which plants and on its own grows blossoms in the in-exclusive rainbow-ing of the arch -. In that own case the flowering of the pod leaf, pitted with a sticky juice that waits the sexless other, seed that bears or gives away affixing at the doorway when a breeze appropriate but when they wait for fall sometimes the breeze is right but wait is wrong, as quickly cold or water is imposed, and weak in birth the cabin not the fire not the glow but freezing and the embryo should eat a double share to live and extracted in it has no leisure circumstance no growth no mind asided stomach let to be and that alone allowed the growing, and the maker makes in ill response no matter even that should form a difficult in mouth and make the work, though of the outer dweller nothing left as they have had no mouth and wish is share of nothing it is worthless less the stomach less the grasping and the stuffing in the shirt of every lot of ground, and so, the artist always as aware of that should never trust nor love the artless -... it is by the nature cast, and, a caste -... arguing and less but never artless for you. Lines are a drawn on course but birthed into the culverts of the skin. A scene of one man wandering, sickening and collapsing into a puddle which recedes into itself and finally adjusts itself into a cube which is dry and very light to pick up or kick aside. What takes offense. Then shut it. Lateral in number many hyphen forms. To knobs knot lines. Connect the dots add isolate glue forms. Would wash and wait, then shrink and add, stricture with the wet wand which will warp and use it as a bow or tie that knotting back will straighten on itself as well, then rinse and wait again, and dry and soak in gases while in turn removing and parading, with a bounce. Bow as anything was once removed then up close dreams and eyes flutter madly -... but who could up it in a typhoon, horns and glowing eyes -... how is it to public in a splice to private -... dangles threaded. One was there in the colorized options, taking one risk against a multitude of others in the grey field -... metal filings too, and magnetized and rows of repulsion and attraction, and invisible form -... final deviations. Splendor of variously tread pockmarks rising in a figured cloak. Foam hands abort something from its own trunk, -... flowers again out of bubs suspended on the barbed wire fracture on the first driftwood fencepost -... where it walked before, where one other was drawn into a play, where on the boardwalk down, they piled up in a heap to heaven, never passing one point near the corner of the fifteenth numbered plank -...who there hampered in transcendence moreover ratted in a cage of piano wire, and the pounded hammer song, after late hast started in the moreover ringing tones of the shimmer brace, along the teeth, connected to and driven with a screw between the gums. Moreover that was right. The water in the cellar was pumped from down below the day the rampant question arose – proclaimed a fact of fiction, in historical the word of each reversal rested on the lot of fabricated eons wealth -... facts of salutation in the water barrel set out for the wash -... where the putting everything that fit the goal -... feels out sinking into the ground -... forested grows up all around. Shoulder dimples in the moss have disappeared. Did even have to wonder in it, what was there, animal, vegetable or a sliding scale out mapped between. Taking indication many stops in riding. Peddles braces. Collar yokes, barn door sled -. Pelted um ander stone – ander mystic wood grain -... latitudes and junctures of direction revealed in layers. Drivers on long walks. Going waist coat following a blur under street light, corner see one colored thread that catches the eye woven into brown -... underreported -...many signs, catalog, and date. Stomach upset spills out choices. Basket wrapped ruins -... wicker cones for Poland, wasted ways, neutral ornament and blocked out from the brail recordings at the printer's office -... brands of teeth and older someone going out of town – being something other made immobile over rough wilderness terrain. Fields of facing. Obligations finishing on the towing barge, and slipping under that, are rammed, the tugs diffuse them -... sleeping objects bobbing at the sides, then proceeds when unobserved to swim, a fin moves, two limbs emerge, stroke stroke. Winding turnkeys, file cabinet fell behinds, those slides are around here

somewhere, the shotgun stuff -... varied baffles, sound dampeners, thick foam squirrel eaten -... easts eaten too, by the ocean hitting it wests run down without an iron ore, crumbling limestone and shale buckling south and north the gift of icy water and a brittle batting arm -...uniform resolving in the universal beating on that tree, is token taken on the thousand farm revolt against the wheat and corn that takes them for their own, and disconsiders the eyes desires, that they may differ, that the tilled earth when overturned, attractive in itself, like brown with little weeds that sprout ad try to see if this is heaven once allowed to push their heads above, some miracle of vegetable faith -... but disconsidered, as at the hand that farmer is their lord – scratch out cards, someone plays it in the drugstore him the farmer too who waits out to the last so lets the furrows be but hopes the lottery will let his weedboy stretch its young white stem and spread out green against it, never to be told the nature of the field with its wedding of the wheat and corn and alfalfa and cover crops – the many yarded tractor wheel that bores a hole and spins a sunken rim on the wet valve road between hasn't been trimmed, long bearded green grass – slides along and tips down to its axle as the farmer all but falls but gracefully he slides down along the red metal seat and onto the ground and catches himself upright in his black rubber boots – all in all, a fair assault. Uncompromised again, he is blending cemetery with his back yard, and burning rubbish too, thick black smoke and smells and melting in the fire that he loves. Empty ever after, is the glorified picture we will recommend. After foreign parts, better in some trade. Has a deep sea talent to find a thing once it drops into the middle of the ocean – can smell a fish scale in the void -... can sense a snails breath -... wandering wondering where my dearest glucose partner -... protective service on the raised dots silver and marble white tipped, and outgrowths, elevated plates of white marble and the pillars are of cores that come up from those sprouts of points – it is a soft bed lodged in it, where the cut is square and across it level, so the wooden frame and slats that sit on it and up a little bit above to give the bed a little spring, and on top that the thin soft mattress no thick board the mountain climber loved, the reversion or elevation to a think more soft and restive than the halt made on assaulting one still prepared to jump at shaking ground, and off the side the frame and picture the momma two months prior when she died her eyes still are a shine -. Don't let it think that scramble for the air. A door is difficulty in closing, it is not a well worked hinged but one is falling apart and it is not an easy hatch how else then to do, or is it just not going that is actually the easy thing -... pain is never remembered but. Plan is recalled unpleasantly but forgot to feel but. Sand and mist, rocks to fall from. Jungle and leeches and the night sea, glow of lines the crest are catching at the moon -. That world this one waiting. Still to slow moving, as if that deep rest, but. Not to make eye contact, it will come inside, that not being so slow with calm. Coming fast them, eruptions. Hollow jugs breaking open all clay pots. Spill at one time. Gas binding too. Boron room, and soft suit one piece to the toe, and face shield, -. Hard plural fact, none waking, with an address to mediation in the soft tissue – flat and level as to rounds and terrain across an expanse -... high-low effects - bulbous but the ground as well as growing wealth of shape unto the self-encasement of observing things and 'scapes. Latitudes of the profile, someone else saw it drawing. Some bending, a white paper color rich up to a fold then unfold entire held against a fabricated pressboard from a hardware store unmodified, perhaps with a single cut or slot added -. Then hear early eight year ago outline not followed for { MALWART TRAWLAM I New England Suite a story suite for Ives to be realized by publication (with a list of the 12 stories following.) II All Things Here can Speak: a performance/installation suite in three groupings A First Principle Epiphanies (with 4 sub sections) B Instrumentalism: Labor and invention (with 2 sub sections) C Assimilation at the Boundaries (with 4 sub sections) III Field Composures } is it breathing – hope follows a due course – sanctuary ribbed in the plywood carving – splintered in the blow on foam. Embedded. Tradition burnt paper. Swirl. Thrown across a room by gripping -... collusion of black bag, wrote with mother sitting death bed – but destroyed the book but never let the image fly away – always on the rope or string the bag is brought to life by itself not free -. But all the free worm resounding transformation, flapping of air in thin baffle, flush, move of things, slide and steady hissing sound of bricks that pushed across a floor.

Crying out the imitation of the siren sound, -.. but not synthetic is it the loons' wail -... that's what pulls the earth. Arrive to emergency. And urgency. In sequence. But a wall-eyed transition. Set to hide. Can remotely solve. Scaled remarks on study form. Loose sheets. Compiled, **folios**. Made by squeezing fruit and warping dry pressed particle masses -. Genius of the climb up mountains of the ideas. Curious the world and blasphemes art and has not caved -... logged lock it. Emptinesses of refined difficulties. Shaving of futilities while grips hard to force out blood the fertile. Aims to target. Force sack filled potatoes climate of acceptance cold root in the potato bins the cellar cool dim, vibrating, musk, spider – heavy plank wood stair -... bulkhead backward splitting age – second heavy plank the stair -. Shared to representative milling. Artist brooding over darkness. But still a baby. One letter had identified. A silk sound, pinched and a single glyph to match. To root out fading and the match to root again in out lapel the single time it wishes on itself, convert to wine or bread or cheese, or webs of sea-life planted in the earnest time – no nurtured button raised on mats – or push in soft boned register -... magical continuing and magical renouncing, slide eyes turn sideways – face retorts starts to lean than all to travel features to one side that is the one that's turn away or toward but in it completely now it gives or it removes attention -... what it hasn't done without its surrogates will perform, as laborers the bee and ant with mindless belly flopping water sport of plunging in a principle, removing need to stretch and fighting down the urge as vomit to the stomach is the hormone pump to flee or head it off, in soaking, as in heated pools, the exercise of action fades and buoyance pushes up denies the fight that gravity imposed so not, the labors logged sink down below until their gills return in unlikely scenarios -... that's not evolution that's a dream. A god has roped things to each other some knots slip others tighten not an expert with knots but crudely done, the tided remain at least by some intention close -. Fighting the laughing and fighting the conditioning o all sorts, -.. and cow lick some massive nut with a flavor like coconut – rock mine explosion, ignite methane, earth spark – huge hot red nostril – of an instant construction, and a few tacks holding a tarp onto a board – the second direction has placed another form against the pining, three values knocking on the door, and one who should rest of feel at ease -... it as something lined inside a hose, and set for diminution on a dial -... or a wave as moved along a wire wrap that sends a pulse directing metal balls and bells to travel through a channel – methodic exercises – feeds and trims -. Marvels deferred to yesterday -, peat moss warmth the spring. Holds hardware drive-tos, funnels cones, radiator hoses. Sing in them and listen in them. A world reposeure -. They would write it out for loss of lack. Who, continuous running water draws a magnet out -... secured there, stationary, in eclipse -... getting drinking water drawing lots to move. Even days daily. Huge pot burning leaf. Pin pricking. Mumbling child. Stand up vegetable crowns. Forced catered enamel blanketing, would be straying from the road to be set free or would be stray from the road to be struck down, the wanderer-ing risks – as from the swell or from the stab of the spread of initial burst – who was it after that that laundered out the form, that risk was minted. Was generated by the pressing on the voice of lists to be recited – which had started as a rasp and evolved by wires and solder to a cough -... for shoots down the limbs of the straining west of measure -... locks limbs bails. Pristine welded core. Cabin carried without a hitch proposed. Isolated forms for nothing. Melisma buttons forming on the surface, rasp and minutage blessed the lips -... but for moreover time lost in it. Cannot and formed from here the accordion method of representation. One was carried out in appearance, and carried off raised with knees to chest, while seat, chair is carried, a thin figure in the cobalt blue suit, with dark round glasses, trying to hide its face -... from a stage, purple curtains backdropped -... flight, massive congestion of the air from all matters. Tried in ultimatus what has found its way to sediment – too compiles the way a name accumulates – as if hadden slidden sudden it is the wall that is curling at its corners where it meets the next without a separation from the next but mutual a curling – it is a tight and a twisting as if the feeling of a pressured heart – blessing blast take and conflict on the dots – blast fuck without credential -... some measure stated mastery, bachelorial assisted dissertated parted with that – just

predicted and on lined into lionized greatness by some connective virtue add some paper mats and with the work it first arrives it in a great but greatness holds it back -... isn't of it so welcome – greatness – remoterest, decreed. Curtain violating rowing -... finally, transport. Iron works depending. Increase and spinal spread, gasped at gulp over then the lapping of the wave enough and freeze soul bottom glory, bindings and throw mists. Had received the suture and the clinic evaporated almost immediately. Investment into one activity written on a slate programmed spontaneously for one afternoon in a forbidden abandoned city swimming pool -... controlled almost exclusively through wide nozzle variable pressures analog -... cleave on as many thickness as possible to address when horizontally adjacent -... sanding line partaking grafts -... obliterates attention gathered crops, the sun -... something on a path had glitched out -... sized then reported, despite. Coercion into the empty cattle car then experiments. Exercises siding and the railing and the banister are differentiated in a documentary. Daisy chained the lasting things grope for parallel the strands to partner on. Early system on the juice miners. Ergo space scam garden rectory windows overlooking the overgrown cemetery with the carriage posts and carriage house with coffin boards -... in affords to try and solve the picture puzzle of activity -... remove on pain to punish, calendar from nineteen fifty-three inside, mouse eaten even on the wall, a wad of newspaper brittle yellow corner top date 1927 April 5, ...broken stone removed for repair but never was, a thin piece of granite cracked in half, boy named Michael aged three months, date of death 1878... from the older part, as Highgate even has an Old Highgate and a New Highgate, one kept trim the other deteriorated -... so it is, living relatives cultivate and mow the grass and upkeep the relatives of the living section, which another branch there are none left to care so overgrows with berries and thistles, and natures cracks and crumbles into pieces -... outpost as a garden, holy ground and ground evaporated of the holy -... even plastic flowers have faded. Above ground dwells and pipes to clear with spinning blades to nick and gas fumigating, boring of the grubs are all unseen, underfoot -... sharpening sounds. Blooms out hard erosions – sometimers wins with others, not prevails – slender the card fits widening – loads and stocks, clerks imagine grandeur futures stockpiles, always increase -, as the library defying loan, - lot rows and grey popular up-ties, sealed bag and caulked boxes -. For afternoons spent tailing, another follows ruddy hooks over the wet grass along the edge of the part as it is lined with city cement blocks, and, is easily crossed over to for gathering up secure firmer footing before returning to the course – haven't it be sunned on, restricted to a narrow finger width. Having it arch mind a cliff. Presumed to notch the level with the sharpened callus -... sumptuous caravan – blind soup on eyeless fruit -. Remind them the sub-tropic. Infiltrate the long listing. Obnoxious to hear its spoken voice -. Mute I knee. On the stiff palette, gender up-slice from horizontal to diagonal supported by a brace, observer and a judge. Outcrops, skeletal. Added meant to task older journeys. Filed or filtered through the conch it is more likely to be less infectious. As needed through the screen or shades -. Modified inside the gills. Or between the hooves of the goat boy. Clotted in the whistle. Or harmonica. The complication. Where is the bell tower. Scattered across the countryside. Blue starvation. Pure tracks in the snow. Phases in division. Dripping effects. Hidden lifts. Tips scraps. Are lost. Familiar to the role of holes. Compared with withering. Restrained IN by dependents -... cloth and batter desk – lingering anticipated, stimulation stations -... the rakes are dawned over many turns -. Were professed distantly observed through lens and gloated. Try a roll below the spigot. Trying through the enamel door, with the white edge – metallic table paint, mistaken for frosting -... bringing down the automatic door, salient from recollections -... repeatedly extracted, must be – the test subject continues to punch the level long after disconnected – elder still wears the tight fit -. Various in states through the time of day. Disjointed, went to find the small room in the lobby. Equally searched a drawer in a kitchen. In place of sleep lodging, workable blinds, sound blockage – roughly handled stationary manual prose – collateral with an empty sheet. Provisions once ghost haunts. The lighthouse beams in useless history, as we could have sought it – single file step saver now – short around its mirror out. Stalled car shone out lines on helpful handed enjoiner. As if expected it was redirected without pause. The elder monkey picked his own fleas.

Redirected Prokofiev as he modulated away at each corner from the standard expression – thus then deformed the box he built – so modern still, - recognition and the tackle of a means. With the washcloth warm descending, finding to the neck, revitalized the barer -, works the sequence without interruption it is a set. Exclusions rape the whole. Redirected of the (fan or (strobe) or even the (observation through the twisted neck) or a minded collective and magnetic spot in the dirt, the middle of the dry garden, cactus, -. Long passed want into a special un-furrowed earth. Consider the Scandinavian immigrant. Retrained after loss, some small entropic addition. Northern belt. Penetration with the whistle horn, stops the river. Window blast. Unseated. Contraption (dangerous use) of fit together moments. Conduct conDUCTs long edits. There is with exemptions steady and smooth moving across the level surface of the mass. We have. Blackberry are wild on the logging road behind the church and cemetery. Though surprises it was predicted, and predated by some thorned nuts shells. Some struggles having formed the use of noise. Metalized plastic. Cells to simple rigid forms. Can be duplicated in any way – has softened the destructive course to account for hidden posits rectifying a invisible set. Having accessed, undisturbed the essence of a moving peeled backward for restoration – then again into the hibernation activity, - who tails a sleeping or a waking tree – under-sets a communal child's game – still as innocent yet mocks the fight. Don't try she said wailing for the curtain mask. The trick attaches. The yarn is hard to cut, once unraveled, find the parting. Alert to the give pause for breaking, up to jam unidentified gaps, then over seer to mark maps pioneers. Conflict insertions for ruin holders. Yet smooth out by hand. Canteen water follows on a contact pad, conductive. Aptitudes immeasurable but manifest the river trace. Caldron was a fashion, matters subject and plated to, both awkwardly and splendidly in the sense of colorfulness an unfolding. Whose voice can't pronounce. The bleats emit some list of choice, subjective direction, perhaps encompassed, unattended register. Unconfirmed addressed by the stitch. Waved aside the patches blended from the plot of earth they owned, the three renounce. Various precaution. Shored with beach pebbles. Hands sweat, palms. Proclaim sanctuary. Exempt. Is a continuing of a mixing. For battles, striking back, for stiff necks, less to stare. One support, one complaint. Standard nullification. There is a plan to defend regardless of threat – sustained tensions -... muscle spasms -... almost falling -... demands out at the door -... lunch -... long forms, glides -... drawer guides -... imprisoned by design -... suggested by the cavity -... beseech the endless hills -... as well contained the power of the wrist, in all directions. Who is trained and not, the subtle shifting or is it lost repeated. The expert and the inspired -, two terms, drawn helpless outside the source -. In fact retards but labors on, firmer in the outline than the shape, - in reconsidered drone states, meeting with the purpose to discuss, as seems, appearance on a flip book -. It is fired the way a starter engine steps up to the master – and, the powers, retained in holding capacitors many in a warehouse and underground holding room -... the air is crisp there, as if the ice rooms in the arctic but is shaking as the atoms move in hyperactive clusters -...paying homage there, a specialized worship of the circumstance, and directed not to the object of creation but the subject -... capacitor electric air worship observance, as religious to capture of achieve a mental receptivity, to appreciation – is a side step toward a goal using established social method, in its form -... not important how -. Summon disappeared squadron, frozen ice fall victims, man without adaptations -... then some who charge out of the open hole in blue deserve a special fever. It comes on them as small bumps, but they can not touch them or feel them, only see as if illusions over their skin -... but there is nothing in their eyes -... there is also a special caste who are living in the ice holes, and who have been selected through natural incident to occur here, and be as a single purposeless force. They should contemplate, and consider as the thing which is done. Then there are written many manuals. Flocks of objects converge over wide unobstructed fields outside of forestation and urbanization -... backward walks, sagging faces. Retrain through foot steps forward of another, reverse and observe the effect of the gait on the second body, both foreign and opposite in direction -... always think placing on the wall in some massive current too, that can't be forced into a place holding. A swirling of the picture plane, some atomic activity of the mind enlivened so the imprints as in Déjà vu

become what is perceived through – so lights fire through the waters. Even seeing glassly locking, -... contaminated, high song, mezzo-soprano blackened and an amber background, almost bile opaque centered egg yoke – with my understanding. Pee-dan. Flexible resilient floating. Sinking, heavy yoke. Into blackness of the circling sharks. Brief run through, preparing of the multiple possible parts in their place (order) followed by the whole in time -... where the borrowers bat the severed head as it descends -. Sates gapes gapping. The legends of the rat cars. Voiding. Reverse convention. Bald pate engine. Diminution driver. Dry time guide, a metal bracket on the side. Leads to the oasis. Obliterate glory. Burnt rags. Packed in tight to press against the outside. Latches there as on the ancient hook designs and early definitions the means the chemicals combine -... old science magic, connect still in the woods, the grange hall powder smell -... every readiness to boot up and tromp. Split shirt cuff treatment well down en-varied of condition appearing, age to corduroy and purple, chains and small trinket condition. The frazzled hair, the point as lines to pores from hair trims trimmed to brows, nostrils, powders. Disguises. Ultimatum mask. Threat of rendezvous. The round house looms, its old stained brick and cinder blocks. Brought to life, the featured particle board. Constant access. Door-gate and window. Sills. Golden and silver foil trim. Should folk into the tradition. Then to waver. Break path, into thicket, struggled setting of participation and hate sentiment of results. That's removal, and extraction away, then in the native land to be unknown the standard even says the bible. State then free and complete in being emphatic. Confronting with the strength the goat with the run down by the distortion. Transcend from, in the corrupted shape of the liquid taking into account. Have hap hazarded an implanted investigation and responsive and expansive reinvigorating fusion -... dynamic milk. Should revoke something. For decorum. Not only here but there, seeming two but three locations, one the shadow which follows. Old raw pine boards warped for shelves, dust. Picture perfect for nine yards straight of papers back and tattered hardcovers no dust jackets, all along the inside walls, the barn, and inside almost empty only chairs no furniture but only the cot they shared and books lined on the floor as talisman and paperback and occult miscellany. Locked in time have lodged the image and should later in the years reconstitute that picture then in truth and one peg at a time replace each volume in the long and endless row that childhood saw like "escalators over the hill". Legends saw too, quotes. Wait on the weights, the stones boulders three to lift and wrap with rope around then three together (stones) tethered by the rope between and sunk at night but oval vacuum what is it attach to, unclear as of this -... clusters of us all around, who has spread us unbeknown – some washing of the circumstance and grating for an additive, to make connectors not distractors -... what has that been three have names. Regenerate. Translate, name, sign. Sentiment, story imbedded each. Flavored beating attention. The words have sopped into the making of the god figure. Figure one bee. On the surface are fine hairs which catch the mites, which never make their way into the opening in the side through which they breathe. Secondly account for the colored stripes of the rainbow. They occur from microscopic bacteria making their pathways so they might find return if they have strayed too far from food sources in their travel, each a bacteria is a variation from before them and they choose distinctly where they go, so lay down special color coding individual to them, so hues and tints of any color tones grace area from salt lick stones in corner gardens to the size of continents where in a night this radiance and spectacle emerges – think of it and I do in the way the phosphorescent line erupts in busy oceans shrimp or cuttlefish cutting through to make that often mystical effect -... of the painting hand, -... too much more they ask you take it, plant it, subject it to review but elsewhere please – the tangents of embraces tires too. Shoo way the taken to display descended tones of flattened leaves replete expression ports that unexpected as the gaps found through the sponge. It is night and day at once depending on the chamber you have gone -... breaks freeing -... activity of consumptive gestures through the use of indicators and instruction through the mind port of attention and publicity and reaching to the limbs that raised make manifest, and lowered too, and otherly in direction and in contrast, even fantasy into imagined worlds as parallels to what is seen and manifest -... infatuated in the albums of the series and the marking of the thinnest ribbon

without break, a mobile stirring to the earth and season on it presentiment a stretch and bonded by a shrinking from contraction cold and spreading heat. So it dwelling all the things that stir there or stand still are subject to conditions of the pose. Should a theft become an ignorant and stupid log of choices. Edit out the parts that go astray. Saw teeth over platforms, width flats, all teeth at one time also make to gradient effort – parts composed divisions flames involved, or heat wires. Time lapse to race ahead, dismissing some percent. In the land where making is made. I should thunder through this all in one. There are many treatments possible for impression manipulation, some by textural affronts and some cultivations of will against a setting of tradition and current fashion. Having cut and combed, it is a virtue after washing and dressing to present in as far a spread as possible, in two dimension and in invention of unique idiom. Of this always breaking, sometimes in repair but not your own. In the self of own fledged direction, interview and representation is important, is as skill and mystique -. The lie that blends and or the distracting appropriation -. Were there to grant attention, and to miss the calling of the crowd that had it saddled onto several systems of method in the creative life of confusion -... otherly unseen the absent bubble, - overly disturbed by the gentle sway of the tremulous grounds – farthings follow up the instant and the local striving to complete the haste worn route along the patches on the clothes -. Contending with it, opulently something other than a smiling flash of green, the opal colors transition as they will and bring the mood and others too dispelled. Plantings for it pushed westward into the sand face – no two alike, though many have gratefully passed, with some echo of a note -... many are along the path of drawing in but elements impossible to learn and others yet to teach are -much the same -... instruct, or to command -... anti-intellectualism and the fervor of the conservative straight jacket and what changed inside the independent mind the differentiation was like repealed -... unfamiliar now the medium and you must waft the waves as each a tooth in what is over-wise a vast creation miff -... on this would not be appalled. Better on be the mass ass dragging through the conceit of the forest with the open door and the locked half saloon door that you could crawl around -... what comes out now is brazen and distilled, the way a potato ferments and is strained through cheese cloth then declared septic, but consumed in ir-regard -... comes ear up and disarray to the distracted quarter, who had left behind, but been stolen on. The constant work ill repaired – fifth for and be carving on – it as blatant bailing goes, a reset knob to flush the atmosphere between the stalls -... no nation owns. Along the posts where strung together the razor wire and the rusty barbed, to be stylistic in choice. Once more in a mode has passed, the as of yet arriving and the finally had timed it to precisely mesh, two gear or more though some are start to seize up -... in some way have broken through on some other demand, the portions rise and single elements shifting through the sun and moon -... admire post respect post anger most post along the rusted barbed wire between the posts -... should for slow starts – image and reinvention of old frames -... one hundred percent humid air drowns in minutes -... distant like a barbecue smell from a third floor window -... wants and ways for own advancement of energy, toward a storage battery or a sink hole from which it may be drawn as an onion sack tucked behind the bobber in the toilet back -... toward strains and reserves. As if a particular plot, a square is proposed, and then a place to match – the post sunk certain, the measure, with a rusted metal land-marker bar that rises to the waist level just below to snag the walker night time crotch place on its side and not hammered in, as a symbol only -... mange grows rapidly – seek and suspend the countryside, preservations in the continuous mode, the first a thick hard wooden spike with flakes of paint, the second, a bamboo sliver, and the third a sickle of dirty water with tiny leeches captured from the pond water inside -... great lakes too, some local heritage or myth production as the factory deals these stories now, the sunken and the lost, ghost ships, ice saws, ice business, water sport and freight -... reinvent the story straight, turned around with soundtracks YOU compose though composure more like noses run, -... and, some reconditioning, as with the father's truck -... having always sat behind the monument -... strong arms and humility boasts -. Some hives evacuate and deploy as through a knot hole in the floor, there is a coasting from place to place -. Someone catches a nose and pulls a lip free. It is devised from lint and break

crumbs but it work successfully to gasket any solid parts to seal -... conjoined, -. Elaborated in, the cabinet from here, and boxes, managing content, files too -. Delaying opening, signatures and meter involve in, one box two, then files release, -. Strapping on the pace, of regulated and the slow attempt advancing in the realm, no steady message, - underlying sinew and a string of muscle to attach the armature to the hinge which is enough -. Mostly silent drawing with a pencil, mostly in the dark -. Having drawn on thread and falsification for that -... each two moment supplanting the next ONE. Process of dimes and tinder. Silenced by the wall dimmer, and the ceiling mute. Holds fans farthing the spotted cadaver which attractor of the beauty mark, rivals many common appearance of the mold, the blemish, the pimple and the dimpled skin -... moved competitive toward the other half, was resting on the challenge and the hope for wealth. Where I lie iron fisted in the mind, to form these strengths against all influence and battled inwardly oppressed, out lasted everything else and is the finish that recedes. In the molds procures. Has in a strong adventure and adaptation -. Who to know in them the natural place where they have rode the explosion of the guild and tortured matrix from their towers and tin roofs -... they going home there sizing up (all they know). It is east and west and south in Europe. To beat reports. All less writ and critical. Bereft defense. The march passed crossing. Shortly with the stiff task at hand breeched the acidic spill canal encasement sprayed the rupture juices offered restitution with a one way flap. Felt it as the picture's strong conviction. Skill and impression to the construction in the picture plane or on the fold of sound vibration crossing to the motivated flexing of the form that houses one -... understood, it was those convicted parts that brought the resolution and a capstone on the piece. Where they intersecting the commons word, and how and to what extent, and generally, how. Were they how they want they now, - be struck down by parts of unfamiliar choice, so wrongly judged -. Laying down with strong success and firmly gone. Former in the bath studies deleted and persuasions. And the general effect of log fed to the flames. Sleet outside. An aging texture memory. No sleet outside. Long life required for completion. Vaclav's Workshop, accumulated scores -. True to vision life closing eyes, addressing such -. Onward such. Plays ruffle words and character. One thousand times and words are variously convicted. Bios beyond. Who you come to the frontier to face the mystery and the inhuman law? And what it is that comes from out the shades there and the things as governed by that law -...? -. The mystery of the lights in the stranger sky. Steady on, the labored patterns that the art has formed around itself from out it to rebirth as both the new and mystic worm -... takes position on immediate release to graze both slowly and with focus on the task -... both are, and art, and style -. Often flows out from a spontaneous faucet. Then truncations, factory. Special individual, replacing only from its own manufacture, made complete the fleet -. Each unique within. Solids have abruptly formed for now. From the soil of every tunnel, deep reclusive memory is spreading evenly on surfaces -... pulsar going -... multiple inclusions – retrospective substances -... as if have disappeared from earth – the rationed feed of impressions follows out through the place where the hole is devoid. Strapping into that long slipping vehicle – now has been going into a stealth journey while the shell is where it has been through the years, and seems to not have changed -... special purposed, for the etching process permanent adjustment of the traveler – as would be has some attention made in common worlds, the antler or the carving of the tusk reveals too, transmutation kind – superior as finished orchestration models it, a kernel and a corn is not the same -... formerly the stained study has been removed. It is a triumphant gloss on invented phonetic sound and sonic plans -... some in lines immersed, and no one set aside could come to contrast with it in the muted hatchway -... so it took on hourglass in shape effects and thought you into influences too, of older and appreciative ways for thankfulness of time – and added blurs, so obscuring part the functions. Can be sat in high seated assault on norms. Is even higher placed. Through of living turbulence (disguised) and shared proposals to retreat or come ashore. Hay the bail will soften impact but it still will strike through cutting and to itch. So how on the earth to land. Impact, deflection, concuss. Spiral the revolutions slow a beat. Spiral OUT widen. Not to plunge but descending or ascending roll against with the toothless gear imagined in the clock, to spinning into while

out -... offenses of the line's demise – contract of its return – but not made of oaths to keep. Should easy to be discussed and failed forgotten put to rest but mapped out where the burial, in case the lapsed report returns stripped out of detail. Double once, - number bouncing -. Having cared or bored once no other time – and has avoided recruits, and joining. Has projected away from the origin. In the mostly mauve room there was a single silk white strand. It traversed the copper floor (but not the wall or did not cut the ceiling but) also was seen to be in high contrast against the black or dark purple inflatable mattress placed there for company -... it, it was not thought the night would be long, but in fact was uninterrupted, though caffeinated drinks had kept them awake – soft fruit calmed their stomachs, and the thought of concentrated, quiet thought retained both in the consciousness despite the urge to lay still and enjoy some sensation of drift drawn up from dreams that were slipped just beneath the surface rounds -... possibly some urge to crowd, that in the daylight hours might have drawn the one or other out to mingle slightly, though, not in too close proximity as it was still the summer months in sub the tropics -... rattling in the mauve room – internal back thought –how then oddly pillows bristling, varnished heavy floor splinters are gravitating upward to a posture of attention, also, creases of the curtains sharpen from an other world cloth mill stone – some shadow shapes have made retention on their own sharp pointed glisten as it would have been for something in the moistened realm – car wheel motorcycle sounds outside have entered and are puncturing some of the silence so that there is no silence left to spare, but only essential silences -... they can hear the guava trees outside -...presently in the flight to escaping. Most of all and who is finally esteemed. **Defying as is common to it the lock on substance and compliance to received direction of use, - I am the artist, resisting art making conventions. As I have created my own definitions, and a means of progressing through their mutations -. As I allow through experiment and innate inspiration as a motive.** Distinctly work without reason. Most returned to their posts. Along the fence. But wound up in the middle of the lane. There were some commitments and holes drilled through the flaps to hold them down -... ranges demanding possession and ownership too – though incapable of moving -... carve up before disposing -... finish with some affected flair. The unwise or the yawning berth. A hole the trunk and the cabin across the strait -. Air and treatment and the first engine. Last and first recalls. Unmakable and infirm. Solidly and abounding. With some confident extraction whole with possible mending -... while having pressed opinion toward a liking, received a backlash of resistance, having made demands of freedom to form own judgment – having gone in that direction it was impossible to reprise -... even mild retrace -. Extant in the mill house, old fear memories come. Some social rattling. (even) Fair posing. Warm heart shaving storm, enlightened facial adjustment -, - corrective surplus , long theatrical gloat. Some extension over the group at large in all its phases and demanding. What examination one is searching for, how to satisfy -. On a load to demonstrate, subject trophy. On the plank (or category) riding (passing) carrier – the lumps that pounded flat and round form taco shapes for folders and the contents of the file. Iambic, though a rushing over notes, and slurs -. Instigator of the circulation staff of clerks, as well as books of terms, inventor of the turnstile paddle, and the reversible heel. Now retrace the step with ease. Whole forms cloak now, from the doctor. Offal. Sweat and spares. Sanctioned to test the trim. So in their right removing, not a part of theft. But wear examiner's disguise. When in the various churches with their open airs to swing a jug of water through, may meat is thrown, or tossing coins and echoes sound -... in the favored township nuns who flee an evil one -... what are you they should ask. Those who tossing coins and meat. Not so lasting skin appraised. Now contending with the organs moving right -, little scabs and kernels wipe away, and itch. Part plotting, part doing. Indications losing. Free-forms. Ambitions the powers. Follows to discuss with scratching parts, long single cold flame across a void barrier. We had known them in their starch -... projections to the threat. But what implied came in a round machine that traveled on a standard rail. Only staying where it found a hosting town. Rinds and upside-down some content bobbles around as if a shoe loose inside a trunk -... drops the flavor of free without law – body contacting, batting -... phrasing speaking of it moving as the round rolls round,

confined to tracks, but make a comfortable and a smacking sound, and moist lines snapping against hanging sheets, and rubber lips industrial grade for functions factory -. Mostly pleasing, -. Form fit to the township -... but part substantial. (town to disregard) Waiting with keys and fabrics, offering. Contours gasket around, clipping, fitting, moving onward. Having with this of the rain gone to visit thundering elsewhere, the flat and single depth the eye withtake. Withtaking too the spoiled ray. Irradiate the one in all the faults and glitches in the character booth – compounding, mutating, -... makes to write books. Writes the story, of the glasses in jars. Of the wife who came and I to see her cutting the moon her silhouette and sharp line of her long hair -... townships, jungles roll by from the train and then the bus as passes through the flooding in the eastern European town and then in Southeast Asia -... and I would living in the glance be staring at the lights in every room to blank the scene and call her back in blindness of her radiance, recalled, the glaring moon, and contrasts, she the angel of the fantastic recalling, the glancing at the light -... that forced back a straining at the possible hinges, what is real and imagined, or recalled and fabricated as a filling, say the particles and ply of woods -... what adhesive is it a glue or a dream -... not a little -... baked on the way an afterimage of the sunspot on the eye, or skin, if baking there too long -... recalling back the I and I forgetting none of it, even at a corner or a turn where back before is gone from view, so not so much to reaffirm as struggle to remember, so, the necessity the fill and glue that makes the solid of the vapor which in truth is best you have – at best -. So fast all forms remote become retreat, so ply, pitying remorse a bit away, then fathomed, five liters. The power still is held inside a crest, a worn lace still, a bright support is bribed by something else. Water cold, and brown. A thousand acres are on the foot of a hand, an immigrant, form vacuumed northern comes to west and wastelands, builds the sunken earth a home of sod- , -. Where hailing form vacuums east, prevailing mystical apocalypse from the standard of the local seems satanic to the west, but better understanding too is easy from the similar and dismal logs that horrified the friends from centuries -... the rope returned but covered with it blood and ooze from else. And have always had this having, they said, even with the dealing of the grace and disgust. The yard snake wrapped around, could have choking, powered by the springing relapse of the ribs. Stranded in the logs, what they would write, there their histories and their lines ascending. If for no other reason, it is enough that there be continuous addition to binding, to disposal, and to build-up over time, corrosion and enamel whitening, and bleaching, and the accumulation of a reef. It is enough. Like the stronghold in the cold north is piled on skeletons. So the mounds, and anywhere. Not an idiot, not to going back. Thus backward. Taking down partitions which separate pavilions, should they also guide you where to go, then lost to meandering -. Plural buttons and outcroppings, moss around the rim the small spring pond the color of the water is like beer -. Able beyond repair but not to wait endlessly. There are thousands threaded to functions. Fast and fit where beyond it is now, some railings often upset, a rack for holding, surgery for correcting, metal bricks for supporting, pipes inserted to transmit and waveforms pulses rectify to social patterns -. Active with the head cast from it, active with the serious misting. Fragments OF surviving things, in object, scraps. Imitation has relief. How we should be returning to that, and an underground. Where artists are having nothing to lose so free. Enflames, inwardly, outward glows a different hue, but not a light. Things in here are entities connected by the line of common space -... inflating those of entities or floating breathings, you should see right through them, silvered, translucent, veils undergarment in a glaze – their senses – horns and phones -... in pokes the stopper to ensure the keep – and of several authors stokes the cubicles of artistry by force and enthusiasms -... odd against or in a sliding slot with rigor also -... worried for future infection on the main, the six knobs were removed in childhood, thus engendering imbalance in between the alternating two -... other sensory, and even when a cavity is deemed, is filled -. Some unplanned raging into air the size of open mouths -... cups the approximate above a head, or two. Was gulping and gasping, and was a celebration, but caution and reminded to breathe, as was a cross mix, and should anticipate the next breath – and what course beyond a rotation in place to desecrate the image that you made -... sturdy making additional door and flaps -... falsifying introductions and saving

greetings -... a very slow rewriting of a history so the history takes more time -...what is storage for. Staid alert, staid contrast and upright talking, rejection. Defend the one for truth value. One output, stuck pin. Valve, meter. Indicator, air pump. Having taken, so filled with – uncompromised -. While the sights have sound, the rings imposing stressed as the son awoke to strains of banging, and the rattling of the nut inside the shell, and hissing of the snake. In any passions smoothing of the glen, a soft en faced residency of the soul has placed a pressure on the anchor bolts, and as the mooring in the gale, it threatens to reprise the history of the harbor, and the sickle and the seal, as the hay fork and the brand. Echoes through the sediment into the basalt, shaken the boats and chills the air, the lighthouse settles down a centimeter. Some shifts with cries and craves for nothing, birds and farmers, while a bait bagger sounds in a crackling throat of cysts – appointed by the instruction of the book, a chapter in bold face, first informing three days of darkness, then, to those who read, a walking toward any area which the walker might describe as a rotunda, and waiting there, that there may be another who had read the same paper, at the same time, and acted on it in the same time frame of contemplation and motivation -... now the book is yellow half in crumbs. Throws too are the other containers which have washed the beach up, with the tuna cans and driftwood and the mahogany slabs the elegant as plants would keep you dry enough of ships had broke apart and left their remnants there, the sturdy mast, -... what out here the China sea, and flat boats or abandoned ships half are buried in the sand and silt -. Can you picture them and then equate. Half mast sleeping wise, the fennel smell from diner, the pot that still it has a ring around it when it was a gong on deck -... betoxined idols, wiggle room returning to the suit, the shrink pollute when yards for feet transpose proportion into inch, to model of the real into a cove beside the bed -... to last and form the equal edge, to document to be the one to elevate into the opal room, and signify with glass and petals, every lump that rose before the wall of green -... foreign lendings, foreign admiration fine, then genuine protracted ill -... in the weather unkind listing to the side of seasons, with extreme exemption and the equivocated receipt of the residency -... so to to the holds on trees and smooth leaves some should find in passing, also, fins and wings to recognize a similar in tropes drift away as if the memory for one year for the ten -... it has been that long and longer as the logo-rhythmic time contorts in unions out of lateral relations, into fields, and plucked the pins from mass that complied adjacent out of sight, but only just -. In the hand blown bottle, hands, and wind blown hands, and winds and wind waves beating in a series on the outside layer here, is found residing greatness, in the methods wrestled, in the resonator holes they build and ones that nature made. Waiting on the destitute pacifier row, the salt cloud roughed against the cheek and stung, the way the wasp would had it such a grander stage, and not the stealing that it does and cheating with the mise en scene – multiple in choir sets, the male the girls, the child song and the elder crackle -... as is ways out to any pocket -, -. And hard to be not proud. Trying to resend what calls one -. Idle roaming, pushed parts hard against resistant parts. Have in extreme wandering, is now proposed more placed, and fit in tightly. Be razored through the page, one way down into the next -... there is a meeting by which some oceanic gestures may move and disperse again -... once happy now form multiple fractured renditions. On a stage of amateur condition. House stick brand blade performs. This is how it is for speaking. There is location for the body to lodge itself in, and time to spend its transmutation on, and coordination to learn flexibility of matter from. Production of even facility, and nationalistic cohabitation of beat patterns. There are brands, seen and far away from sight. The edges of the burns fade the way tattoo ink... subject to seasonal change. Fight tied back from probability. Along weather bearings. Steel balls in spring machine wheels and inside a game of balls. -. Having to make it worth this never being heard. Aligned effort. They have cast on us, but something else moves along the ground. There are experiments but always general uses of material and passage of time that progress a standard forward without specific individual input to the motive -... it is something narrowed on but not identified or extracted from the place where it is known to be, though unidentified -... perhaps imagine a lost vessel. Or a forgotten thought. Send for old alerted barns and sheds, return to plows stuck in the mud bath -... imbibe a strain

of artistry through inoculation of familiar explication -... heisted and hided – removed a mold but holds a mask regretting with the face its loss -... passed on to it was a place remoter still, down under the floor. All of a kind of grey magic. All of passing in what still lives. Deeds turned. Many kinds of milk are this. Moved so it was running down the sides. A dream with some sort of tank. Corked atmospheres. The stock filter systems failed, twelve miles of cables salvaged for copper. The fryer in the coastal zone caused a short in the phone - the force of grating in the surface was a paint on the past, a scene inscribed a chanting flex imposing two places at one time, that squeezed into existence a third – for further want there is open borrowing -... repeats some line it heard -... but, come take it apart, as there are over thirty more -... but reforming (into wax copies). Redundantly approximated the fence, again. A laboratory confused results. Worn its straight back to a slope. Wind up the free hose. Burden the creation with cleanliness – divulge the secret while washing it away. The sticks used up, could forage in the dump, something to burn, else odd recycle in the stove, a plastic and a wrapper, even cans of spray - ... smilingly that you can go and study these, when drawn up in a book, and live them out, from to and fro and miles to be a wanderer amid the wreckage to be salvaged and the undeveloped to be drained for what it's good -... old oven TVs and refrigerators there are nature's stock of animals branches, maybe people have been fused into them too as if war time magnetic experiments at sea – see questionable histories -... extractions and then morphs into the half crazed, mutant with mother to son, of the random select, and country pickin's... to sleep in the attic, to feel the drift of the earth while tied to a lobsterpot by a rope to the neck, to humbly wait the return, the fear of the animal with its rage emerging from the closest spot -... is something secreted even from the lampposts and the crumb of tar beside the road, or tricycle, and the cut finger and the throwing of the broken neck bottle, cutting there -...fortune then wander crying home concealed -. Unions having long in partners once to affront then competitions in the round, and winning most wishes, effervescent stand of boot to still and steadies chest, and driving of the home made flag down in the settled ground of guts. Emitter disrupts radio and conversation as if jams the brains own word -... pushed out nines had felt it odd and labor cracked the body once with slow dissolve and once an oar across the arms. Obscene the bubble red beach. In the regular, can both recommend and dismiss. In the supernatural, can make a picture in a cloud and crowned the martyr on the piece of toast, in drips of sweat and broken sandals, hands, sides, complete, impressed on detail not the picture plane. Alienated the limp right, the commando thugs have cross any the lines they wish and flex their substitutes. Waterholes now on be-speckled things, presented smile or frown a single show that lasts. Heightened language barriers, and the topic returns as the presence of the great enamel import, the average of all the portions of the miscellany. The frill of frames, and introductions indexes appendages and bibliographies fictional and right, welcome the narrow strips across the sun -... utopia -... challenge, and the street which changes weather and it trades for night and day, and the heaving ground, with cold and warm assaulting or coddling, rock wire rope that pushes through the lava lips -... the motto on the ground of be prepared -... polish an object. Commit the years. To service it. Combing, smoothing -... there link across towns, to purpose, then to pose, and advertise and gain reward, and free supply while in the laughter of the seat while standing in one place, is at the center of where the weight of the world is pin-pointed, all else free and floating after that and elsewhere -... in securing, else no else, in securing, thrives inside this spot, the domain that so has recomposed by one to be controverted and a rolling log of sustained duty to the one, that serves that, that addresses what is else after, but remaining of the recomposed. Am stirred continuously but unpredictably, so the randomed, reported, and targeted allot each other, but impossibly controlled and sequenced. There is a flash, but it is not anticipated. Assessment beginning now – looking backward, recompose. Complete descended calf. Repeated eye-black – whistle and nerve compartment. As the lima wears off, so are they amazed. A fresh condition. Remarkable amends. Studies for tailor's experimental ritual suit, - archeologist rebounding -... landsliding. The vain support, the one that compliments the self. Small beyond radioactive compare -. Brooding on both close sides of the border

between the objects of contrast -. Some hands envelope around some other means of contriving worth. Spirit monkeys enliven, sicken, cavort and rob tourists. Softened simulated bacon appeals in the short term. But it should be made crisp with a chemical additive. The change gives it a bitter taste, something like sunbaked apricot – or morning mouth -... some other emerging problems are the log of paste, which comes from forger's master classes having become involved in the French Avant-Garde and seeming to have attached their minds to the first object of free association -... a random laborer wearing ski goggles is splashing water from a cut odd milk carton onto a brick saw -... he seems entranced by the blurring of the teeth -. Where flexes the morrow blessed parts revolved for inside the clouded ankle range -, the tall man the small mouse or tall worm, reaches -... having sold three buy two back, discounted undoing. The unaccustomed whelp, long rows and sleepovers to visit him. When the cloth bag is finished, another will be made to follow it. They will hold the files regarding them. They will be conveyed on an elevated, motorized conveyor rack. After two are thus treated, there will be consideration for more. Onward movements either front from back or instigated otherwise concern the monitors of systems, who prefer the study of potentials and the academic speculative fiction, and are sitting in their stools in confrontation with a fact of action -... other than the jumping from the page -... though they should save their piles as "stools of action." And for grand prizes, in their competitions -... award -. And for the upset stomach, they can defend. For the attention with negative augment, angles parts round, dimples and junction boxes. The maximum conclusion reached by four conjoining cloudbanks. Razor clam -... bales of fury. Anger's chain of mail. Slow moving across the street led by literary guides, tours houses terrors inked, rude collapses and questioned faith. Strives focus and new times. Critical lumps on the side, awash in other's juices -. Who controlling congestion. Pearls and motives. Avenge home, duffle bag pulled up from the spikes that cornered in the ground. As for sailing rarely sees he waddle in the girth. Extracted teeth metal cloth, fain time is crossing, the ship with mast pulls into a meadow, covered green grass and then near a cave brown color, brook with settled dirt bed along its bank, down the brook log-like the basking dark spined fish move leisurely – visiting parent when they were alive, young as when teenager describe the Indonesia, but emphasis that I am there now, that they do not really see me, I am conflicted by appearances of the green meadow as rolling hills in east coast U.S, or in Czech countryside but there are Indonesians, and there is a color of brown like I see the dirt of Indonesia though the jungle has its share of green, but often with a brown dust so dry it blows and tints -... incense burns on posts along the dirt paths and roads through villages -... where there too is raised or lowered outline, about the objects and an outline and a tangent stressing from the movement of the animated things. Think the thick paper with the fabric disrupted -, the fibers cross brutalized, abused or like the fashion art or fashion jeans -. Hard to pin and unlikely to understand, rather look away and be resolved to identify the areal with absence of the one of which attention is desired -. In what of the greater motivation, the narrowing toward the point in inflection, and the drawing toward the point of developed opinion without the par view -, -action as in the evolution of the leg barb may be considered a part of discourse, and the chair, and table, the glass of water, and the microphone and reviewer a necessary reprieve for the purposefulness of the maker -. Being as in line with the art selection committee, there then many hap hazard to judge that stumble dumbly if fore-fronted, putting up elbows and especial if are thought of in their own right to be, then they most threatened, and the threatening. These are dumb reclusions. Black lip marks smeared on the halo napkin, dorsal, waterways, canal cut deep and dark backed in below the current last cuts their way, and wag their tail, -, and fearless. Casual, today. Before it felt as revoking and the questions fated, doorbell and announced it rabid occlusion, options mixed with Calvinism. Am wakeful in the new, a saddening, a burst of posing, from laying while the dream took and sleep rigor morted the vessel, to now and then when it is under controlled, and magnesium is flashing in the memory of some burn -. Across the pale it is like this, blue tints, grey, clay and thick substance wet outward drying inward which enjambment is the mouth plugs up the lee-ways – in like it was, with the radiation of daylight and the orange orb and sun-stance, the missiles of crumpled paper and apples on

sticks brought forward are enough, the subject and the view of scaly skin to study ill effects of looking at a thing too hard -. Also think the varied states of eyes. Leaded perverted to a lime tree. A garden lovely as an Eden made a city block one year it lives then plowed and served a business building. The hand is traveled through a porthole to accompany another hand the selfsame positioned approximate but other, not to ease into familiar comfort but to glance and upright call against the spatial wrong -. These as tools but ones to bend into a use. It and pictures in a blast of recognition. It as one fresh in the morning of the day, each time, a freshening, the brain is rebound, is sickled, and patted, and mortar boarded as a friend. Come and mix the soup, and pale feel the sauce, does it thicken. Is the quantity enough, suffice. Blacken as a, that special skin oil aging. Displace it. Timed. It can be li-vened in the duplication toxins found, the subject of the narrowing, toward even as a widening conjoined. Bundles wired into one. Self-sustained and autonomic -. A decree. As hardened in the circumstance, the former ball dismantled in the dark was in some shape but unperceived. Every in the mix a ruffled bending. Surround as disk of petals. Inter-vections into (come crossing or cut into with a saw) the conventions of behaving in an air continued of a suction. Desecrate, turn up the stone and strike the eulogy he speaks -. In the winter of the mouth and drawing out of attention. It is review, and restoration. It is matching what is understood, for the task of learning nothing, -. There is no draw for attraction toward one's acts, or the clowning at an audience. It is of the inscribing of each other into the child -. All to cut a shape, but lacks as all to formed. Return the project, impossible to complete but lived in of demand -. Contro-victions nursing edges to recede in philosophy, small letter, topic but aside from a category. Ramus. As if toying with a giant. This mind is in heaps of clear minds sinking. Moved aside with no string to stage on arms. I advance. Innovate or invent, fail or decline -. Detain wearing a custom latex mask, modified the pendants and the child's ornament, the finger cast in plaster then to bronze and embedded jewels -. The silk gold baby clothes, the fur trim and the ruby cluster on the cuff – always to someone display. Of mastery the world. Sand block now, cement and heat cut straight into the beach, -. Loosen. Conduct safe to sleeping villages, the free-float object in the sky, the cold against the hand, even at the touch of trees. She saw cigars in shape, but twisted the ankle turning back, above the river, where she was levitating with it, she divined answers to questions with her pendant over paper maps she drew -... responding directly to the iron pipe without the mediating voice or narrative of blessed song -... agriculture of a blueness, who in the trees attempted to begin the farming of the mix of beast and vegetable -... the slippery seeds -... the unwilling pumpkin -... the trailer, and the pull apart ranch and chairs -. Remnants in the tattered woods – seams along the roots of trees, stitch and scratch marks along the vertical apex -... the obsessions are juvenile the flax observer claimed, looking down, consuming of the wheat had crystalized inside the skull and made a maze of impenetrable isolations and borders. He could not cast anchor, nor could he controvert his weight. Freeze muffling, stone cord spending, rye phased marketing, the pot to cradle the tones -. Having lost much to perform a public fool, grazed over old letters and symbolic suggestive to embellish what he said himself of. The I for me used once to cover over that shelled out hump -. Remove the story and the copy made in large set collectives, sought to recompense. But nothing to extrude and nothing to extemporize the fate of every slope -... mountain slides its own time, change in equal scale but amplified the single most. Inside the fervent trap, the gloating wheel made the meet wire frame full of flies, she waited until day and night and day that two one half evolving they grow fast and protean, the cloud and then the halo wings around the phasing curtain sky, the summer hot sunned but the air is blowing cool off of the ocean there -, -, -. It in ancient ancestor, I have them too, the Konrad and the more back then along the Viking path, and ascribed to Hungary my grandmother's line, buried in the kicking feet and striking hands clenching fist the mind still blank that has caught up the pushing out of limbs -... more are pressing at the sides, the round walls of the well as cabin there, the unfounded too far, that burrow in the soil. They are coming, time belts strap into the places far depart far remaining too, the other side the face and shape that hid away or turned to receptions -. What most is welcomed while the other humbling itself inclining not to impress -... not overt in caution, or in demands that make the eye.

Bouncing off before composed. Under tops roses, the chair or park bench carved from the single rose quartz crystal from Brazil -... the obligations feeling of retention and withholding from the silent march through central wards the pitch poor work dissolved in vagrant uniformity, the destined root shaped as the man and eating in the hold without the shackle or the armature to keep in place -... free-range ginger -... still the working in this without convention or established channels or the license to perform outside of form -... runs the many risks in the gauntlet you should know -... I should plan and go, of something bordering on the state of here and now – that emboldens enemies like a draft -... those goings, of a collective trap that falls onto the page, a score for maps and retaliations of emissions from the voice and hand with simply put extensions, to present, a conduit of circumstance -. So to sit in an imbibing oscillation on the crystal chair, cold seated, hard, delicate toned, vibrating, mixed with low value metal matrix -... assault of open wording, -. Picturesque. Bucolic. Hasty escape from landscape. Busy springing of one day from beginning to ending. Creating someone, idol searchers. Attest to what is made and what remains intact. Blockades steal to this trap now, born of briers, pride. Something else attaches to the hip. A stern review, and pops a bit. Added blew the wads of noise to the reef. And minded vindicated of the indirection, rooms were filled and baths betrayed by settling dirt -... if the old worn pads conceal, the forest floor still holds the icing and the glyph are worn as wraps, and, the dry sticks come and stack themselves. Sometimes melancholy, sometimes merging with the month abandon of the festival for moons -... Some lamplight burning and the country drift that drives a wedge – maul side – blare of neon characters, light-‘scapes stores and markets -... remodeled caress – stress seam lines build up navigations. Premise of the simple, understood, received. Marvel confirmations, wine. Without presumption of worth, many covering more yards. Game proposed but disguised combat. Rolling taking in fact not to return but argued as the rules, the game. For keeps -... not funsies – wind brown whistles, carpet napkin nose launder. In the left bread baked into the loaf, affixed the coastal rim, an eyehook on the submerged ledge -. Here slung under are cages protected of the species. Too confident, they ruffle clothes the angry birds. Poetry on the beach, he takes the oar and swinging overhead it comes down on the lowering of the arch and snaps one arm below the shoulder then another arch that’s swung the other way and on the downward stroke it snaps the other arm above the elbow with a sound like fire cracker snap. Again the scene is writ, writ until it is gone, three, four, five times. Take the elevator, there are no visible stairs. The doors are locked in the stairwell. There are lesions on the fruits. Clear construction site while the paths scatter, clutter obscured, swept, the five hundred cows are milked. The poo is in the dustbin. Everyone is tired. But it should start again soon. Cycles on rotisserie. Uncontroverted stenciling. The sins are embraced. And read off the epidermis. Deeper than the one was thinking. Flight write lock prepared. Neglect time. Quiet cement forces. Human life the suffix. Beyond beside the thing until an end. Subsequent predawn hours. Aggress against the motley worm, the whole hosts who were vanquished come again request, the token bottle cap, the pin, the daily news. Ringing all alarms, a call to charge the card, to the combs across the hair, the lopsided side rolls to confirm the peat bog man’s identity -, reinstated as a law – for nothing, a mild shock. In the flames my eye – a large property is filled with debris – dust and wood scraps line the edges of the floor – they see a marble pegged in there somewhere – the floorboards are the color of the dust – there are bay windows with broken sills, looking out over the river and abandoned mill – some of the space is filled with fifty gallon plastic drums and empty produce bins. It was a button factory once. Tons of buttons are buried in refuse piles along the riverbank. It’s a livelihood for someone, clam hoe and basket. Glass buttons, rare bone and ivory. Separation anxiety. Plum powder. Garden singer. Bar-BQ witch. Is coming for the child.

The bar-BQ witch is coming for you

The bar-BQ witch will eat you my son

The bar-BQ witch has heard your crying

The bar-BQ witch will eat you my son, for moon festival

Unless you are quiet, the bar-BQ witch is coming for you.

Assails and button green, sewed to leather bits, accompany starched white collar and pointed music. Folded arms inside the graves amuse and bore. Floods what bore the gradient teeth. Your choir, sounding knees, instrumental snapping, - octave barbs and intervallic grappling hooks -... big wads sideways, wedge beneath the bureau leg -... relic paperback, folded in half, -... property made over vacuums, those windows shock on their spokes. They repelled off walls toward the mill. The tree has red meat and a purple bark which covers it in scallop-like scales which are smaller in size depending on the diameter of the tree part they are on, from trunk to tips of branches -. Sand fleas have moved from the water's edge to the three trailer parks on the road toward the mountain. A blueberry patch has also been invaded and has had a strange harvest of berries with little bites. Surrounded by the measures of the self, aging objects, time lines deadlines passing and maturing of the young and new technologies -... pineapple farm retreat – rolodex of various “workshops” for hobbyists – and the tried time, exercise to temporarily expel the sensibilities of pointlessness that have directed away from endeavors that may threaten low return or slumming -... ended self-aggrandizement and tripping ocean's edge- late reversals later efforts toward the gathering of the tools of youth – latest losses, prayers for extension and returns, while holding still, and unwilling for a trade that always made by art -... a county fair, a local confrontation with the prize is sought, to salve the part where itching let them know there has not been proper sacrifice, and no more can be gained or inroads on this course – lates the plow, dissected upon new states affirmed the passing bound by liquids and the animal skin, profound and finally but not with your response which as the whistle in the wind -... succeeded in the circuitry (of driving the nails) the pound and wood reinvented to a course, hand-made nails, hailed flat Gesner horns, - illustrate, the use of the old style eye -. Got complete in the porcelain dish -. Legs born up. Something in crazed cutting and groveling. Paper snips. The instruments emit (their sound) and cut into the wet clay. The images come for rising are released in some – there is tax on all. To do what you will. Hard fast rivers in the big stream. Stone block archive remnant, -some paint some shape some scuff, road sameness blue domes distant uncommon, yellow setting sun are clouds under different earthly pressures, striped stacks horizon, the cut of machinery, curled temple roof, pink turned – famous hotel famous hotel two signs, charcoal, tire rims bathed in lamplight lathered in exhaust – a noxious mix, Freon and green tea -... untenable steamed lockers, coin falling through wet paper -... the mouth lisp head turns to catch the shape – lisp associated tics – more than ten to look for... porches and walk-ups -. Hear exact mouths. One voice in a crowd. Can you claim the face. Match . was there an affluent affliction, must it be the face in the crowd, or the mouth. Rearrangement and selected matter compete for limited placement – some strand shifts about in disconnect, some unifying others equally at loss, and making their own mass the way lonely people collect at a bar -... animal clarity, nose, more. White straw hair, heavy canvas across the shanks, - rope manipulations in the cedar barn -... particles flying in the various wakes, controlling, use the break, surf - ...surface -. Shard-like foreign supply -... falling out in level playing -... heaving up one note per measure, vibrant, even in the wind is un-blown, as is in such tightly bound up shimmering -... Turtle shell has locked into a spinning mode -. The bird regales the master, the man grows colored fins and tissue foam baffles lace like at the joints to be competitive. Nature knows not the fight of one determined man. He no longer has evolved, but invents and pokes himself, is not in equilibrium and has no punctuation. Recalling, it was the Rhine, behind the great Dom. Had achieved a black godliness. Spires, spikes, granules under pressure, etched glass beyond the height to conceive – iron and copper with the stone tipped gargoyle – insight heightened, eyes fill with dirty shiny waters. Weird steels. Pea pods become insipid pattern for design -... nature repulsed. Makes on it a defacing fungus. The elegant ear, defiled by wax -... rival contracting. Engaged directly, comes out wrapped in snail trail and felt. Fourth-rite, no baby heads come to foremost flanks, are hidden, if arriving, under tarps and plywood covers – canon ball – propane, -... lucrative insanity of the hoarder rich -... locked in the hole until a skeleton walks up the steps to take a peek outside -... birds are chirping, sound of traffic going by, a near road -... lunch horn or a lunch coach song, local business, as usual... skeleton suspecting trickery tumbles back -... secures the

hatch. Ate the bowl of guts with seaweed, and dreamed the barbeque witch -... safe and temple dawn near, seeing the serpent of the roof, blue and red, free care world -... chicken eating millet, fat, his thighs are like a turkeys, he runs freely as he will, -... the cat is hiding -. Notes where there has been an impact, muffins, loaves, wide areas, open fields, plains, meadows, sand dunes flat desert plateaus, grass hills, brown brook, majestic hyphenated air colors, -... cogitation of the miasmic inclusion, the salt crystal, the salt-block doorstep -... (from the mine) -. Derivative forms of study, from the long drawn sampling, from the sensation of what is felt to the shelf of reasoning -... there is that at of a ledge of many possibilities, dirt, fern, blue water, clear mica, air with pink cloud back wall, facing buds and variously brown seed cones, - then it, in it controverted pushed in and dimples, pressures and bulges in the three dimensions, seems to push the picture of into the eye more, then holes too pockets gold rimmed ruptures with endless direction somewhere opening into everywhere on the black end side -... this is the reasoned ledge, and there are other ledges on the shelf. How far going when fully awake. The fan and wind combined in small spaces convert into special powers -... frozen lips of entry loaned -... any other thing the gate. Shed sized pavilion on the island in the garden pond – the court of the Bishop -, -... chateau grounds -... peacock rainbow peacock albino – transparent wing, glass tree glass frog glass tree frog, glass lens, glasses, camera. Compiling. The world round gathering, chateau composite -. Shoulder weights, bull dogs, grave of H.G. Wells -... other -... tackled ground, drained groundwater, pitched canoe birch paper and the western writ -. Diminution in the pool, the molecules closed cross hatched draw tight, the ring of hard water line is visible, and then in time a second, lower, then so quickly that it forms a spiral to the center when at last is gone, that traveled fast through, represents a moment of your speedy time -... then a feeble dance that bounds and bounces around the room manila brown and clad in rags now fat internment. The stresses and pushes. Milking arrangement, with time budgets. Go mongers toward dry gulches, gravel pit attendants and garbage dump tenders. Where a dollar's worth of copper pipe is found, and glorified rough encaustic, pellet laden sheets turned down to the welded crease, the sleeping fish, but them turned up, they greet with belly up, then fanciful the leisurely paddle with their oared locked limbs away -... proclaim one to two things regarding some viscosity, and additives to stretch the usefulness of machinal douche -... prepared and ever made the long hour of discomfort, the romp. Puts dampening on what to confirm. Eroded reborn. Night-vision curved flow of darts amalgam – hot outer spot, trail, -. Released from manacle form, lets. Disruptive tires, coasting pull-gates, the method of the way determines the second relation -. Relegated many to its place, have here to choose the consolation -... so arrives in early for choicest. So retaliated on (the spotty dish) while passivity is golden with allowing one exception, they as everyman, who resists greatest, breaking, killing. Raised up. Modeled on. Slurring cushioning, other, - cycles roll deepest sacks. Hang in the valley. Slake model fountains. Beach pebbles trickles. Lax thy golden bristles. In the hose sunk indentation – where filtrated minored left boulders. Numerous chiseled. Wetted by condensation. Enjoyed host simple local he made song the pitches went and when he whistled taken to the side and made him note and feel the place he passed. Squirming. Watcher. One kiss revealing the oddly matrix stone -... distracted but the eyes still find the ceiling, it is up -... what as happens in the wild expressed fomenting brain, then try to look -... seeds art makes -. Solid brass or hollow, match temple gongs with dragon drum the mountain hold. Scaled she came attacked the fort. Draw up battered. Deadened, drove out. Boiled, convalescence blessed, and bedded. That is the center for still being. You are wheeled, and your sheet hides the vacancy – the slacked jaw and the slightly parted eyelids attests, - then, the devil has comed. Indistinguishable from -. Standing on nails. Foot hangers. Trying to hold it through some chance, to gather up chances the way books are stacked on a chair -... it is hard to leave once you are in the corral – needs the special lesson, how to suck out air to narrow temporary collapsing and making thin enough to pass the slit -... he has the bowls of fever, also passing. Still, the shit will be packed, from eating all the seeds. But that's what was on the ground. Muralist sentiment -. Covers everything. Going. For well founded, contradiction. Floods reach every room. Formed timely, roughly deposited on the floor mat,

destiny to the cause and sampling of locale. Festive controversy sleep disorder. Bunions put his rubber boots up on the stove and fell asleep, woke up sniffing the burning air -... reputes of a leading personality, differentiated with strong self-appeals. Fool's fish gain some momentum during a long phase out, which belongs committed to the dexterous feelings of the formal anticipation. Adaptations to dry reasons – dry cracker, dry musk oil, false bottom luggage -... old welds on the sleeping train let go – and should be found the spots that creak on floors, and every one be marked and played -... having illumined strategies, predicated on the ample supply, is jointly served. Gross of long blockade straits, after piled, find surrounding friends. But one year apart between in a series. So replaces. Much in the imagined state, that impressed it to invest, forced upward, conversion states, poses a sliced deck appealing. To reward, to preclude and slaughter at the terminal, does not exclude from a fair concern. Happy the slot and falls the short of the goat. Warrant to gobble to prevail. When stuck restive in the mixed rut, have capsized upward also, into sprouts. Law provides caravan flatteries, sumptuary. The fight with floor mites. Treasury of dismissal. Traveling down to the dead end ellipsis -... the dumb drawn anvil -... the pattern of leaves from their fatigue -... obligates a task (sweep up) resolves the doing from the code of articulated -... fresh signage drapes the unfinished buildings. It is easier than paint and need not wait -... softly rolled over the countryside and hills, it, such building of frameworks collect the shrubs and alders as they pass, a thick coat, and for many in developing, it is enough – leave them and sell the advertising space -... a cemetery climbs in a terrace up a mountainside -... reformed complacency – standing burial, - dried up rods and cones, makeup, a thick foundation powder -... and resembling in brick the man/woman syndrome -... too much energy anger force -... five pots of parts and more demands. Riding in a coordinated flight of ladders. Simple borrowings. Sloppy storylines, newspaper fare. Withdraw from view and occurrence. Leaks through the container let. To meet the spot to shame and size the retread's flying off the wheel. Contusion, bliss. Concessions to the property with rough alarm, the guards belong, as do the citizenry to the state that owns -... quiet pillows suffocate the grinding sound outside -... opened the turtle box before the last word -... the founding ham flagged, and waving dormant canticle efforts of the diminished variance, floral amusing often deranged posting, mail, paper/ink/sponge looped three segments of the worm bodied orchestration – thanks down the depression of the heir nodes -... pods transform the peas on slippered years – one generation to the next -... hugely and that, that flows into the river from the father -... and the story yearns for venue. Who was said brick laden with a leaden course. It is of some use for skills applied. The carver, the surgeon. A rock has landed on the head and begins to grow. It is in some swearing time that heaps of shaved ice are used to numb the skin so recognition marks may be permafrosted into the visible layers topmost down - ... ordered against, the test paper turns color or wrinkles -. Can also be a measure breaking plates, teacups, pots and dessert dishes – some e force (elbow) striking angle and shard readings (of spontaneous sayings and poetry derived from the fragments) constitute a ritual and a blister on the visitors door. They must make formal request for forgiveness (of an imagined FUTURE slight of offspring) and remove some article randomly chosen by the insulted as the mystical cause of conflict. Small amazed of wealth take it grind it into powder. Now it is nothing. Thing unasleep as groan on a porch swing. Can and have both taken long and sooted blasts. Pulled apart for remnant salvage. Unsewn stitches. Implemented labor aching ulceration – conviction (determination) celebration -. Inspiration hath reward. Over the shoulder glancing. They had used the builder gods but builder gods though dumb are strong. Now a debt. And the paying out (to convalesce). Having bought will own this now. Some moment of retreat. A pin with spinning orbits every degree. They could not see or imagine a value. Invisible background. Lowered framed settings, conformed to the idiot. Under-storm licking, habitual. Haven't taken traces. Linger as ghost over framed portraits. The artist has passed. Meaning LESS than torn shirts. Self up comfort of escaping a slowly descending iron railing -... never with the filth of that rising sun, the heated orange of the late day, broadened in the elastic mind the living artist contradicting that the dead. Holler out the more hollow end of that voice, which refuses cracking. Two frequencies are

beating to each other as the heart wrench – pliers, drill team, power grinder. Chopped off electric wire resorting backward to the turning of the wheel, that forgoes all advances after. Bleating beasts in representation loss of ears for harmony. The village eats the four legs of the elephant. The prize. The proposed place built first slanted in a dream, then is introduced as something made more resilient to reclining by expressions of hate directed at it –... inspirations to be upright and then after forward -. Who directing in mysterious is welling up. Loose pieces in the fog. Driving hazard. The stick arrayed, a log at least, a thin and green, a brittle old no leaves, a shaped and carved a dowsing rod, a willow wisp whip for children, a brier sharp with nettles and burdocks –... slowing down for review –... suspect parts. Delete once. Heroic dark clad, - insect wings shudder inside the shell –... **there is only difference in presentation, in manifesting – does god distinguish each work as the man necessitates – so it should be with the artist that he/I make no distinctions in the generation and the private means –... one creation.** Creeps out the slip, shoveled in the still morning, four o'clock. Public figure, amalgam, host. Wooden railing splitting along the grain, flaking blue paint. Beach grass. Crab cleaned bones. Long lives unveiling many knotted strings –... animal expectancy – nightly visits – many voices tied up strong.

Beyond the
risk of shining
well in line
with narrow margins less
an inch and less a
meter at the outbound
confines the rattling
wise with old, young with cylinders
that is the presentation
and the stage
to the cause, the standing, the sitting,
the replete conversion tables read, supported
each a documentation wide
so misunderstood, too far withdrawn, abstract –
such as documents incline
then taking positions
dug up the dirt and made the rut
and now in place they lined
they go, in place
and seem to move great walls and shift the ground
while in a place, their post one dirt hole
as the irrigated spread of words –...
rock and grass sods form a patter
and phonemes lisps and sizzles, hits and misses the ear
grovels lowly others there –

hornet the dry shell planted
barren isolate, the bits of stripe
the twisted petal of wings
two should lunge the
far forest and the
arid sand far shifting with the
currents of the air,
solidly tasks won looking to

the next of relatives of they to
move it into place, the participation
stark against the many selves some of
whom declined, some difficulty spread as
drawn along because, the selves who volunteered
should carry that dead weight,
the others still -...

for something in the dirt
beside behind, not centered as
away from spots attentive to, so in the
document, encouraging a choice
unused, uninfluenced, untrammelled
virgin snow of dirt, the first allows
that outside every else
the original is born defined by none
the flush of wild, hard water, she sailed twice
collecting twice three loads, and helped to spread
the mounds,
was worked hard so they sweat and pine
three loaders, women
workers, holding tightly with intent
through gift forced downward on a palette
and there stacked firewood style with
the passive holding of contempt to fire up
the others as the wood,
these the gifted women
embodied in the march of men to ledges
happily as thrown in sacrifice
are won to work or face material reduction of the
value down
to salts and firest torches
instillations not what animal, but of intellect
the build-up so to force display of
separation from the fear of mystery and forest night –

dry downs, in
the holly after, in
the barroom on invention of the bar, on
the heath when embers were somewhere on lightning strikes
discovered and
in caves are copied in reprise –

the meager things archives
the grand toast on discovery
archives, mist ridden slats moist can't catch the heat
mist ridden moist meager
from strangling law

onto to a perch for better looks
move write left write left into the
intellect of digression one leg
forward thrust of vehicle the other
so demographic thought dissolves abroad –

toxic in the repeat
limits with a grate the fool promotion
the excess finds its way
the maze of ranks
if not then makes the hole
(secret style the drill upheaved from cloaks)
then the toxic drill
then for reform, has brought a public
to a common place, the square
pavilion
in the road, of roundhouses
always on the haunt
the hanged man dangling
unattend the house without a host
the one seventh who makes a nod
head lowered to a snapping
subject one the departing
the subject as a witness witnessed saying
as if jerked from life -...

archives and discovery
the ruler mob and
organized as one alongside as a guardian boat
the innocuous and observed
with the tail whistle (warning) which the giant fin will flip –
like as that whale with sounds connecting to
the farther dots that tried to make but merely poke into the plane –
crossing borders through the babble in between
then tried to cup the saying one in line
the liquid dripping through the fingers
whose hat to hold, am sealed in a shaking out,
can not climb in, the riser or the railing
as you had thought
imagined is enough
that next is done
I had gone it, and, it
pales the glory
rods support, and through
but with it planted deadly wisps
concentration as a chemo pad
diversions spun the hurricane wall
backed to micro-tenders of the whole.

Caught, in that steam pocked cell.
Brail to feel, and read a word
that's accidental.

Now those gains
drool stopped by the culvert
when they stooped to worship
out of single pleased the texture of the button pushed
the branch's worth of fingers
many as to fit around complete degrees
makes the waddled fingerings unfretted free
the worry of the neck and pitches posted
-baled the matter most for burning kitchen mat the field
to see through mica windows fire from.
Way far deeper than the plaid skirts and the leather boot toe holding
the thread to test the air, for passing –
invective visitor, cursed along the brier half saloon door
false face Janus output plunge the cool depths thus heating it and boiled away...
doctored UP as fixed to appear inside has come a mass the fern to water fossil -...
not even to the neutral edge, could slip in either way, to prompt the feelinging
of the echo cavort -... two lines separate in the ambiguous gnarl two sprouts sometimes
perhaps a three that one can ill determine so the many but exemplified
not to give, recite them all
to give, then force the lines into the rope -.
Am not so and far from that, determined use by possibility expressed of element place -...
Digressed diverted branching pulmonary off oxygen off on, the reddest red the cobalt blue, -...
Can you confuse, can you express, can you divert that too, the waves that you can catch and captured,
put away -...
Divested, to a thistle in the weed
to the capital of some small thing still enlarged as it is self-contained –
then it blusters,
then its ego size.

Where is that thing looks
onto the same wall every day
discrepancies at the first enough
to make a series of a set
in time engulfed in every different thing
discrepancies too many now are
focused in the finer filaments that parlay
each a glance a shift and even
counter, or inversions all to every form imagined in the bigger
rougher block of minding forms
tooth picked at, reveal the sub-set
has always changing even as its elbows up that
seem to keep a shape you know expect to know
and blindly know even when so blind have
stumbled on or nightly walks in half sleep trip on

elbows up still, hiding when below it active furnitures and factories –
sickened by it almost utter now, too much –
size domestic highways grown, two off the be-top to growl at with an inside cord, afford to threat
when at home, to own it, can exhort and there the voice revealed, the same –
known to halfest harness, groans across the harbor citizen lapping white lace water crests
halfests not enough to turn crusts under, -...
fools the stomach, grossest barbeque -...

lawns and beaten dawns dry goods store with clapboards through out thrown up from the dust
the storm of one has taken it in place, to build to become that clapboard fence beside the wall and barn
too-

dropped up, fit to place, charges extra for conversions in a pocket place, the centered spot was dotted
and a core which rising up and down could make a submarine or make a cellar in the ear, or rise up to a
cloud and make a city and a tabernacle there -...

prevail this as an afternoon, the saws are running, mills are flying sawdust browning out the sky –

shorter tenses, first
then rest a series of the lumps
on the second tier the conveyor
stopped at mid-day
look to what retreat and board from that
stopped sought on photo stop,
that documented on it went to layered most
back when, in silver time, abuse of gold and brown mixed
documented, pressed as buttons with the round-bout fingers
on the limb, returns to moving, conveying
stating in a sentence, on to go on to then next and forms a sense –
solidly, and densely, and in the maximum staging
put, and anchored.

Hob-knobs, golden.

Better beaten flat, and foiled.

Convey.

The **indiscrete factory**.

What pushes out a shape

Without concern.

Title ends the work.

Then divertimento in the bog. A leathery body sunk.

Relapse.

Reprise, frost.

Lower consciousness, education in the school -...

In Augusta, Maine there's a place known as Church Hill, with a bank, a parking lot, and a church at its top. It is a low rent part of town. There are no movie theaters, no restaurants, and no malls there. There are two small grocers and a liquor store. Vagrants and runaways hang around in groups in the parking lot while laborers and laborer's wives stay inside their paneled apartments and try to fend off the next day, and keep the night air alive with the sounds of their fighting. Church Hill is also home to a fair number of students who attend the nearby Community College. Though they have popular programs in music, art, law enforcement and liberal arts, they offer only a two year associates degree through open enrollment. However well deserving, students here come from poor backgrounds or are such that couldn't cut the grade at another school. There are no dorms. Students live in what housing they can find.

The houses at the top of Church Hill have been chopped up into apartments. A three floor house will generally yield six apartments, equal cubes with uniform paneling and perhaps a furnished table and a swivel chair. Students who can't commute crowd Church Hill because it is cheap and a walk to the school. They compete with the locals for limited space.

There is a large state mental institution at the other end of Augusta. Holding a predictable number of criminals, locals, and the poor with no where else to be, the institution having its own open enrollment, the state institution like the state school. After suitable rehabilitation, people are released on an out-patient basis. This is an ideal description. Unlike the state school, many of the patients at the institution are inmates; they are there instead of in jail. What this makes is a situation where there is always overcrowding. Rehabilitation is relative then to space requirements. The more need for space there is, the more easily people are rehabilitated and are sent back out into the community. These people too swarm into the low rent housing of Church Hill. Landlords look ambivalently on this; on the one hand, these outpatients frequently cause trouble. One year two apartment houses went up in flames traced to mattresses set on fire by angry lovers, in both cases, graduates of the state institution. On the other hand, apartments for these outpatients are got with the help of the institution, and hence state funded; rent is guaranteed.

The homeless population also converges on Church Hill. The homeless here tend to be young. Older homeless, those having earned the title of Hobo from the living of this life, as well as the recently evicted old, tend to steer away from company, the hobo from suspicion learned over years of having to read people, and the newly homeless old from shame or a sense of worthlessness. The old seek residence by the river or on the unpeopled stretches of railroad tracks that pass through Augusta. Church Hill is compressed. The homeless that converge there form gangs. They are petty thieves, runaways, and laborers that don't make enough to afford a rent, or drink their checks as soon as they get them. They find solace and humor in each other's company. They still yearn to be a part of something, and this makeshift organization awkwardly fills that need.

These groupings, the insane, the homeless, the workers and the students are of course not completely distinct. Some of the homeless are insane, outpatients frequently go to the school, and

students may graduate to the mental institution or the street. While sharing a somewhat homogenous existence of possible social movement here on the hill, there are still airs that mark where each person is right now; it can be smelled, seen in the sheen or cultivation of the hair or the degree of spontaneous thought revealed in the eyes. Everyone reads everyone else as they pass by and lock glances in the liquor store. The subtleties of such looking go beyond the observable and enter into the imaginable. Influences come from within and without. Church Hill, or any hill, a mound, a burial mound, with its wafts and drifts of spirits, all dream their dwellers and live their lives, a book that is a place and a climate, a time and living things awake and asleep.

Jeff and Todd stood on the apartment porch and drank beer. Budweiser was their choice, cheap and good mixed with tomato juice, a taste Jeff had acquired picking apples one summer in the mid-west. It made him stand out a little too, which he liked. Todd took it on himself when he saw how Jeff used it to strike up conversations with females at a party. Jeff's plans always involved attention getting, and Todd was a quick learn. He didn't mind being a student to Jeff's natural teaching. The fact was that Jeff's maneuvers and displays usually worked to some advantage. Once on a weekend they'd both gotten drunk on Peak's Island, a dot of land in Portland Harbor. They'd both passed out on the beach and the very next morning, hung over and sick waiting near the dock for a ferry to the mainland, Todd had spied a breasty young girl, perhaps sixteen or seventeen years old walking by in shorts and flipping her long blond hair as if she knew she was always being watched. He immediately evaluated her from a distance and, running his hands through his hair and making his best James Dean pose, said loudly, "Isn't it amazing when you wake up with a hangover and have a throbbing hard-on in your pants?"

"Todd didn't know what to say. "Well,... I..." and then he saw that the girl had made a u turn and in a moment was in the little waiting shack on the dock with him and Jeff.

"Are you from around here?" she asked Jeff coyly, her thumb thrust into the left pocket of her shorts, tugging them low to reveal the tops of her panties. Todd swallowed with some difficulty and looked. She didn't even notice he was there. He knew the party was over for him. He took the ferry back to the mainland while Jeff stayed. But he was impressed. And he learned. Jeff knew his shit.

Jeff knew his shit. With his thin nose, narrow mouth and close together, deeply set eyes, it was as if his senses were pinching toward each other, squeezing into a single sense to direct toward the realization of whatever end his person might be put, though these ends were usually gratification of his body. Yet this was a variety of ambition that Todd respected and wanted to emulate.

Jeff opened another bottle of Budweiser, poured half of it into a glass, and then filled the rest of it with tomato juice from a can. He chugged it down without stirring. "There's a guy who sells paintings from a trailer by the roadside in Boothbay," he said, "who thins out his paints with beer as a medium. His paintings are shit, landscapes from his head he does in twenty minutes. But he sells them. His trailer is full of racks of paintings. He says he has over five thousand paintings in there. He drinks beer constantly. I think he's a wicked drunk." Jeff paused to mix some more Redeye. "I want to paint like that. Not paintings like his, but like a machine, out of my head, mystical things, coming out of the smudge marks." Jeff had a painting teacher at the College who painted imaginative images rising out of the irregularities of loosely applied paints, tracked around the canvas with a wide brush and a putty knife. He relied heavily on National Geographic magazine for his exotic imagery that he suggested to viewers were from deep in his

subconscious. Jeff liked that idea, drawing out from some bottomless well. It sounded good. He just wouldn't leave magazines laying around for people to see.

Todd looked thoughtful as he made himself a Redeye. "Its like with late romantic German writing. I'd like to do that in some way, too." He struggled for a thought to clarify itself. "The idea that there is a living sleep, a connecting dream in all things..." He wasn't sure but he thought it sounded good. He should write it down.

"Yes, yes..." Jeff became animated. "We're the taps, we're the spigots, the channels for another world beside our own.." he often found the vaguest things were the clearest for him. "We're out of tomato juice." "Fuck." Todd pulled money out of his pockets and counted it. "I think we're okay." He quickly calculated equivalence of money in alcohol. "We're going to be wasted tomorrow."

"Yeah, whatever." Jeff counted his own money. "I don't know how, but we're more than set. I just got a check from ol' lady Miller. If she kicks it I might get a bunch all at once." This was extreme hopeful and not a little unrealistic. Mrs. Miller had helped some people financially out on a peninsula where she had her summer home. It was not entirely altruistic. Summer people's homes tended to be vandalized and even destroyed by local youth. If she helped in a few kids education here and there it was a kind of home owner's insurance. She wouldn't have liked being thought of as an old bag and death warmed over by those like Jeff, who profited from her. But it was a stretch to think she might remember these wharf-rats in a will. Jeff knew this secretly. But it made him feel bigger to think he had a patron, and even better, an inheritance. "Let's stock up." Todd handed Jeff his money as they walked next door to the liquor store.

They went to the case where they had all the domestic beer. It was cheap enough. The beer on sale was all stacked on the floor, warm as piss. Sometimes Jeff wished he could think ahead, but the drinking was always at the last minute, not even a thing he liked to plan. So they paid a little more. The girl stocking the refrigerator caught Jeff's eye. "Hi" he said with a measured sheepishness.

"Hello." she said. "What are you boys doing tonight?" Her eyes straddled Jeff, but Todd noticed she also looked briefly at him. "We're over on my porch next door drinking a few Redeyes," Todd blurted out before Jeff could speak. "Would you like to join us?" Jeff receded as Todd took the lead.

"What are Redeyes?" she asked honestly.

"Most people around here have never heard of them," Todd baited, but I'd love to turn you on to them. I just need a couple of cans of tomato juice with this beer..." he quickly pulled two six-packs out of the refrigerator in front of him. She smiled at his enthusiasm. "Juice is on the bottom." She squatted down to take out two cans and lingered for a moment too long, to express her subservient positioning in from of Todd, quickly running her eyes up the length of his body in case he missed it. "Here you go." She stacked the cans on top of the beer he carried against his chest so that he had to hold onto them with his chin, reversing their roles like foreplay. "Maybe I'll be over after we close," she half whispered to Todd as she turned on her heels and disappeared into the back of the store.

Jeff and Todd stood on the porch resuming their drinking. "She's a townie you know," Jeff said to Todd. "They're okay if you can use them or control them. But don't let one of them get the upper hand." Todd knew this was true. He could tell by the way she talked that she was a townie. She had that dumb drawl and way of talking in half sentences. Maybe she didn't finish high school and probably she'd already had kids. She'd walked by the porch a couple of times before and had stopped to talk a little. Always something like "Yup. Tired. Going home now. Sure hot out." Yet always with just a touch of flirtation. Tonight it seemed different. Maybe she had a fight with her boyfriend and she wanted to get back. Maybe stay out late. Maybe all night. That was it. That was the kind of trouble townies could bring, Todd thought. Some guy gunning for him was all he needed.

"But I guess you might as well fuck her if you can," Jeff said. Todd felt a little defensive. Maybe she was nice, she was pretty enough, maybe she was different than other townies. But Todd caught himself and returned to his thoughts of only seconds before. "What if she's just going to turn around and rob me, or she's got a dumb-fuck boyfriend?"

Jeff laughed and pushed his hair back. "I guess we'll just do what we always do. We'll deal with whatever happens. It will be an adventure." Jeff knew there was no argument to this. This was a philosophy, a style. They had risen above, they were the great experimenters. Nothing came close to them that they didn't invite or couldn't push away whenever they wanted.

"Some things are just true," Todd said reassuringly to himself, but out loud. "Maybe I can..." he thought what he could do that would be in the spirit of their natures. "maybe I can tape record her without her knowing it. I can...sort of ask her questions, about what she thinks about, I don't know, God, art, that kind of thing..."

Jeff elaborated. "Tape her screwing. Make her talk then. We can cut up the tape after and make sound art."

"Like John Cage!" Todd was starting to get in the spirit.

"Right! Exactly! We can make collages and blast it out of speakers from your windows!" Now they had a project. "I can use this for a final piece in one of my classes!" Jeff envisioned himself reveling in the praise he would receive from his instructor at this realer than real chunk of life as art.

Todd drew back a bit. "I want to get some credit too..."

Her name was Sally. She finished work at eleven and was on the porch at eleven twenty. Todd couldn't help but be overcome by her just a bit. He looked at her mouth as she opened it to speak, the words coming out, simple sounds, passing by him as if he were deaf, her lips curled slightly at either end, light and pink supple and evenly toned, a slight moist gloss on them, and hard to place on any movie star, or acquaintance, and hard to couple with any other face. Her eyes were very round with brown irises and eye whites like milk, her skin an ivory cream transcending the limitations of any harsh liquor store lights or the dim quartz bulb and moth shadows of the porch with a radiance all her own. The lilt of her voice slowly faded into his consciousness after what seemed an eternity of ogling her.

"I should go home but I want to do what I want to do," she said. "Can I have one of them drinks?" Todd popped open a bottle poured two thirds of it in a glass and topped it off with tomato juice. "You gotta drink it straight down," he said. That's how to drink them."

Sally chugged her drink back and held out her glass. "That's good." Todd filled her glass again and watched her down the second just as quickly.

"I'm going home," Jeff said. "have a good night," taking two beers in his pockets and opening a third for the walk. Jeff lived on the second floor of the apartment building, directly above Todd. He made a quick head nodding motion as he passed Todd, a manner that said both "take her inside" and "later."

"Well." Todd poured Sally another drink. "You must be happy to be off work for the night, huh?"

Sally smiled. "Its not so bad. I've had worse jobs. It's not like working in a factory or nothing." She was quiet and sipped her drink for a moment. "You get to meet some nice people. Then of course there's the drunks you feel bad for."

Todd felt self conscious. Was he one of the nice people or one of the drunks? He thought about how much he went there. Maybe it was time to spread his buying around a little. "You're very pretty," he blurted out to change the subject.

Later inside his apartment he kissed her. She seemed nervous at first but gave in to him with only a little resistance. She smelled so clean, soap and water and the smell of her arousal as he explored her ivory body. Her breast were soft and seemed like those that had nursed, her hips suggested birth and generation. There was some moment in lovemaking when Todd was always struck dumb. Women seemed so much older and perhaps made superior to men; they contained in them all the potential of both of the sexes. This thankfully passed like a wave or heart beat; any longer would have disturbed the flow that everyone hopes to sustain at these times. The only thing that stopped Todd was the nagging memory of his mission. Excusing himself to use the bathroom, Todd snuck into the next room and clicked the power switch on his tape recorder, covered it with some newspaper and trailing the microphone along the floor to the corner of the bedroom door.

Todd held back at the same time that he tried to appear to let go. Maybe Sally would think he was always like this, he thought. At the back of his mind was his tape recording. He was louder than he needed to be. He was worried about dead air time. As soon as he had tape rolling, everything had change. Sally stopped being the living embodiment of woman he had mused of to himself. She had become mechanically exactly what she was; an animal of a species incidentally a member of his own and engaged in a reproductive act which nature made pleasant just so they could do such deceptive dances, to assure their own replacement and to punctuate their lives of strict survival with short, bodily epiphanies. Sally didn't feel this, only a twinge of self deprecation, perhaps at her own inability to compel Todd to a higher passion. It was Todd alone who sensed the degradation he had brought on himself.

Sally lay on her back while Todd propped himself up on his elbows in the dark bedroom. "What do you expect from your life?" he asked her.

"Oh. Um, things. Things but not stuff. You know what I mean?" Todd nodded. He hoped she was speaking loud enough for his tape machine to pick up. He tried to think of other questions, or how else he might lead her on to say interesting things.

Sally never went to sleep. She dressed sometime before dawn and left the apartment to go home on foot. Todd didn't insist on walking her home and she didn't ask. The tape on his recorder had reached the end of the reel and shut itself off. Todd got up, put on a light and rewound the tape. He hoped he'd gotten some, or any of the night before. It was such good stuff.

There was a banging at the door. Todd woke up. He'd fallen asleep at the kitchen table with his tape machine. What a harvest! Jeff walked through the unlocked front door and pulled up a chair. "Just wait 'til you hear this," Todd said. He lined up the reel and began the tape. There were things he didn't even remember, noises, guttural throaty sounds, and those questions, personal, prying, finally bringing Sally to tears as childhood and daddy and boyfriends and babies all mixed into one overwhelming lump. The thing was, listening to it now, it didn't seem at all interesting. In fact, it sounded boring, like a litany of unrelated blurbs of words and complaints. Beer just made everything special, Todd thought.

"I suppose we can make something out of it," Jeff said skeptically. "The talking is just useless. She must be an idiot." He put his head on his chin. "Maybe some of the sex noises might be fun to make tape loops out of or something."

Todd felt disappointed in himself. His second best to begin with had fizzled out into nothing at all. What a waste of time it all was. "What a waste of time it all is," he said out loud.

It was Saturday. Jeff sat around until afternoon and then they began to drink beer. It took the edge off of their hangovers. Todd was already thinking about being at work on Monday, and the three classes he had to prepare for during the week. Todd knew he had to work to get things done. Jeff was different. Jeff was talented. Or at least his teachers let him get by on that. He was always doing work for his art classes at the last minute, sometimes in the hallway minutes before it was due. And he always got the grades. And then there was the business with Mrs. Miller. Jeff came from nothing. His mother worked at a shoe factory, his father left home before Jeff could remember, but he'd never had to work. The great Mrs. Miller had intervened and saved Jeff from that by sprinkling just enough his way, as she did with others deemed pathetic enough to draw up, others who hated her too, others she could drop when she lost interest, or died.

So Jeff just needed to nurse his hangover. When their beer was gone, Todd stepped over to the liquor store to buy another six. The store owner looked at him with his familiar blank face that could say what ever a customer thought of himself. Right now, this blank face said "Drunk." Todd wished it said anything but that right now, student, or laborer, or stranger. But drunk hurt him. The owners face was remarkably blank today. As he bought his six pack of Budweiser, Todd noticed that Sally wasn't there. He'd better just let it pass. To ask might be bad.

It was later in the day and Todd and Jeff had finished off the rest of their beer and then some. The person in the third floor of their apartment building was away; his car had been gone for two days. The front door keys to all three apartments was the same, so Todd and Jeff went into the neighbor's apartment and poured off a quart of gin from a bottle, replacing it with water.

They were high when they saw a police car pull up to the liquor store and two big cops go inside. Todd had a bad feeling.

It was the next morning when Todd found out. He went into the nearby grocer's to pick up a Sunday paper and overheard the butcher talking to a customer about the girl who had been found floating in the river. She hadn't gone home after work two nights before. They talked like they knew her. Todd wanted to ask who she was, but he didn't. It might not be a good idea to know her. If he did. But he was pretty sure.

Todd was glad no one came to his door. No one asked anything, no one bothered him. It just went away. Sally wasn't at the liquor store anymore, that's what he knew.

It came up with Jeff, but they didn't dwell on it. "See what can happen with townies?" is what Jeff said. He was also relieved that they weren't asked about anything. Todd went to work that Monday and got his school work done, and Jeff occupied his time in whatever way he usually did. In no time the incident was of no concern.

One night, Todd and Jeff discovered a plywood board that could be pulled away from the side of the building at the back of the liquor store. There was a hole underneath it that opened into the basement, big enough for them to squeeze through. Getting a flashlight, they went into the building and judiciously stole the least conspicuous bottles of alcohol and beer. Loading up their refrigerators, they embarked on a mellow weekend bender.

They drank and smoked Marlboros, sitting at the kitchen table and simply relishing the substances of alcohol and tobacco and how it made them feel. As time passed, they pulled out Todd's tape machine and recorded each other started and finishing each other's words. It was a silly amusement, but they were entering such a state that it seem like high comedy, a revealing and unique art only they could appreciate. And then when this had lost its charm, Todd pulled out the reel of tape he had simply labeled "dead one." He held it in his hand for a moment like he had broken a law or had been caught with masturbating. But the sensation was gone by the time Todd had the tape looped on the machine.

The sounds on the tape hadn't changed. There were the guttural noises, sounds of lovemaking and the conversations, not so boring this time, but filled with an irony and absurdity that spontaneously appealed to both of them at the same time, and they broke into long, uncontrolled laughter.

"Oh my god, what a stupid cunt!" Jeff roared. I can't believe this shit!"

"Hold on, hold on a minute," Todd stammered through tears, "you got to hear this part here..." he ran the tape forward and punched play. "She was really drunk here. Listen."

"I don't feel like I ever done anything good. I was in high school and I gave it up. I was married and I gave it. I had a baby and I gave it up." She sobbed and said something that couldn't be heard. "And now my boyfriend don't want me."

Jeff pushed on the reel to make it go faster, so her voice was like a chipmunk. "I don't know how I'll gonna live if I don't get something I can..." she quipped. Jeff and Todd roared. "Wait" Todd said, changing the speed. "Now move the reel back and forth with your hand."

"If someone just told me they loved me. Do you love me, Todd?" coming out sounding like Jerry Lewis as they altered the tape speed across the play heads. Jeff and Todd cried with laughter. "Do you love me Todd?" Jeff asked in a rubbery comic voice.

"Do you love me, Jeff," Todd retorted between his convulsive tears of laughter. "Lets put some echo on it."

Todd turned a dial and made the voice sound like it was coming out of a tunnel. They slowly stopped laughing. "Wow," Todd said. "That sounds pretty eerie." They fell silent as the voice turned to cries of indecipherable syllables. They turned the volume to the highest setting and stared in front of them, listening. "Its like its not even a human," Jeff thought out loud. "Its like... a rabbit... when you butcher it.. and fuck up the job..."

They both thought "drink" at the same time and bumped into each other rising together to get to the refrigerator.

There was a brief moment when Todd thought he saw a face at the open window, but it was followed so quickly by a pounding at the front door that he didn't have a chance to speak. "What the fuck..." Jeff reached over and turned the tape machine off. They both stood in front of the refrigerator with the door still open, holding bottles of beer and suppressing the desire to pop them open. The pounding came once again, now with a voice the didn't recognize.

"Sally! Sally, you in there! I thought you was dead!" There was pounding again. Todd reached under some papers on the table and pulled out his tape eraser, passing it fast once and twice over the reel on the tape machine and ripping off the label that said "dead one," crumpling it up and putting it in his pocket. "Who are you?" he yelled at the door trying to sound different than he was.

"I heard Sally in there! I heard her, I know her voice! Let me in or I'm gonna call police! I'll call police!" He pounded again.

Something in Jeff gave way and he shook his head. "Adventure, right? Fuck it. Let's let him in. Go on. Its your apartment. You go let him in."

Todd sprung to the door and swung it open. "Keep it dow..." he started when he saw the man standing there was holding a switchblade out in front of him. "Well.. shit you're coming in here anyway, right? Come in. Just keep it down." Todd stepped way back and gave the man plenty of space. The intruder seemed slightly calmed by the lack of resistance, though he kept his knife out in front of him and particularly, trained on Todd.

"I heard Sally in here. She was dead." His face was sweating and red. He looked like he'd been drinking a lot. He was short, with a handlebar mustache, with deeply sunken eyes swimming in watery, wrinkled sockets. He looked like he had been crying too. "Where is she?"

"We don't know anyone by that name," Todd lied. Its just us two here. Go on, look around." He stepped back as the man timidly circled him, while watching Jeff too, and did a quick backward walking

search of the whole small apartment. At this point, Jeff and Todd could have run for the door and made it out, but it didn't occur to either of them. They wanted, more than safety, to know what was going to happen next. Satisfied but confused that they were there alone, his eyes settled on the tape machine. "What's on that?" he demanded.

"Nothing," Todd said, "nothing at all. Here, listen," he said turning the dial to "play" and hoping that the erasure had deleted the voice that it had held. The volume was up all the way, but all that came out of the speaker was a loud, snake-like hiss. The man moved forward to the table and dropped his knife welding arm to his side. "Jesus," he said. "I'm drunk. I...I wanted to kill someone... I could have killed you. I thought you was holding Sally in here. Jesus. I'll give up. You call the police on me right now. I should be put away..." at this he set himself at the table and tears rolled down his cheeks. He was beyond swallowing them or choking them off. They just ran straight down his cheeks like they were lead. He was crying on the table and it ran onto the floor. "You turn me in. I must be crazy." Todd and Jeff moved in, Jeff first, then Todd, relatively assured of their own safety, but not quite sure how it was going to play out yet. Jeff made the next step too, putting his hand on the man's shoulder. "You've obviously suffered a great loss. I wouldn't think of making a fellow creature..." he looked for more perfect words "...suffer more." He rubbed the man's shoulder now as he gained a confidence in his own strength in the situation. "Yes, I can see you're in a lot of pain..." Jeff looked at Todd from behind the man and nodded toward the refrigerator, shaking his head "no" when Todd drew out a beer and "yes" when he withdrew a fresh fifth of vodka. "You need some friends," Jeff said to the man, "who have good ears and an understanding nature." Todd poured a glassful of the vodka and put it down in front of the man. "No one's going to call the police here. You're just going to calm yourself and talk to us."

The man took a long draw on his drink like he'd already been doing it all day. Todd splashed it full to the rim before the man could finish it. "My name is Jim, Jim Fidorovich."

"First name's enough," Jeff said. "I'm Jeff, and that's Todd." They all made eye contact and Todd bobbed his head hello.

Jim gulped another mouthful of vodka. "My girl friend kilt herself is the thing. She jumped in the river. She lived with me, and I hit her but she still wouldn't go, so I locked her out, the dumb bitch, so she jumps in the river. But all I wanted was to teach her something, some self respect, so I wouldn't hit her. Do you understand that? I thought maybe she was fucking around because she clammed up so much, but she was probably too dumb to fuck around." He swallowed another mouthful. "I was walking by for something or some reason up the street and I hear her voice just as plain as she was still alive coming from in here. But I'm fucked. I must have the DTs." He drained the rest of his glass.

"Look, everyone loses people," Jeff improvised. "You've got to be strong, it wasn't your fault. Things like that just happen. For instance, just last year, Todd here's mother, father, sister and girlfriend were all killed in a car crash." Todd looked mournfully to the floor, then filled Jim's glass again on cue from Jeff.

"Yeah, but, Sally, that was my fault you see, she done it because I pushed her to it."

"To tell you the truth..." Jeff paused, thinking how to top it. "...Todd here had this old car his father liked to use, and he got pissed off, so he fucked up the brakes himself so his father wouldn't use it. But his dad took it out anyway, and killed the whole family but for Todd. It was all Todd's fault!"

At that, Jim threw his arms out in the air like "come to me" to Todd. "By god, that is worse. You know what its like too. I'm so sorry for you." Todd moved over and let the man drunkenly hug him. Todd began rocking back and forth, and this made Jim completely passive. Jeff quietly leaned over and picked up the switchblade from the floor, and put it into his own pocket.

"Okay, let's all go out for a walk. I think we need some air." Jeff broke the spell that had come over Jim, but Jim's anger had passed. He was ready to tag along. He a little ashamedly let go of his hold on Todd. Jeff took the rest of the bottle of vodka and the three of them left the apartment, walked across the porch and onto the sidewalk. It was late. No one moved on the street, everything was closed. "Railroad tracks," Jeff said to Todd over the head of Jim who followed between them. Jeff handed Jim the bottle. "Here feller, take another good, long swig." Jim obeyed like a new pet. "Were going to cut through here a take a nice walked down by the tracks.

A dog barked nearby as the three pushed alders and brush aside to descend the hill the back way, along an old path that was overgrown and little used. No one saw as they reached the tracks and walked beyond the places lit by street and building night lights. "Look, there are some fiddleheads," Jeff pointed to a spot out of sight.

"What you call them?" Jim asked.

"You know, fiddle heads. You can eat them. Look." Jeff pointed again. As Jim lean forward, Jeff picked up a rock from beside the track and hit Jim with it as hard as he could. Jim fell straight away, holding his head and moaning. "Well?" Jeff yelled. Todd picked up a two by four from the ground and hit Jim on his head. Jim rolled onto his back and was still. Todd and Jeff stood holding their weapons for a moment, gasping with the exertion and rush of adrenaline before the upturned face beckoned them to break it, like an egg that has survived the dropping of the carton. They commenced to hit and pound the face until the head was caved in all the way to the back. They rested again. Todd wanted to hear what a snapping arm would sound like, so he hit one of Jim's arms until there was a "crack," and then, wanting more, he broke the other arm, and then a leg.

When they were finished, they sat in the dirt and shared a Marlboro Jeff found loose in his pocket. They looked nervously at each other. "Can you live with this?" Todd asked.

"Sure," Jeff said certainly. "Can you?"

"Ahuh."

"Do you think anyone knows?"

"No one saw," he said assuringly.

Neither of them knew what to do with the body, so they left it where it died. In a day it was found, and in a few more days identified. But there were no follow up stories on the television news or

in the newspapers. Todd and Jeff stopped drinking for a few weeks, thinking that somehow one of them might slip up and say something too loud. But the topic never arose again, and eventually they both returned to their previous lifestyles. Todd thought about making situations where he might tape record people again, and Jeff dreamed of mystical origins of the painted image, and of taking the painted canvas to some unforeseen artistic conclusion of art. And within a year, they were both looking forward to graduating college.

Firebrand she said, particles over the water, a burping, an inspiration.

A stomach promotion. A gas station. The floating mass has made it into the sea of gel. Tinted by available light. Beauty restrains.

With the energy, there is no time for time to be ending. With this burden, there are extra blossoms. Hands meeting in sign to pray. As everything FOR everything right now is gone.

Burden your evidence for proof.

Mystical delay.

Frozen matter on the edge of the gasket, revelatory regarding the seal.

Note the fragment, and the phrase, or color on the eyeball cast from somewhere maybe it is rather a word that makes the eye think it has been addressed -...

Flash a forward mark, in place, where it is not yet.

Flash a copper connecting to the series, the future placed, the flash, the objective Symphonies of Instrumentism and the Opus of the series known as the Malwart Trawlam -...

Deploy out the carriage, a mostly mission filled, as black beard the missionary had from his ship, too to come for art that must be battered from the irresistible hanging, of that largest stone inside the duffle bag or fisherman's net – parted to applaud, as many come in heat to rut the fence, so there are others with their mittens bursting at the stitch to touch the edges of the glistening hither outer gloss -... heads evolved from them on the rotunda – growing in invading of the cabbage patch – the steel still streets, the vegetable imprisoned in the vegetable shaped cage – surrounded in this, one spot dining in –

Believing following for followers – force on red gummed humility. The force of the pink along the way.

Knuckle binding fashion focused forum – appearance devalued and inauthentic – rather coming up from angled stems, recalibrate and hybrid enthusiasms -... prawn, stoves, pans, melodies made disparate notes arriving one each has location and a trip, but comes in different widths and distances, and follows incidentally one after the other -... excited, rust forming.

Canning. Lopsided, confused when righted.

The protractor was stuck between the teeth -.

Three nozzles face congenital sleepers poised to climb a hillside beside the cemetery ivy wall -.

It is by virtue of the lame horse we should have walked and found the natural gem as it jutted from the granite glacial deposit. Even then more likely we would have walked around because the depression of the sand had indicated there might be a flood across the way. Instead, a risk of finding something hanging as the blackberry braches we had found the year before had drawn us on the unlikely path. And so, as big as sixteen heads from hunters belts in Borneo we found enough the gem to harbor us as long as wind cast through us on this bio-plain where just the day before we wrote a special anti-rejoice to call in the new next day eventless and washed out of charm.

Diverted line

Tried to find putting the several possible thing aside and settling on the seventh thing and put in line then plucking it from that line.

Looks for dots and finds one dot. The use of the dot is thus assured. There should be one dot and it put to use as best imagined a dot should be used. Do that.

Count and when complete the thing to be seen convert the number to a ratio of imagined thing unseen. Trial in mind and immediately in open mouth three arguments relating to the three things clearly first at hand at ready this desire. And tumble yards and arrogant remorseful yards, recount, three is likely wrong for arguing.

Restful thieves, snide, agitated thieves, and thieves that covered stickily are rolling in the autumn leaves.

Diverted line

The purpose of the beatings is a kind of flow.

The reason for the flow is to reduce the swelling of the plain.

Come contracted, have it pulled out as if the stick had ridden in when walking. Through the gill then, or there about on the man. Had flat that formed a mile one way one by the next but thickness went down even lower than the earth that was so thin. Regurgitating can't conceal, the sick primer got the start on the process, through the middle and the epigraph. One bevel had it stuck in two and from both sides a swing erected launched the tensile mounds – pluck of choice and of the socketry -. Socketry in the body building into monuments from through the upper opening was pouring out the best cement foundation as it stood and oversaw and as it poured from it. Saliva and a sauce of some chewed mix, and burdocks, and some undigested chalk. The side regale a frontal reading and the mirrored corners seem an endless flat. The floors and ceilings don't contain but purge. It is a secret crucial house for central socketing the matter in the world if it is to be born as is the spirit in the hatch out in the pound a furious stirring, a pod erupting that will send it out as if there was no time that enveloped before -... gravely plastic prostitutions and a gentle cycle to begin.

But posing with the nails it has abruptly come
that shifts attack the inside of the sacks the first
to feel, the bubbles that contain
the sack cloth seed
the waste tube through the long coat in behind the front flaps
it should be taken in repaired and snipped –
feel of section blocked in
surgical in separation of the matters with a razor on the glass
that thus prepares the services of envelop, the confrontations fabricated in the flask –
nine times diluted that is math
six affronts, occult

mystified in detriment, wide open bellows
the hirelings for mouth and lung
and burst of rib lined throats down to a bellow's gut
the horns like that are a blast at multi sided cubical, shaped down to crystals in their trunks
with back lit furnaces that seem effects but close to roast the digits to the tree –
announce alert and myrtle busting cloth wrapped zipper undo protected from
the hyphenated split that comes in twice
for each exhale so pulling in in nature multiplies the thrust of engines –
having taken that approach and refereeing as the visitor,
subscribes to thousand flush of value chips, to cash in and are portable –
then in the suction too it goes in pulling in it other blasts
this way that convert around the corners even some reversing in direction so to join the
cavalcade of the draining stars -...
am the opposite the Bucky in his regard too Full for food,
oppose to that sweet simplified and socialized invention
rejected, rejecting that the simplified invention, to a rectification of the violence it's prone
in denial of some great and godishness that in even portions in the past have had, and there so rare
to dignified, have sucked themselves, and up it went,
that little left they banded 'round the waist and haltered their fatted top,
and marched in such that gaggles suckered them,
and in that dress, with wraps and warps, it was enough to turn the dim distress of wondering creation
into useless hopeless trap but still
a prize from fragile conduits as Bucky and as others who creation lost to
but who middle in the mind, were middling at best, and sucked
into the standard realm, and there, per fit the model and
regaled and loved at last, though lost.
hot on the wire when was immature and babied with its innocence
exploiting it as such as well as breeding with it, up cast eyes
that tricked the childish from its womb to share
then and after having soiled repeated in a prayer to itself
the vanity of the self-made legend iconified in a plastic smear
the oil and the wire and the word that rebooted other words from else
reset, requotationed out the honest hole that made of it the lie -...
in the indirection of the stare, it was a wall eye, both diverted focused off the plane
in the gravel rubbing head, the plastic glasses and the ear with harbored ringing sound
that never could keep count
and made the feet to stumble if to keep
a march in time to feet –
iconified and who should know it better than the speaker of the wash –
who lengthening and lengthening can sell a waste to cans for holding,
that much said inside itself, but never critical but rather, as attesting
to the power of the mouth to force
upon some other, than, the better of the two
who takes by virtue of the great
and not to need or less than that, or of required sort,
but sheerness itself -...
have attrition
have restraint after arguments

have less convention than before
and lesser overall
then less invention too –
has just the peg and looking for the hole –
as buttoned up have you, and reckoned
fixed it up, with slats and pitch
and some birch parchment on the apple covered ground –
acumens double –
have it best to be outlasting them that rub against it –
don'ts the be rutting on, and the lubrications that splashed on a prize
can wash it out of color if a picture
or a silver floss, will dirty up the string
or gold knob will be tarnished with it, scraping down to smelted moose
will rend a curse from aged long the lasted lips of holders
then the best to plastic wrap as if a rarer toy collectable
protect than better off not wiping off at all the rut against the transparent shield
of cellophane now beading up the gob -...
haunts the shelf with baseball trophy or a high school pin -...
upside fit for cutting with a spoon –
somehow pets are fonder in the laundry bin or in the winter roped outside
matted curl-less of longer style overgrown and helpless there on original the type
of curdle men the type who nonconforming formed a crudeness well
and far assaulting even with a hidden side, reveals in passing wordage special hates and bias
should in population gift a padded mouth or room –
detriment larger pinching nature hollows
what nature of it knows, some little in a hut –
in an angry roast what picture of it makes a sponge, in the angry roast,
it curses and it steals from all the best it knows, and equally though in a fiction
it is thinking
it is right and things are taken by it not a stolen thing – to take another tale
so suck away the good of something that has its own
take out, out, and claim in public forums
then another feeling loss, and paltry from the theft,
look down its own sad lot that not could claim even the failing of it, raised up elsewhere
from some other post to be a badge.
While this odd story as a metaphor
to more extreme to mean it literal
then was it claimed, to be a real and mud made –
enfighted
rubber encaustic sugar blend for window sheets fit sucking to the ribs and frame –
out miffed toward an unforgiving outside where the stump is and
the shed for mowing through, and blocks of gas, and milk -.
A brave one fickled in the feast is not so sure the eats –
You the yonder un brave on biased enemy
I am the one who stands and seems un miffed
but perfect in that way, have formed a weight of piling which is thousand folded
onto palettes to the high -
chopped food

easy to consume
pre
lewd
prelude
predule prelude
prelude prelude prelude
prelude prelude prelude prelude
prelude prelude prelude prelude prelude
enlarged now
not before
befitted
bottled
bedded
bearded
bindle
butted
brail
brie
by
I
.

Constitution of the canister
the want for out
that sits the tip of nipples
infixing waking
rumpled often in the office to the sofa feeling
dark hand held whining wince
repealed a losing tear
light hand baffled to the whining
older intention forwarded to the sods and gravel
offal master poster glens of reasons on the sleigh
the ride took, the person for the falling in the staff
hooks, the felt marker marked, the glass and board
white on plywood, teeth embedded in its edge
the child lost broken feted talking in the scale.
It was not a toy. This discrepancy.
Fleeting, corn crests
green fleeces `formed of shock electric fasting –
they that bend down and beseech
parallel in the wharf to the sea and in
the nettles along the pathway, cough up on us -
flesh out the bones on thought, the strain the muscle makes to fatten with a motif in its grip –
flesh out the bones as the sinew and the guts unwrap image on theoretic imagined space –
undergoing a ripening too -, injections of the essence from the creature gill makes a rigid membrane –
as undoing, doing in the time of season come in formalistic chart and come a guided line.
Limerick sentences engage.
Elbow flaps of membrane catch the wind.
Fly above the rocks and trees

see the second place of birth
recourse action dropping of the stone
the car is passing -.
Vandal on the updraft.
In releasing, hampered of the earth returns to face a tragic store –
damage curses
pine grove
thunder showers
on the plastic flowers,
bouquets wound with steel string –
brown apples, sauntering deer, -
bound church tithe
paper fitter
hearing aid and jowls bottle glasses,
heft of more than one that sinks down from the shoulders –
balls entrussed
vetted odd some Asian swipe remark the pastor was,
ashamed was once my father's church
was brought to low denominators speaks
fear the threat the world has held against the Christ who is
some country in a sign
the cloudy eyes proclaim –free-moving from it, the one goes past, and finds
a better memory,
and sees that one soiled and for reason was so even once before,
to best forget it now, these evils of the past –
better God the one that black beard brought to here,
my child church pissed on
by the truth –
they when they go are fading into a cowardly death -.
Out proclaiming, with a voice that in a fashion speaks
a holler once, and most a clump of matter moved by hand or wind,
and this the form aroused of speaking but returned to mouth
then uttered flat and on a page -
says oh fixed, you broken parts and think before the facing of the bad
side of the tree,
should find a recourse and if not a message that, unless inclined
to find, some hard to get to corners then
this is all lost on you, who steels its limping self to what the difficulty and
the spirit of the drifter took me that to know -...
hot street on that Eastern European group, the cobble and
the stones beneath the shoe
the corners stones and dug up sidewalk
sewer work and found a chunk of medieval ground and put the building piece
inscribed angelic profile in my pants when I had passed it by–
so offering, the old tale back in children's church the pastor memories his own
and lessons of the jungle and the Vietcong to –
stumbled on him, I imaged him the pastor falling evil in that sewer hole -

out beside the chateau of the Bishop and the castle, soft inside my mind
now finds a place to put
some hardened memory
and less a place to gloat on it, but to bury it
afar from some more saintly place -.
Concentrations of
the foible volumes now
detect as wished or will
these black flowers –
having plots from memory's Dutch gardens,
bulbs had found planted in the ears
color iris eye
dream
confides out
awkward friend –
overhead a jet which hisses
below the Japanese ensemble's strings
ring from engines roaring -...
reconciliation of two paper baring names
the giant with a slumbering maid
and tail-feather have attached in otherwise occupied time -...
when the wet bar moves, it swings past notched setting
finding states between to make a slippery resting –
fumble storms formal traction belts and
unreliable hitches -...
you are I you might
as well another, and inanimated one as well -...
this bothers less -...
idea rakes arranged for more conservation in the harvest –
governor of the flow into the silo of thought promotion –
the state of straight where something
push flat skidding and another
tumbling from a face that's cut
in one direction then another makes
two perfect legs of locomotion, and as
that, deduce the beast is moving
forward or is walking in this way
from leg (a skidding) to
leg (a flipping).
Sold the land so far as to the
tip of Foggy Grimes, rubber
rafting to the shallows from there
to find the submerged flat vessel -...
how that all of it to dignify a
presence with a claw and with a
ground-breaking jargon, affiliated
with the company wide obscenity requirement
pole vaults as perfectly the open

window butterfly intact but
respectful -...
stale claimed reports sojourn
at maximum length, five hundred feet
then pulled tight, rods emerging
tugging by string, and mounting
surface ground of lasting earth
bed -...
trails are widened for the
platform broadened feet and
footings -... there are methods
but these tend to be for naught
when practiced, causing vaporizing,
and, the rise of competition from
longer and leaner in the cement
gap primed with calcium chloride
hung from something situated as a
trapeze on a hook, there are other
charmer mechanism dithered
liberally in the hearth
setting of a housing/ moving dial,
procurements through the unofficial
means of rural living come out
from the shed successful -.
Often in the chicken wire inventions
there are secret gatherers, and faucets
running to produce a drive for
gears and wheels – disguised
and buried hoses are the rule.
In a living filled with organic
trim, a not unused referral to
detective often solves the mysteries
of the supernatural king – still
a juncture counters over the invisible
shape when participants the globe
round find the fear confirmed – of
hasty sweeping it aside – of those on
sound shared racks, some are marked for shared limbed,
others who commit collaborative thought -.
Who have wanted some long lines,
others are asserting calling,
late and being later yet they call
again – likely to not postpone but late arrive for style –
shingles raised, monuments cut
ground water dilute the grizz
and leave into the west per
sanctioned sign.
Roger reason's offset

controversion of the singler's
tale. And rides out at the
sun. Nine yards.
Food for flattened lobbies
dry toast – hand sprung whips
and belt whipped butter -.
Chord extensions
chose plugged into the algebraic suite, comforted of words with
excellence to meet the private
partner, many meetings are an entertainment
only that, presented in an hour
longer than a day in rosy times.
All for stripes and the surgical
bath, grey alert with corn comb buttons holding down the
iron hatch.
Bold in action, swinging through
the hedge reactions still to slow
some snakes some stick bugs, someone
watering - formed poverty,
the forward and the back behind.
Squads let young for limited
requests – let elders for most
actions mothered contradiction.
Other panners sift the landslide
and produce some foreign trinkets
lived in then decided not so making
over, lime, and favorite rooms.
No trace is found the owner still
The house with some flooring new.
Put on pants display the plasma structure
acronyms for dumbwaiters barbells foster ministerial duties
carbon copy bulletins. Little bells big bell. Chimes,
bullhorns. Boat-horns -.
Rare the skin slips off of the handlebar
rare the greased hand smoothly molts an unexpected patch of palm
from repositories archival structure on the map reveals
golden proportions in a flat file base -...
to the cove's protection,
habits tarnish by
fast secretions
wait outside the doors.
The man in CZ has as plan
as he has planned before
the topping of the hill and then the mountain peak
to cut and carve and leaved his aging legacy of marks -...
but give normal man his ego
one who could can moreover will
to make a great disaster in the end

not the sweetest wine but most
broken ground
Robert Owen harmony consistent
lasts in some retention extraction -...
harbors, holders
everyday and all in lines waits transformation
should they wait the lines even, in rows
in the words and deeds and marks composed is that all the gist surviving rhetorical
as was the Rhetoric -...
blast phoneme conceived wrangled obscenity elasticated – stillness, more harbors, had transformed
from one notched emblem in that first line second row -...
then let on next, redeemed demons from the soot pile thin particled, wide based
tapering to the tip a cone in all -...
every day that blasphemous.
Sickening, welling, recursing.

It is impossible, containing. It is impossible, the planting that is widely desire, the recoupment that the
law demands, the retention too, the jowls – not likely, beyond reason, that there be training into a
autonomic condition of security and comfort mindedness – shift, drift the true demand – in tapered
adaptive modes – results more suspect than before especially, as suspect as the duplication occurring,
as unlikelihood, as demons in the porridge –

forgive, forget not waiting, badly seeds deploying some odd mucus often second wrought – more
contoured with each not sameness, not the less – but,

sameless

margins of it.

Some advantage, twitch or twinge
stasis some envisioned sentimental fraction
pieces, overwhelm in chunks in the style of a broken building falling away
from a metallic frame –
so expectations, curls of smoke fruit peels -.

So join folk tales to the train of hitches – cobbler cobbled wood block model feet –
bra models too –
nurses IVs many skills into the juncture
promotes long preliminary discussing and talking through the mouth –
parse with the line and not the mind, the method but alternating –
pack into it the struggle to outwit, and cram -...
thence becomes discussion.
Undaunted continuing.
Shading too is render in the skill package of the Italian shoe -...
how it casts, behind before and degree and sensitivity -...
granite lodges, belted monkeys -... some detail drifting caught in nets -...
long glimmered in the glamored old ruins, the velvet and the steel beneath the drapes, to hide the
blades –

have there a succession of marbles and metal filings -...
lower by rope through the cornering and kimbling shafts on the short platform -...
the word derived from names -...
past morsels –
lakeside feeding frenzy, -...
something disparaging will return.
Samuel Richardson I am gaining
Paddle rundown, spring
with latch corrected, leading
gathered betrayal,
responsible the shock spot
pin, which stretched
to reach across the north
face to the bird which
perched it -
 swallows peppers eyes red churning,
one too many, order multiplied by
taking back command exceeding the demand,
erroneous information, sucking in through the fence –
categories of replay -.
Appropriating the slide show parts,
saints are raised,
pores begin to open in the touch of breezes –
the air is chiseled with numbness,
the responding portable cathedral
though wearing clearly has an operating engine room –
remissions of sins represent as toy consideration
to the perspective congregation of parts -...
 wall eyed nutted to reside the cult –
top runners, spires, - trolls , men in feathered dress –
stepping through the meeting of the clouds.
Some under-loaded tree-time,
And a sugar windowed tabernacle with the salt lick -...
Hunter's platform and a duck screen, crosses -.
Fatigue frocks -... a studied mastery and measurable levels of achievement
toward the special holy categories –
 constantly the shuttling
 the ermine sensitive priest, and the officious shaving -...
holes mar the clean air, problems in consistent production.
Downed strands are tangles in the land lines –
soggy, wet, unthreaded pieces of the sky, with an aerosol smell, or
interior cleaner note -...
sales pitch to the harvest of the elements and
a plea, do not destroy the excess just to increase value –
commoner principles, manipulating demands as well,
and other text experiments -... (text BOOK)
contradiction not congratulation elemental
the pimple form with each releasing something different

fish filled and then with buffered acquisitions
from a nest of many larks -...
horses will create a protective barrier –
regulated pontoons, contact stimulated armature, bridge embellished
conceptions of transfer –
hide castles, pastures, Gravenstein has landed somewhere else -...
the Mas has been misdirected –
slighted motion bearings,
something feels offence, cowers –
salt mine arrives in the less than friendly lot –
for what submits
dry in wind before the sun comes up –
repeatedly the coddling fell over from the boardwalk into the dunes, and the under layer morbid kelp
up-rose, had with it long tender fingers, but wet and coarse when they strayed across a face found
snuggled there, the eyes those masked opals sightless after the standard evacuation -...
to hell they went their store-bought glaze – ruin, perforated line, remit to addressee –
lance army, dunce, caps the gown, green bile glowered at the lid that was cut with snips and lay the long
way on the dock that fate filled night of the first thaw in eighty months -...
blessed but obviously cavalcaded by the sound they ran aground -... it was the small of sand kernels
scraping on the hull that woke the granger –
there were others, only tips, squeaking.
Delay, bung and forearm -.
Vulnerable sleep cycle.
Packaging -.
Inclusions In the set. Discerning property of the selection process, non actually,
Well in implied to become, but unconsciously.
False loads.
Spatter in the mud beside the board.
Sink in shallows quickly vanish.
Ones are not contained, impossibly expanding.
Potatoes have been growing hollow again -.
Disassembled singers -.
Evils that contain the page.
Baffled now, on later stoops
standup coming.
Not grovels fours.
Patter deposed the market.
Strong hands gripped and cleans without pause.
Firmly.
Handsome calf choked.
Dementia is, in crystal flight -.
Flusht sta back oil.
Sta goot Slavic studded mesh, in the cradle, gramophone horn,
twisted needle, -
ink oh gression.
Natural climb kit chunked in a satchel.
In the long freely moving piece, -...
passing over the top of the grass.

Clutch all ropes.
Rough beginnings, to lay down first.
And went and praised beyond hope, without exceptions.
There you are, to cleave and ride a unifying bump.
Formica lodgings rinsed and turtle waxed with splinters, inlay – chandelier –
wrinkles on wrinkles –
broken curtain, dollar,
snail and worm, slug and Masonite –
slots accompany doors –
sound-holes come graciously to meet the fast gathering of sap and mist –
for a slow increase incense with one note of bristles and camel hair, and
a turned over collar that has been sat on over one night by several
various deposits of weight variably distributed, -... so creased -.
That sum pod of activity in a communion and a fireplace in a tutor inn –
evacuated from alley door side of the football fans, tattooed, fronts out, on holiday,
out to London for the match, silent wife sidecar b and b countryside foreign not attentive -...
fossil grove, slack string, thread two ended, one third a dangler -...
various fossil canary –
various preserved in peat –
various in pickle brine –
various cohabitation of various species survivals, one yard – with a plant –
three lane rendezvous stay late wait deserted should be observed
wait the cars or truck, the sky lights, or static electric cloud rubbing a spear
when arriving passing through the rendezvous complete in witnessed, then run, as if
some deed, created a suspect state, then hiding doubling back, watch the empty air of
suspect desertion atmosphere -...
can remote a pose, remote a transmission of suggested tones to resonate imaginary boxes -...
frig the fickle lash on the pillow –
dross canal Susan feed hedge clipper doily bobber in yield zone siding that the house lost hurricane –
Bailey –
snapping the thousand land of twigs, to number should prevail the under inches, where the break is
manifest –
she the nob beside the knob man is sliding with one foot and scuffing with the other, in a walk that two
feet propose but not in turn at once both feet proposing moving –
sore as the beef plant, which is taken as a pill that's round and bleached is white as snow not like the
root, but tasted something which imagined it had feasted on, some left apart thing fallen into mine
holes then as sediment had rinsed out through the spout or river end, and found a savior plant to use it
as it never had been one to offer or to share – but then things change –
nit some wit has wrestled it away, the leaf the stem and two thirds of the holy part, the animal shape
the root that gives the name of beef –
holds,
mighty bound
out from the pain
of unconverted weight
pressed on the dimpling frame -,
rear guards, front
the regal hotel ivy wall -...
solid shattered –

nothing grail –
Euclid bouncing, red ball –
HIGGS buttoned -.
Loose shape.
Deep structure of the rim inspires blasphemy –
abbreviated blending into matter sharing one space.
Crossed mailed forced through the weeds of back-lot arguments –
so as filter all of impression and imprint -.
Said to lastly beings to stand and symbolized in a portrait, then falsely paste
body mask, carved into the dirt, one stick -.
On gasoline brother –
heating pads, lamp light.
The belly operation,
-
targeting then the float on silly ice
soft resilient state of water –
dish patrolled the dreaming auction of the longman's wooden chests -...
nodes contude to modes – extracted from the set chromatically distributed (no space between)
lay bastes confirmed –
slopped glissando –
vented the strong – reflected of the cob, also it the calibrated core –
waves few wands away into cruise values, presentations, in a collision course –
contraption direction, grocery cart wheels divide the thing into a set of intentions –
solds sloken
damodong
solds sloken
damodong
weed wheeled lumber priss
damodong
glod mocket
moe toop
I the single ornament in the said I slotted craft, dwindled nine timed in the hose butt but,
expressed in deeds, was legions long, and presentation equaling exactly half, was sawed into two -.
All of for the dump back side, be hand the red barn, on the winding way.
Margins born up pale grey brilliant at the corners.
Proposition is the prize.
Keep for the hopeful searching through the venting of the locks – turns up nine extruded limbs, of
magic number –
keyed with numbers atrophied -...
crack of 9 – step on each nut in between to occupy, -...
counter balance – long fluid sedition –
in the air it acts like radio voices –
but it is bits of win blown scrap in fact –
lost are layman's terms
so pigeons and a new creole.
Mild temperament mild laxative.
Expert at non but playing horseshoes at the trailer park –
They added nine inches to the sprinkle shaft, a mild investment.

This is the cog-wheel tire; every day it has to turn to inspire other duty –
practical lament is made of paper dishes and daisy cups that found their way from on that path –
otherwise the composition expresses ribbons and randomly shape nuggets of mineral deposit from the
caves behind the hill –
every clan consumes their weight in these turd balls of the earth, in inclusions tradition has it –
razored cuts and slid under and caked in with a leaf and left for nature closing –
but that's the way, -
big ear horn -.
In a gross of wouldn't know. Clammed shut. Remover.
Even stencils. Steady handed pencil skill to render bark –
settlement nurse, theosopher and strangler, baker of muffins and lesion mitten –
early of utopia more paper bag artist -...
mass up the road when the truck comes, to frighten the ghost to protect the driver,
avert the eyes and blind him with a light -...
to crash is saving, not to is to drive through and the ghost to suction onto his plaid pattern
shirt and cause the lines are like the prison bars the ghost can never leave and interferes
in ways that longer last than wrecks on roads –
someone who protects the world and uninformed and unreward –
for sly portrayal for sly reason, sorted into teacup on one tap bell table then
the other with the lower leg, the blue buckets filled –
forward into the be-puddled seat –
and then the meal mop –
but there are many sharp objects penetrating a kitchen stove, it seems impossible
they could have stabbed into it like it was vegetable or meat –
the object collapses and inflates instantly inside of the mouth –
it is only available from three places –
one is a continent one is a fish market located nowhere and one is a dry heaving –
saluted to blue rouge he was called finalized treatment, slowly returned –
then one morning complete transformation –
we were where false fingers found us and then we had them too.
Touch made recipients transform into rhyme – there were round background swells of turbulence –
wondered if inventions all rival one another,
and assumed the paddle needs the boat, and shrimp where shaped to line up on the plate -...
quick intact captured air muscles sounds amplified by channels -... by sound box –
artifact cigar box too –
hiccup driven watch mechanism – best for gulpers, fast eaters, junk food obsessed –
first vowel sound generators –
short shovel
long armed feed spoon
bestial captivity
weaponized spice rack
synthesize each process from outside –
leveler –
recollected inadvertent fumbling had produced
a flower basin and a lightning rod, a
garden and the dancer's trope –
a decorated cell and a modified reusable underside –
the invention proud from error grapples with diffusion,

has main dumb component absorbs the many sided unnamed object, found inside the stomach of the
hake –
retiring the shore has stopped the sway –
typical advantage pressed into a plated coin –
same sensation holding –
plays a dodging game with waiters and the service clerks –
thick cords
a strong neck, holding weights
record breaking
withdrawn
silent attitude –
come out from steel hole cups and helmet hinges
holder shells are blocking from the slit visor though protecting all but one band of the eye if that illusion
be retained external, they should see to it then, off the gear, now puts aside that
sometime there is risk and unsafe measure –
unencumbered less the drag, that it be safer too, some bigger conflict can avert by limber ness –
and less encumbered at the gate,
avoided pop rocks and razor edged the crystal holds through time –
intellect of book mass, to refer as proofs imprisoned by the passion for the need –
beneficent by the heavy girth of mountain range or whale endipered at the side –
through the trial, responsive, in the company of those, embroiled through the unexpected market,
stumbling through the night and finding snake street –
but what evolved from horrible skills –
mandrakes and witches – proper victims,
pride with failed properties, instilled with the iron of ages, is the batterer
better served to squeeze between the veils -...
what in the state of deliberate action seeks control of unintentioned and the loose grip of the
random expression –
embossed on wood and paper letterhead, with foresight to an organizing front,
are the totes, mobile and steely respondently reflective of the strike the cure of dilled
curs elematic, the verse that follows explication and a scratchy illustration which symbolical
pressures thought to form around a protean lump – enough to build on, awkward as it might
the future of a power bending –
in the tampered with and blue lined verses, will and quotation farmers imploding from impressions,
roosting lie hooks as the ancient atom -...
simplified of illustration to the plan of the design –
beauty box Avon bomb
avec that sinister reprise shivering, instinctive –
whose influence thus far
has been faced with plastic mats –
aboundment parlance –
one bulbous eye the other eyelids meeting for a sliver viewer pushed to focus through thin band
six fingers met and mingle constant with a big one thumb and two large expenditure on the other slowly
calculating thoughtful in the eel's mind as gesture -...
and many, the trout farm, the giant lobster cramping in a tank, the oversized baby in a crib –
open gesture, open waters, -
confines of terrariums and places under the shelf stool –
in their baskets shedding steel traps –

rosewood table trellis work –
cabinets of glory and the corner triangular furniture trend from long decade –
invest of rooms –
wall mitts –
end table
precious tabulation
fancily adroit
the thug enters the sanctuary into which anything is fearful to the touch –
though beats him in clownish word practice –
amazed by harmful prawns –
adventurer of sorrows –
grand titles, by mail –
to backs and fronts of magazines –
tempered bind, round leaves –
operations in a skive skill and then in knotted bundles -
formidable scraps -...
redistributed confusion –
some any item associated with one name -...
shout vice rob bail noon burl -...
isle of focus, salt of mine staff invalidated seasonal stool hatch –
flossed staged barb removed the tip –
examined of the shaft –
quadruple double stitched allure –
hobbled undertow –
marbleized wagons –
unity constrained fountain of paint –
has taken sides and some guard positions –
ankle bracketed –
provided of reading material –
squares, paper and thick paste, meal glue animal parts and tincture of iodine -...
she can see air it looks like spots in front of her –
sees the intervention of the hand through it, moving air the way a drape is pushed aside –
advance advice – rudiments of introduction –
for battled formed hand swells, blue wristed and orange peel layered, for tomorrow, the
accepted fate of one extension is a match for first attained vehicle -... as with the veins of leaves
and cauterized patterns of the trimmed seal -..
the beating cord the rubber stops the number nine and magic extractions, the fur collar –
the sled, the deep snow and compacted ice wedge –
that is, the other many worlds to rifle through, file style -...
removed of identified modes the face contributes
ordained in a crushed velvet curtained washtub,
am the one and singular of the modes in one preparation to arrive and to put forward that.
Dangled on different lengths, concert -.
Defied at bold produced spots, points with the milk spreading out –
adapted familial mouths suck onto the flat pockless triangular top.
Some other graze there purely from mechanism on the pockless plain.
Style fashion breaking amusements and perforated boards to composite freely with the conception of
the model toy sets thrown together with the parts confused and the instructions cast to the wind –

One glue bottle one inventless mind distributing a thing into uncontested places –
occupation and a magnet with a wire – and a curtain cord –
jumping mastery to scuff without the feet raised up the walk – to slither without using hands or feet
with them contained and bottled at the side and tightly legs withheld –
holding held out, lower critics, poisons, piss-water -...
elegiac and the folding –
water pounds the pond
in rumpled clothes moves
in stapled down circles –
roses of internally phased flowers –
presumed to be tones and splinters of condolence songs, first note only –
fatal river hunts the raft –
moved to birds –treetops –
industry side wipers,
these as working instigators away from the mill though
not reconnaissance the mission of the spy -
rather instigating out,
the industry to only jump the start, the entry to the fact -
the blade that jammed inside the log
investigating out the either –
presumed to vibrating the song – of condolence
nil after first use –
thumbs a mere clicking.
Recuperation fielding log irons, rusty hooks and property markers pounded deep into the soil -...
what's constitution affirms possession of these things as hopes.
Dissected at that far off barn
study for movement one –
clusters on the opening, the fringe - accumulations, many piled on top of piles –
another gestural form of abundance –
as purple royal velvet –
sumptuary –
muck and mire –
solid maximums with no tuned two
road blocks form sudden shut-ins
retentive mobs undulate –
flesh out with pan soured sand –
it is not a cord but a stream of branches –
well collected spring fed –
pad down groves
outflowered by the pots
fish fins and foils the precious metals blow
smelt the forger and the winter shack that drug them to the limit,
car the hood stove top refrigerator door they meant to say the dump but fumbled with the detail
while the thief was making with the mind drainer so that speech run into clutches and they dribbled
painlessly but certainly and wetly –
the molds exposed, the plan was thus revealed so sudden the method and the end degree were
trapped –
but caught unplaced, it was the balance of the pin it couldn't wander couldn't stay, so in it

there was hatched the other conclusion, of the fact of it – that it should be found to be somewhere, even if to look away and unattend a necessary liberation to provoke that small aggression big enough to land it, cleaning off the platform – as the mitered missions forfeit one half part, now begin again. Attitude rivals faces – what is borrowed what is new, what is degenerative disease – not long in this but works and myths -...

Spectacle with nubs outgrowth but inward lush and scatological – clot clotter - ...

sounding leveler with reason degree – orbital ranker – toward a red compression – removing two barriers opposite of each other, activities erupt as if two great horns burst forth from the head of a bull - ... honour of genetic gifts, a narrow passage, -

have replaced as waiting with the resting in a chair –

forced in shapes with clay toys or the shape when forced through the small window whole –

gorged by putty and splinter –

in presentiment weakened, but, with waking rouses to appease –petty pleasure, some other –

burns, strong willed wielding paper scraps, hammer, pencil, sharpener -.

Slide-berry host, new marvels plastic first invention in the age, then endured with caring the new found pieces -...

lady's frills, ruffles, petty coats, thick soled boats for the muddy street -.

Frontier. All worlds. Saint day, baptismal day. Rejection day and new day after.

Leading followed down line's time -...

Rejection for memory to perform the exorcism.

Reducing permissions to slavery.

Strongly built on substance heaps, rejects the Fulbright –

firms its own category and embraces the hard won enlightenments through academic channel and through life's labor – a folk hero with an immolating twist –

consistent plaguing, pestered by mouthing invisible words -...

have had the building, teeth and into pores from else,

how are, flavored the subatomics –

seismic can't contain erupted to a run down to the river over the embankment nearly flying

can't conceive it someone mumbling now you see what it is like – it is intoned – well spring water it fell into very clean light depths -...

the pocketed exhibition, standardize the idea of the numbered pieces one showing is complete the contents from one pocket of the artist –

then museum exhibition of the pocket full of flakes the delicate contraptions stuffed in tight jeans back and sat on over time -... and so great art is aged as wine or tattered like the flag they love to fondle -...

build expected file off successes when the money comes, the success their own, some figure with the name – that shows the breathing hole, offers other somethings – hazy use sub-stands correction

changing backs –

has it knows what it means to say –

so gotten

in the territories, many exorcisms -.

Confirm with thumbprint or stamp, - you saw.

What to seeks the goals under father's fires you know too-

incinerator is fatigued from cremations –

saddled on the brand –

to hide one day.

It has comes from a location. It is known for that.

That to make a brand.

High formed in a crusade –

molded – wet paper pulp – partial raising as the spine provoked indirection mottled as it seems
so paths for plastics,
rubber ended, fat
diffused proportion, redundantly discussed
the area of
hiss.
Day to day,
amazed
worn stare
of eyes.
Fragrance
Urine El
in cakes,
whose falsity baits
nodal -
the violating imagining –
to a preferred transgress
borne the end of the
prediction,
sheltered brow-
rounded aboutly the
affront distrialed
and untrailed –
in it unrelentingly was
affixed, prevailing on the
fence of posts –
where I go,
she said,
in the futures,
she said,
is no result,
she said,
but a fact of fate.
Fasting, she said,
I was accidental, she said,
to open up in holes.
If you can fail a knuckle
than you can paraphrase
a streaming bland -,
a nocturne.
By the stack
by the silvery sheen
by the whimsical kicking out
of the corduroy spleen –
not for proper divining –
the willow stick –
a leaning in the shakes
epileptic source –

polyphonic sore spot
recognizing more than known –
that which hibernates inside –
and seeks the woody knot –
with the spit-like dribble of pitch –
stocks through walls grow in tangled
confusion to the eye a better aria
the way a strong weave basket holds
a votive and an egg intact and
buried under brick –
beat back thumping cardboard box
resounds, no seriously glimmered
sprinkles, glitter on the surgical cream,
prepared before the mask of talking heads convene –
at the light, the tunnel folds -...
the watchers wear their shields –
undo shoulder snaps and modular tools.
They are builders, too –
With fortified fences and Rubbermaid buckets –
It is no conclusion, but prophecy –
some the hairs grow in checkerboard black white and grey,
accents of sprouts blood red hollow thorns clear sharp tubes filled with
liquid pigment, tipped with dew drops coming with the heat but sweat –
slowing rates that things passing through the sieve in general are
at pace – then the boarish fang the lips are in a snarlish twist,
and bared are teeth the yellow sun set – imprecise that lunges
in a chunk from any part released –
the thing attacked accounts the suddenness or back the other planet
shakes this ground –
as commonly as form resolves to over-riding, that is carved out,
one ripped out island as a sty blanketed corners,
the island is the bar for drinks in the middle of the room –
dimple headed, curtsy partners loud and cars that aren't garaged -...
keep the hold they said,
the front way or the passage dirt back
that through the low grass, you should come
and in the wet night find a spider and a tick and two leeches
come out showing under wire light
the sloppy built-out barn,
the fallen down that great comforting pile of rubble –
a lot associated task of going
attendant to the party guest –
but only one –
though many, trespass sign –
all down woods and ways, common passage posted
absent wealth, boarded summer homes, barbed wire fences
catching scraps and animal fur clumps ripped loose little scalps –
possession's wealth a big fire for them –

the fat feel markets go there,
screens and breezes, concluding in
bypassed reflecting, half lids hand open palms
in some odd book resorted intention but satiric
lotus elderly pose –
twelve ninety-five
to go with trespass
sign, outside –
all s lied out,
feels the fearing,
not exact but muffled in a scarf,
that not direct, but
if a risk, would pass by let it be –
that they should find their own, and not rely -.
Are in the summer, with your sprawling field down to the sea,
and riding hedge, and, and fish pond on the lawn –
for no strong reason, protected, stronger be let go
when deluges in their time –
for powerful arms, for holding will never be found,
for what to keep at bay –
thus ground in deep, with no recourse
on that long afternoon –
the shame failed at building stones around the nest,
bat and rat controlled bindle them into the oven baked hair
you claimed on the head,
colored eyebrow charmed the feral cat – but long enough to charge her –
fore spent over of the body and of the mind as separate symbols –
and they in a plate are best prepared as ground into each other to a superficial degree
with a medium of driveway gravel, back and forth between -...
then that is healthy, ready up the son –
bails and grey hails –
should be gathered nothing as there is no secret there, old stone clicking in a village of style,
reed playing, be brief, it said, and the captain said he was ready when it was his time,
but the crew refused as collateral -...
equal parts hello goodbye, the guest spoke green, oh, she said, proclaiming to a paid guard, I bought this
pendant in Greece blankly staring -...
horrible sounds in retrospect, of hand as car door slams –
but two into the grass, how long sustained,
rolling nurse and guard attendants black and blue,
talk the snake in through the ears,
frozen mid truncations
static eel in breath extent of tapered bodied conclusions –
9 in number and unwilling –
the sound of establishing, the
open solitude of the closed mine –
they am be well gotten in the long storage space –
the stairwells are the columns holding up the halls –
creating the spin motion, and the inventor of it –

manner of agents, and their acts –
to the presentation of the biting function of the apple -...
symbolic function of the music note, the dolphin tongue -...
having embryonic yearning – off flips through the hydro-pressured brine –
cataclysmic magnesium suave sense – and like rise in vicinity of recent nearly, the
approximation as to take a photograph to close in on matching as the thing appears to be or act –
slow rabble dismissive, electric tingling, - forms the bridge from the saturation in excess – we find, cubes
–

there is that which clumps avoid, that drawn down still attracts, but withers others less proclaimed by
how afforded the adapter forms back to the mouth, and, the retrogressive angels gathering
around the capacitor pumps make impressions as the lean to shift themselves aside from magnetisms
which they tend to feel as itch -...
for drilling through, applies a cable with a lever at the end, which raises and it lowers a bag –
it said foster thinking vacuums pursed some parts for sounding and a later code, the many swings
and actions that compose the close examined data of the life lived through the symbol -...
known some thinly manufactured sections with a spacer in between, that harvesters should hold inside
the trouser pocket (close) to luck –
fourths function
slow grow bush
sling battered
through one
the advocate
of patterned
saw skilled
seaming
past two the
bundled varnished
remnants of the
past week daily
papers and the
third a quake of
noise by cleverly
conformed
percussive shoes –
that in the breech
the day to night to
scuff across a housing
lot between and old
and new construction and
concern of crumbs in
piles composing
fifth the brick in part –
in that attachment
noted chords the blighted
harmony, the edge and
treble cutting range the
one string through the hole, -
the colored is imbued with the paper –

the colored is cloistered in the paper –
longs put numb- skin in another mask
of fluid concern, out the spigot –
what the five sixths compound –
what you can't conclude
of something broken by the books -
frosted pages unclear on the word
gibbons tractions –
breaking of the shells into the mulch
in which they sit,
of facts some dense and
heavy way across
the room or stumps
the tree cut from –
hard veins of the
choice disciplined thumb,
a controlled flex-a-shun
of great of pinched notes
the symbols of the signs –
events of spread from
pinnacle point down and
outward sheeting –
coats –
when can't between flat
brains a mulch again –
fermented editions –
the troughs are roped in place
the shafts of light are striking
resounding a screech
refashioning an anvil metal –
to the bust who some
face proclaimed or melts again –
then so make the long line punctures in the thought each differently placed to stab the tail
the head the thought, the middle in the body many in a small space thrusts, timidly or as
does the well seasoned knifer -...
all's fatter on the endowment to perceive the steps involved in separating clefs –
with regards the inch of space reduced to photocopy ten percent of or the off shore
and another in the Mammoth Cave –
overage and clipper said sails postage stamps or Polish art,
collected with a vacuum hose –
said, the plot lax line, free formings on the ice pack, like a silt of dirt enough to see the seeds have
pushed their roots down through the crosscut white where boots have passed and crunched it down –
was asked, converted to the substance of a whale or a mitten – was asked, to join the truck caravan,
or spend defining you're abroad in sunken towns with fish eyed men and women with a tail -...
tossed to be
three thumbs
grave concerning boxes
a patch of lighter color hue across a wall

some under creeping suggests in whispers of the crumbs -...
dig here, now –
spoilage, leaves and rakes, towel gasoline, -
hails high widow's walks against the season -
transplanted hours and transformed each a spot but portable today, or on a wind, depending
if it is a way conventions move –
collected in the European style of the synthesis, the Euclid upwardly reassessed in
an always Kabala – THAT method of western way –
have with sessions of the jaw the teeth and grinding –
pick a cone of sawdust from completed acts –
it is yours –
cuts cord, when everything converged that was apart before inside that room –
cuts cord, drawn together in that packet, tight –
true to false to middles to becoming than to be not –
strain to taste the bat juice, or syrup -
as when the venom starts to boils sensation its way through –
the sharp imagine cutting toast –
it is the carved pattern and the recognition that the body register has pined –
suckled on the staring at which is the drainage act(ing) on the humoured mass
that split in fours the wealth of balances –
thankful out disruptive vibration sets, and closed or capped openings retained in memory as open -...
as like splashing in every direction driven from a central point outward -...
there but by musing in a paper bag and soaking in a sink, washing away the breath of an idea –
hearts are stopping in remote regions, wind over treetops and rocky tips -...
by that nature something else has grown, a time blot, indicated by the little flurries of scape –
scheme then not a combination but a plot by which the power finds a maze of hatchways and feather
cracks -...
located in the foothills, calloused parts that meet the earth –
conclusion from last book pages – retreat to the first –
revaluatening an evenly filled block –
mild retarding of platonic forms –
as this how it has come once pouring from the nostrils drying accounting for the lava-like back flow on
the shirt even as the river mounts the river –
caught in amethyst, has a hold on many recollections –
split the shale and find in it the orderly appreciation of the pagination -...
incorporations the reduction to difference and location, are a tiny adjust,
almost a drive by or fly over – still, freed in the choice laden and the voice over –
filed edges are a standard –
by instigation into the canals allotted for the expression of docking,
rude stirring, unusual bulbous heads, complexitude of digit tips – lapel orbits, organisms, swim path –
woods roasting in the stove,
cadaver dogs resting on the rug –
in the batch, we found one, buried half way down –
they had said, the individual was the self but only during grooming –
a solid piece was found amid the gelatin though it was badly burned, and most the emblematic ridges
had been worn away by use, but still, the stick black handle remained, though it in a nearly liquid
condition –
so that after in the fabrications, one came out like from the pick we saw, and blazed across the

forehead of the finder, as a comet through the sky, illuminating the subversive tendency and lacking allure
that even as a stranger will attract the dark dots who enjoy the eating of the remnant sponge –
it is motely but a percent –
that long thorn that stuck the inside of the hollow consumption tool, white round by on the straight-away was blue, like the eye found in the well -
had made equations for the dawn in the east at dusk –
keep informing it a short request –
firmed positions, argued by the candle, firmer incentive and a box of wipes – cartons of plant stems hydroponic –
inveterate and with it, always taking, copying, that is the empty lot –
mumbled in the shade of the cork tree in the park, the label sticking out and catching on the sleeve –
there might be a saddle assed in that –
there might be an unintentional distinction in their separations, subject yet to legal acts of pecuniary loping –
Roland on the banks of the mood –
a cooper color and the smell of snake skin drying –
terraced as with passing, through the flashing of the sun through the protected frames, each a less clear wash –
in a refusing panel – through the triple form, barely can be reading last, so use a stamp –
stepping sticks to pads -...
individual it makes its pace expecting to arrive –
I see said and held it out to examining –
light toast down then up –
transmitter button has been free since breaking –
and a long lamp cord –
salvage –
so, stupidly to limp, then reattach to stupid walk it straight –
being the me then, fused into the counter-top, the face in mid facing toward the source –
a pungent state in which it is enlightened, cataphonic fluids in a trepidation clause –
bells bongs bung bells, bells, exclamation century climax – rubble –
cataphonic gong –
then was that, that addressed that in that first fog before that first melted rain –
forced quite told, all out, slipped in in one narrow behalf –
which was a trucks worth, but more were made in many loads –
it was a salted and prepared as its recourse to be peppered in the garden behind the radiator staff –
many having come to see, a percent could witness through the special light -
hypervented in the ceiling, thus 'tensive in the nuts tuary –
it had with it the rules in a roll or scroll to the contoured bracket lift causing one to wonder, but significant amounting only part anointed to the hint that clued the opaque nodum to what was sure
to pass –
to hesitate
but not to wait. A credo but was not
a signature or slogan but more released as would the turkey from the farm
on liberty –

not.

All am-ed up, all be-ed.

Bells, my steeple, ringer –

blemish bits solicit constant in the elected street-house

sorted through the objects that appear –

a longer timed a many more, a longer movement read out from the log –

there the short ended expansion, but the holding end, the handle – should appear, as with the sentence and

the force to sense

and tense,

or in the least to twist and turn on that, what had expected of it –

banttery and bang louted, it is graven as in sorted images, the likes to blush you –

banttery for lasting acute and spout pinched assignment – to stand in guard, to the comfortable state of sunken sleep –

in the intensive workshop, approached with many productions – clay nobs, weather makers, stuffed paper bags, juice related vaporizers –

it is a legal proposal that the magic number nine be considered a protect species, and a wart in magic response is placed, embarrassing the part on which the violator who has used the nine should have the wart placed some select through personality test and cross sectional sofa examination to replay child's play rediscover shame relating to it what and where the part was called to question in the hall, and how, and was it painted, trimmed, adorned with ribbon or was scolded and with ice to shrunken it, be shrunk or dilated in a wave of warm air from a radiator -... what's part, who's and where's -... now it begins to rag on the beseeched. Floorboard on the stool maker tally, you should have your punch card and your hours to use at the time store. Fortunes looks on tide and deems, good haste, water logged salt wood, grace blessed kingdoms of weeds from garden tabernacles, the cathedral spent shafting, and sprinkler welders – numerous black baking of bygone sounds, she should let it condition her speech and not be so concerned about the sliver of the radium enriched dial which lodged in her thumb at the watch factory, if was after all in India, and no one knows, so it is not dangerous to her life, unseen and with no evidence as it is – so unexpectedly spitting up diesel fuel in the deep forest, was not likely to travel far – though the study of trial and the plant life there suggests a settling, with no more engine, no more radio or comment bar – weak signals that the forest blocks and so forth – copyrighted in this lot, there, done with drawing from the known, the long and hyphenated name – shored shunned able grapes, that mar the teeth but sling mind supple ranker to the fence, where pressed, the crosshatched wires imprint their pattern and induce the trance on being mirrored -... no reversals eternal influence – where is held, that spirit after forming, in the glyph, in the spleen, or in the nerve behind the brain part – overcome, the giant in the herd, once belched, which oft displayed, pre-charging – born the black hearted green eyed and of the brawling thicket of bushes – can you here the church bell – it makes the beast grimace to see his face, cower in the over grove – dig its feet into the dirt there – all for cusped and grown, torrid and sea water in the mouth, throat swelling, forest cure the blisters – makes another – order of the set that starts again because there is no retention – blocked into a cube with dirt walls, terrorized of the family species, resurrected of the gathering by isolation, blocked - the root of intentional communion, placed first of the brand that landed him, then of the legs divided by his cells – forthwith formed strong boarding, palettes floor models, conventional times in contemporary continuity – and nursed out in the open. Rolling sods, rumpled work pants, heavy cotton – emphasis imagined in the mills, the image of reproduction in the guild (repeatable) yearning – drama in the prevention ring, in the pool filter, blocked to going, attacks the lawn – fungus spike – a drain at dawn – mowed it all up to the wall and concrete edge – no one who's it now to be around – one sly link to underneath the prefect's laundry pile – spear traps veneer surfaces, the points below – ripens professorship in the musk test room – which also is his

den – collaborative shaming, twice daily, community march past degradation, for forced smiles. Tired tire of the gloss of magazines and car hoods. Eruptive quiet – only mouths and lips working to eat, concentration – faces stack the stucco, hands to probe, softly the bronchial argument – tears drop forming, the dry tissue hangs and only in the trees – slopped fast paced static generators looking for the source of all activity, it is a philosophy power supply – decalcified remains a malleable sheet – it is today's conclusion. Liberally quaked, at rest unknown charming. Beat wax combing – cost brailed out – value disturbed by shaking – nail holes filled with spines – shared between wide spread goals, the team takers rendered unconscious parables – an iconoclast in all regards, the literary lumbago mastered turned the sodden legs to walk a painful step toward the dried up lake bed known to be his ancestral home – he was shorn of inclusions and blisters from puncturing technique and laundry detergent giving a special dry edge to apparel sucking out the sweat that otherwise would coat and stand, and raise the inside out to sores that due the attraction of bacteria in the sub-tropic, caused this special rash – so in these, and those pits and coves and now the beds and flats and chemical resolves and lines with humidity of chemical baths tried to infiltrate, inception was reverse in part, and cause to out-born himself, some rugged cliff top birthing remark that started as a casual word but ended in recalling matter to his forehead and replaying the ancient record of the birth that started out the other side, and ended here, in the current date, devolving into sand and spit again – it is a special price to catch first and then to pay, through owe-age into similar states allow disrepair and abuse in longs stretches, like a yard and like a fog that comes in to the pantry and in welcoming the fly, rewards it with a meal worm too – kicked in indo-euro nutting, cocked into the sink, the wind and bashed cases of the tubular history – lay down links to every mouth it said, a voice incorporated into food and fuel. Specialized thy skills oh ancient of rug tacking. You are added to each day, and ratted out in the sampling of the sun. Imagine, all bedecked out in onion bags -... in the rations find the transparent immaterial ticket –sponge-backed fill it out in triplicated in sign and take a turn before straight forward and be gone – there is numbing sound hostage, a warning and a strobe – warm molts the fiber filler, this morning's pillow worm – it is something, but, not easy to convert to straw – a second coming came and soak, a great grand and a hive in things with – steward of farmers in a concave index, spitting betel nut, spotty ground outside the door – convalescence forced promised convalescence guaranteed – out foxed the riders took the steer and over the embankment to the falls – often grappled, often sworn, - often pacified – angled tort loins filter blustered in the fight for more goods – pushed down on the stick to the enemy – rejoined in month two of evolution – head was going senses – touch the widely controlled and the inveterate brink maker – to contude in clab slate, slew meliorated cods – signaled best amid worsted – any molts shed aside their cares and shacks revolted in dynamic blunder across observer plates – screw on lids are taped, hinged adhesive to the barn door – so shape the finish – so, divorced from idled engines, can't predicted the roar of the fall, it was a routing deadhead pulled up from the grappling iron obsessed morning, finders lost one metal detector and a pocket knife, rather than found. It was next, and dredged the swamp. Later is better. Inflexions on the carpet go noticed. Practice prone. Austere velocity. Where along the ridge near the row houses, crows shat and argued. Repulsed by venue. Drawn verbatim from the craft register, noting the tentacles and unexplained hot air blasts – contrive their way out of the halls – felt the lost lusting, roadside blowout – determined by the crevice – who had formed the after hour wagon, making it the first for junction holders with their connective tissue cards – on stole the crane to work in the yard, turn over graves in an indeterminate game – on shaving lightly barreled preserved oilskin gels – in gray frost land country, pale yokes animals enclosed insane they chew out your feet – rays tokens of branded illuminated crossed lines, connected – make the current come as irrigation wills – sloppily informed of sleepiness and impressionable and subject to – souls as clotted existence form will globules clinging to any thin porous screen – if the displays continue, the series will be disintegrated by the captain partitioner who divides as he professes great results from the skill – in locked up accord, there is a means in a strongbox with a guide and an amulet to divine the perfect time to be revealed – old

invisible lodgings, underpinned reformer twisting reverter loan marker rink lout comp tenaciously controverted lump grailer – sees nothing in proportions. It is the common way, it is the usual of both afternoons. Two mid days, time recipe as with a golden mask and a drop of it on the dish to burn in the sink and then the hair to sacrifice the bar-B-Q – narcotic born shrugged shoulder, told of by the two sheets of paper resting on top of each other on the second afternoon forced into lips to speak then both sheets depart into the wind – the stories of the sheets, as glued and cut, and as distributed variously – as will the days – be – and has touched an anchor in the lake – speaking is a composition of the seven sounds combined for sound meaning, interconnecting but not translated into act of work outside of making more the sounds – O, oo, ee, rr, ll, mm, and zz. Pitch highest pitch lowest pitch fat not in between. All those sending away margin that and access on the stasis when the arms are latched and legs are sealed to the earth. In floor boards and slinter, dust riding on the spikes, there is an envelope of soft clear cushion. As no like no fish found in those sunken nets -. Cram evaluated then the dismal succor of algae blue and our salted specifics of taint – as, in blanketed sorrows, the silvered happiness of disillusioned dissatisfaction, or those that loved of the wallow, that return when gripped with lightly attested joy, and ejecting the embraced and calcified love of sadness feeling – confusion conferred and slit into narrow openings deposited with the dart and paper slip receipt then stitched, to have and hold and harbor in the body pond – a resonator of the idea writ that there may be access in one arching slash - distrust and waging, or acting and not – so combination ruffled in the sack is it a power emblem held the side or as the implanted ideas a treasured token blessed as does a snip or rite to cut – so as to what glows the sickness or the healthy gloss, the sheen on hairs is thought the hand has touched but prized come afield and oftener the air has passed, the testing well the postal from the hand that touched the molecule transmits it to the earth and labs un-warrant grade recipients, unknown eye to see resulting in a data worth the blessing – so receiving, touch the hand, the radiant and glimmer and the barnacles of hair are perfect for the icon – so like it is the passing wise, soothing positive with a note, the torque and sieve reinstated continued on the flat board, with a single drip that bores into it through to the earth and passing that into the dimmer weight of black beyond – spirits of rumpled coats real dress and golden plates on a broken shoulder, - unattended or diagnosed. Wand pores trunked touched emerald cracked in dry heaving anti-moist -. It was the 86 of clog and clod. It was the 88 of signs. The 6 of sunken. Grasp a fact. Dry intervention. The wet approach. All it is is all it is here, as all it is is perfectly present. There is a condition of participation, where that enables presence, including coming, to be present inclusive and all of being is and present of participating in being is. Of it makes a net for bouncing once arrived. How for with the focus of time resolve to find the mass or congregation who have made a picture of the plan involved in mind inventions first that picture it the world than find it done – a backward planning, reverting away from authenticity and the art of to make -. It is stamped and in the act a branch with its broken green needles on the floor – not built but also nothing before to compare – as with the fight with the hand bailer, the pitch fork four long barbs -... has the prongs so far buried gone – the elms – the weeds the bushes, and hay – scraps remembered tumbleweed collected on the fence – banded steel sections, silo – slat clutter, dust storm billows, wood blown – off soil seed spread, counter legal copyright coercion trampled farm dirt, glowing orbs the swamp lush particled air nodes, wives, conclusions and report. Nil affords. Strobes aborted. Rehearsals twenty for acceptance of greatness. Romania near my mother mother's land – strip burden language toxin floss – reformed blob in the driveway – gravel tar hot sun snail trail – part the challenge – part the possession – realized status left out gradual stepper motors and stations of assessment – satisfaction with the carbon pot – potential – rims skis because of cough – or, wax them – older because they are of seeking, crescent combined into layers, turns in peeling, turns to lay again – use for wiser than to gloat openly – it is left in wakes the mass impression, the concluding glaze, to portion one short part, revealed along the sides and open ends -. Thinks ups for its own the sense of shame, and then a bold sensation, but one in the ear – rough handling of tree trunks made the bark too shy to peel – it choked the tree and though resisting birds and

woodsmen's saws, it freely opened along its ridges to the insects and the termites who were happy to consume it in their turn – steely bark no purpose when so senseless – deadly cost against and evanescence sprinkling, with phosphor feeling at the threaded tips, accredited some willful nothing in a first attempt to conceive – when soils up the stand perception, in slues mines trampled into wafers fit for kingly equivocations – in the tender aluminum section to the instruction, wires wived by tool sheds blended cause were store for softly rocking lightweight beams and fortifications of the heavy grav and giant on the journey to the skating edge of constitution woven ice lattice – much mulch heaps lent on futures balanced woolen shelters to the scaffolding that built around the tanks in variously staired and platformed arrangement, blessed the night scape lit with yellow bulbs one each and bare per level, more illuminated the light yellow painted metallic framework, as some structures for inhabitation by the ghosts – will ready start the whole and hosing blast again, you'll noggin cracking to a fall if from the height the scaffolding to the pillows on the ground, also are painted in a softer yellow light – the yearn through motivation yawning, small crawl reunions and class reductive whittle measures through select undo re-tilling in the suppositional contrition of the un- detoxicant marbled sock formed registration in the sling signaled valley professed by the conditional grasp of trained in the star void trended lush garden toil slice-bleed – flattened metal pan stock – contra-tinker – defile laced brandished sword-hand bander – told for retold slings in stray eye jelly strong impressions of the focused animal eye – of shores that wash up masts particularity – of strength to be professing of it in the brand, the totem on the pulpit and the anchor of the sign held on the shoulders of the alter and the alternated – bolds again the flock for farming, and contuding – and banter after that, and bicker, and deal, and commune for negotiation – should for pretended of numerous “hoods” of endeavor – plaster assumptions followed by the plastic repercussion and the whole tone wool and metal solder spoons – in a griping liberation, muffled rest and coughed on excitation in the cab – lost the chin support, and merely misplaced the sausage junction box – had they seen it as a dance, it may have passed the slot advancement test, but as it was, accepted as a brief potato density competitor, there was no chance as the north had the category wrapped up for a millennium – I am sorry, she convulsed, sustaining an amount of fluids retaining an amount of chalk in mouth to soak it up and emitting some amount of body animations and before could before transmit it complete anticipating the approaching inward collapse – profusion of nervous expressions through a muted palette of white and hostile gray, washed ironed and sun dried on bitter fruit framed racks – lax abdominals, under-common space environments contend in the peninsula woods, the deer and duck call squawks and oval quack of the owl – bloat us scenic routes are at convergence with a blister footed pacer mascot, bending to the situation of the rural flat and corpuscular arranged demand tract – also notched as handles in a line – factory stamped and watermarked – hide and pelt driven lawns currently are caressed by sprinkler and hose in deeper convictions than at the back of an alley or behind a movie screen – that converted bar of common to the trade in market of comparing the regaled of harvesters and to the standard of the settled interloper send a rippling of composited abstraction in which head are ends and fluctuations in the temperate limb can disturbs the bias of a flight prone mammal and the creeper indeed the tendency to preference the spine over the gel – would wander this and other habitats if shavings or a sprinkle of the cracker on a pathway led to there – that what is the degree of the monster in the gums – if the taken, the cloth rebounds, to mop the memory – off besotted, in the faith concluded (ended as resolved or complete) the dairy as ordained, surpasses the popularity of the hermit's calm – as it were, there having in a bronchial trauma no dice no disk but a shared slice, from a halve – breath organ boxer turnover in the musical genius or the science mad hair – in it image entire, a thick undifferentiated middle – what part of diffuse, into the thick part, there begins a spread of ornament and intricate webbing – in touching points, reason enlarges the topic, conclusions made by attractiveness and slant for quantity, so accumulating as more pressured downward, earlier the more the subject matter is impacted – baseline of identified when in the discourse discerning who is representing who concludes with self – a formative a rhetoric – into the stamping as to verify a face

attached – having it in hand, as held a map to find a reaching point of land inside another, there are matters wander on as Idahos in spring, and mud and heavy treaded truck tires in the mire, to find and traverse terrains in topic midges pester, and the core can overheat, and cause a sweat with mouthing words and no voice will coming out – who but a clam farmer, or the oysterman – who in the great ways with humble means plans the complication and the convolutions of the intestines on earth – doesn't know to go, in shuttered openings, - over the hatchet mars that make the wall, under the dawning strips of cellophane and parchment, some experimental play in single run – attempting to unmake establishments of order – illustration, exemplar, the paragraph as well – dawned on open cans – confident with lids – (it) flees or remains unclaimed – as times onto records in the archives, hand scratching or the nub of a pencil with the sharp wood cutting in and leaving partials – as the fingerprints of a word – am as at a rate or fee to pass or on going or after, relevant – force the felt – forged cracked bells – holds wide belts and change pouches – discordant ringing – flushed out amid tournaments – bowl cycles – wrists – sidelong head in conveyer tracked recovered walnut and lost watch – seasoned merged salts wisps and trunks, trees pregnant burst joy drops the rotted on the ground the deer, repeal the musk of man – again or half-ness accounts the arrogance or humility of believing while a half declaims defibrillated fate, the accident and face of gods confronting by their sire -. Two but father's blood and old way dominating in the cold and sea land.

Charged out in the front, the back that waited until beyond enough to turn and run, the middle takes a strike but as the heavy part it slumbers forward crushing out the foe – ox out pulled the grove of spikes, and freed for prevalence of stick made men – bonds the bottle collector and bindles the cork surveyor who in slipping hours wraps phone poles in foil – wires white. No code. Who fornicate as specialized lending. The tomb sand in the shoe, and gravestone fragment carried away – experiments complete from that, the known procurements – marble based down, sand lots funded forms the alabaster and the jointed corners of the poly-lithic construct, in a layer of both materials and time – who'd formed what contended many opponents proposed a math explaining past achievement, others thought, it is a transcendental plan – a waddling on the deck and suddenly it all distracts – tried, to the remoter connections – the marsupial slant, uprising the hill slope, in between the two the gorge allowed the ubiquitous visitant that in other of places be concerted and a mess of fibers – hands in front, stir the imagination, only one was an influence, it was ripe a time, as poor repositories struggled, the minds detached in cubes and valleys thought the thinking of the perfect installation in the rubble bound portals of the other who had made the physical condition so – not an easy plan or place to go on dreams alone, but with the buddy system, brought a rock or weed, a stirring in the soul of strength that needn't wane – proclaims the pockmarks are detained in spirit while they travel on in fact, they empty easily they slip into a mire of the moral choices they should make as objects – works wrought iron gated in the twisted bars that lovely looked the way a vine has wrapped around a beanpole – but as solid as the scene must be when locked in time – and that, how the iron imitation is for all things soft – probated, dunked enough to measure and the molt to take, and next the dip, which only partly, leaving bands to pother fill effect – if a table or a chair, can feel the legs grow back after the transport in the magic beam – if a break, can feel the olives too – something baked back in – you had known it ill and pushed aside the salt – the slow relent marvel, the gram within the pouch that was unattended, still it was and found intact, the stone sized kernel with the frosting of the lower pocket powder randomly accumulated by the facts of cavities – a grail of infiltrated lines into a neutral matter something glue and something

eraser and something expendable so that thing something not of all the known, coagulated on a point that was suspended first, as mattered most was one the dormant gray and toneless field, and secondly or in an even blending after, other jointed locked into their own resolves the things that found the point from out because of their unique be-patterned housings steered trajectories the way they did roam different locations and the place in times, converge, resplendent adorned with matrix articles of clustered molecules with circle on the slate board and the beach board, magically compound histories to represent in act the absolute in value of enacted particles that heave up stories on the touch, this tiny pocket orb of goo -. Could it, like a dowsing rod, attacked, the suspect is, there is some truth of that. If you can't describe it means you feel it differently. So stranded in a setting. Looking, digging, close around. Something which to dig, and be dug, it is harmful, up, some sharp signs – holding them, translating into power to the knees, so, stand with it or kneel, retaining, for springing – humility retention – trying to fasten, which a clip latch hook or thorniness allots, then moving in that way, or rolling, or vaulting with some tool, or hitching on another thing that moves, or crawling, with some motored part, or then subverting or overt(ing) -. Rubberization in the end of the plotting, the soft and hard to constrain that constitutes two types the available ground area -. So transcendental or stick it to it that. Through and around the earth then has chosen and is pole vaulting and accumulating around. The earnest parts in time revolt if not repel. It is also how to travel. Easing slowly off the brain part, sometimes it is stuff on the level -. Then the red eyed in the graves and up the worshipers and down the dormant ivory -. Holy crown. Dumb play. Going, rafting lost in poops and digging, and mascaraed eye with liner, penciled browed lashed extended for the masquerade – leaning this, was buried in the heap, as was a straw -. Batteried, the powered in the acid lives-d. What's had it should trade, it, spring loaded barter. Adding to it cash tackles, word robes in under-counteracted subject definition of the shape. The cheap of imitation bag of it. It is more and more of it than can be sought. Eliminating march. How branded, how elapsed. Ordinal – am as has been performed. The contoured secret of the direction. The last a lot prediction is the one that must be feared. Cut umbilical and separated him, - drifted, crazed or activated lotus – glowing miracles in blue and green, burdocks too – ancients, in the early hall, have all been, gone – wheel wells, as the perfect partial round – oaks and oars, the early bucket, spruce, the first bobber – tired willfulness, retreating bumps, - having grown and shrunken many times, having had collapsing tubes responsible for less effectively foaming gel, and the wonder of tonsils stills intact with sixth fingers – dominated outcropping, nursed instead of cursed – alls in matching flags and auxiliary additions – which coughs complete, the catalyst – it as it is wise belonging to the court of human daring, - crows smoothly packed and clayed in laid feet – but I would like to tell

The Journey of Toil Ling; a folkish tale

The senseless made a burning pot as it alone could eat the light and stoke a furnace with the shards, which radiated everywhere into the dark. Spitting out, a union of remains which failed a test of substance moved with caution to a corner where not even dark or heat was known. This became the home, though to the senses it was nothing, and not even strings, once placed, could be found again to follow on their length to say, this home is from here to here then, all along this string. This home was nothing, and it had no sense. As nothing, despite no knowledge of its path, not even string, converged to force a point that cried and reaped its source, and made a land, and water and the sky.

Twelve moons came and went, and believers in something swallowed their saliva that many times multiplied by many numbers in an equation. In one region, Toil Ling walked along the path toward Dash Bubbles under a clear sky, hoping to find the mirage that turned to concrete on his way, the vaporous urn into which he could place his dozen onions and have them transformed into House Eggs. He hoped with these House Eggs, he could wander far from his region and have freedom of travel, funding his

wandering by selling these House Eggs to those who only leased, or rented, or wandered the earth without a home. The urn would often not appear, but when it did, it was never in the same place as before, and, it was not an act without risk to put his onions there. Many warned him that, while many transformations were possible with this urn, they often had other transformations or events attached, due to unseen circumstance. Yet Toil Ling was brave and reckless and young, and without caution or reason. He wished as he wished, and felt the world as it pulsed beyond reason.

Hours passed and it seemed Toil Ling might arrive at Dash Bubbles without spying the urn, and then, he would only turn around and go back, because he had no business in Dash Bubbles, and would only receive a few pennies for his onions,, which were worth so much more if transformed into House Eggs. It was a hot day and Toil Ling began to drag his feet, and his eyes became blurry from the heat. And just at the moment he had decided perhaps he should turn back, he saw ahead the wavy lines of a mirage solidified into the concrete urn of legend. Stumbling forward and excited, Toil reached the urn while at the same time falling over an unseen stone on the path. Cutting his chin on the urn as he fell, he cursed once but quickly gathered himself up, and prepared for his task... he had leaned over the urn, the blood from his chin dripped into it and pooled beneath the onions he placed there in a circle around its bottom.

There was a swirling green air within the urn, which for a moment made the onions invisible, but momentarily the forms returned, no longer onions, but large red eggs with blue speckles. Overjoyed, Toil no longer felt fatigued as he quickly gathered up his eggs in the cloth bag that had held his onions, and he was on his way a richer boy, toward Dash Bubbles.

At the edge of Dash Bubbles, Toil came upon a cluster of small farms. The buildings looked ill attended to, and one of them had a fallen in roof. The crops in the fields looked withered and brown, and it seemed these farmers were lazy to repair their dwellings and irrigate their fields. Toil walked toward the worst looking of the farms, and found the owner sitting on his steps, drinking from a cask of honey beer. "Hello," Toil said to the drunkard, "It looks to me like you need a new house," and drew the first House Egg from his bag. The farmer's eyes turned to circles. House eggs were rare, and many people believed they didn't even exist. But here, this boy held a fresh House Egg in his small hand. "If you will give me all your money from your money tin, I will give you this fresh House Egg," Toil said.

The farmer immediately went into his humble house and returned with a stack of golden coins. Toil took the money, bowed, handed the farmer the egg, and continued on the path to the center of Dash Bubbles.

The drunken farmer went to his field where his crops stood dying, made a small hole with his heel, and crushed the House Egg in his hand over the hole. The white and yoke fell into it, and the earth began to rumble. The farmer walked backward until he was at the edge of his field, as stone, tile, steel and glass emerged from the hole. In a matter of minutes, a palace unfolded and covered the field. The other farmers all came from their hovels to see what all the rumbling was, and stood amazed; the most useless, drunken farmer of them all suddenly possessed a beautiful palace! As the neighbors gathered, the drunken farmer turned his back to them to gaze at the splendor of his new home. Envy rose in the others, and before the happy man could take a step toward his house, a hail of pitchforks struck him in the back, and he fell forward looking like a porcupine, but one quite dead.

The streets of Dash Bubbles were alive with markets of all kinds. Toil joined the crowds that moved like one body passing food stands and huts, canopies on posts and local restaurants, then tall

government buildings, next to expensive boutiques. The sun was setting now, and Toil's day had been long. After purchasing a fine hiking sack and new clothes with his wealth, Toil found a quiet hotel on a side street and checked himself in. Toil had never rented a room before, so the exchange was awkward and embarrassing, but the clerk was helpful, just as was the tailor, who fit his clothes for him. What a new thing, to have such money! Toil swelled with his feeling of wealth and sudden power. A new kind of freedom.

Toil's room was on the top floor of the hotel. Rather than walk the many staircases to his room, Toil accepted the offer of a slight man with a basket, who carried him all the way up on his back.

The room was elegant. The floor was a polished stone, and walls were decorated with many paintings of lush living, as if they were windows onto other elegant rooms. The bed was so soft, Toil felt like he had lay down on a giant sack of tofu. There was a black table beside the bed, with a mound of radiant clay that illuminated the room like a lamp. The light that came from it seemed to dance in waves and mild swirls around him. As Toil looked at the clay, he could see that it was moving in place, undulating as if alive. A perfect and smooth circle formed itself from it, then a square, a triangle, and finally, a head, which opened its eyes and looked at him. "You are the greatest being alive," the clay head said, "and further, you are the most intelligent, and most handsome!" Toil swelled.

"Should I continue?" the head asked. "Yes. Please," said Toil happily. So the head spoke on for hours and continued its praises long after Toil had fallen asleep on the bed with his ear turned toward the clay head.

In the morning, Toil awoke feeling refreshed and happy. The clay head had returned to its previous formless form, emitting a pale glow now in the morning light which came in muted through the window shade. Outside Toil's door, the slight man was waiting with his basket, and he again carried him, down the steps to the front door of the hotel, and let him down gently with his hiking pack. As his feet touched the floor, the elegant hotel's owner came to bid him farewell. "I hope," he said, "you will come again to stay in my humble rooms," and passed his hand through the air in an arch, to suggest rather, the grandness of the surrounding. Toil thought for a moment, and then said, "ah, not so humble, but great. Yet, these rooms could be greater still." The hotel owner seemed shocked. "but..." he stammered, "what could I do to improve my humble hotel?", this time, without the grand gesture. Toil reached into his pack and withdrew a House Egg. The hotel owner's eyes grew wide. "Why, a House Egg!" and bit his lower lip to help him think. "What could I give you in exchange for your House Egg?"

"I think the contents of your money tin will do," he replied. The hotel owner quickly retrieved his money tin, and opened it before Toil, so he could see he was giving him the entire contents. When the money was tucked away in his pack, Toil put the House Egg in his hands. Unable to contain himself, the hotel owner took the egg and broke it open, right there on the floor. As Toil stepped through the front door and made his way up the street, the hotel behind him began to shimmy and shake. The walls turned as clear as water, and then crumbled and fell. The hotel owner, amid the rubble, became transparent like water, and like a pile of dry clay, fell to pieces where he stood. There was another rumble, as great stones grew from the earth and closed in on each other above ground. And there stood a perfect mausoleum, fit for a king.

Toil walked quickly; he was rested and proud, even while his hiking pack was getting heavier for the gold coins it carried.

From the end of a long street, Toil could see distant mountains, with one mountain in the center of the range that rose so high its top disappeared in the clouds. This mountain was the highest point in all the land, and there was legend of an elder who lived in solitude and enlightenment on its peak. Perhaps it would be an experience worth having to climb the peak, and look for this elder.

The climb up the mountain was difficult, on rugged foot paths and then over jagged stone. Rather than tire, it invigorated him. How much more valuable by his toil would his quest become!

After long days of continuous striving, Toil gained the summit. Night was falling again, and it was cold, and a wind blew. Toil looked about him for protection of some harbor of stone or a crevice. As he scanned his surroundings, he noticed a seated figure between two large rocks. As he walked to him, he discerned a bearded man with an ancient, furrowed face, and even though dark was falling, the man had gleaming eyes, like a cat's when they catch and reflect a spot of light. Without diverting his straight forward glance, the elder nodded to Toil in recognition. He raised his arm from the folds of his robe, and gestured Toil to sit beside him. "Only few come to see me," said the elder. "Usually, young men, as yourself, who are searching for something, or who are full of themselves, or who are desiring adventure."

"I come to increase myself," Toil clarified. The elder turned to him now, and squinted. Now he raised his robe and drew a lit lantern from its inner folds, then looked at Toil again. "Then yes, you fit into one or two of my categories."

"First, I wished to find if you were real or merely legend. Secondly, I wished to hear you speak from your great wisdom. Thirdly, I wished to strike a bargain of goods with you," Toil explained.

The elder laughed, first with his mouth closed, and then with expiration, as if firstly to himself, and secondly, to Toil. "Firstly," he said, "yes, I am real, and like a normal man, though perhaps, the oldest. Secondly, I will impart some bit of wisdom to you." He took a deep breath and was quiet for a moment. "When extreme youth is gone, one is not so driven by desirous impulse. In middle youth, the desire of extreme youth transforms into a desire for a place, and external accumulation of things outside you, that will define you, and increase what others see, beyond your simple form. In middle life, you find you are dissatisfied with the most flattering recognitions of the world, and you are wishing more. In some, this dissatisfaction stays, and in time, they die. In some, they move beyond this, to a love and desire for all that is familiar, to what one has already gained, a kind of content desire. Some and most will die with this desire. But there is more. It is, to diminish by a confrontation and a contemplation of what is larger, greater, and more powerful than oneself and all of its accumulations. This last desire drives one to eject all possessions and claims of glories in life and familiar things from the self. And, with this last desire, desire is suddenly and completely gone. You are living and breathing as born, as a new born. And, one could live on forever in this state, and never die, as there is no necessary change when you are at the end of the chain of desires. I have found the highest point in the world, the top of this mountain. I am humble in the greatness and grandness of nature. There is nothing greater than this highest point. And here, I am the lowest." He smiled as he finished his speech. "Now, what is the bargain, though you have nothing I could desire, and I have nothing to exchange for it."

Toil rummaged through his hiking pack and withdrew a House Egg. The elder's expression suddenly changed from satisfied calm to amazement, and his eyes blazed with fire. Toil could see a scene through them by the light of the lantern. It was a mountain, that rose infinitely higher than this highest point on which they now sat together. "The House Egg of legend," the elder said in a low tone that revealed his most unenlightened desire, rekindled from an earlier time along his path.

"But, you have nothing to give me for this," Toil said as he started to return the egg to his pack.

"No, wait," the elder spoke urgently, while reaching suddenly to still Toil's hand. "There may be something I can give you." Help me to move this stone," he said, and put his hand on a large flat rock that rested on the ground beside him. When they had pushed the rock away, Toil could see six large emeralds in a little hole that had been dug there. The elder scooped them out with his thin, knotty hand. "I have these," he said, "just in case." The emeralds were quickly exchanged for the egg, and Toil packed them away in his bag with the gold coins.

"Well, I have gotten all the things I came for," Toil said. "I will be on my way, right now, back down this dark mountain." His words fell on unhearing ears, as the elder now focused on the legendary House Egg. As Toil walked down into the darkness, he imagined for a moment the breaking of the egg, and the rising of an even higher summit on which the elder would sit, and then, he pushed the thought from his mind, and wondered where he would next go, and tried to focus on his footing as he descended.

Back on the summit, the elder gently cracked his House Egg on the ground and stood back, expecting a great eruption of rising stone higher into the night sky. There was a great rumble, and a round hole opened in front of him. Rocks from around his feet tumbled in and fell down down forever., and then, he himself, with lantern in hand, tumbled into the great bottomless void, low, lower, and longer, forever.

Toil wandered the countryside that stretched between towns. While his travel had been exciting at first, he began to tire of it, become bored, and felt his heavy pack, in the countryside where there was nowhere to spend his money, was a burden to him. He began to miss what he had before he traveled, even though he didn't value it much then; a place he knew and lived in, his family, and a few friends. Even so, he thought, he could never return. He had made it clear when he had left, that his future waited for him in the big world. No, there was no returning. He breathed heavily, not from fatigue now, but as a deep sigh, from sadness and dissatisfaction. And for the first time in his life, tears fell from his eyes. His seeing blurred from the tears, and when he wiped them away with his hand, he found there was a small, one-roomed house before him, being on the outskirts of a little village. He wiped his eyes clear again, and this time, could see into the little house. Someone moved inside. In a little while, a maiden emerged, walking toward her well. When she saw Toil, she stopped for a moment, looked to the ground and then continued on to her task of collecting her water from the well. When she was finished, she passed Toil again on her way back to her house, and this time, she looked straight into his eyes, and smiled pleasingly. Toil thought to himself that he had never seen a creature as lovely as her. He felt himself not so brave and proud now. He walked timidly toward the little house. The front door was open, and he could see the lovely woman inside putting pieces of wood into a stove. She noticed him at her doorstep, and again she smiled, and gestured for him to enter. Toil did so, but felt very nervous, and didn't know what to say. What do I want, he wondered about himself. She is clearly poor, and has no money for me. But then, he realized, he didn't care. His money-filled pack suddenly became like a great and uncomfortable weight, so he put it on the floor and pushed it to the wall with one foot.

The woman looked at him as she put a pot of water on the stove, and began to cut some greens on a cutting board. And then, she spoke. "Hello, stranger. My name is Obo. What is yours?"

"Toil," he managed to say, and then was silent.

“Well, Toil, welcome to my humble home. You are in time for dinner. I am boiling water and making rice, and have some vegetable. Now if I only had four eggs, I could make a feast!”

Toil brightened, went to his pack, took out his remaining four House Eggs and brought them to her, casting his eyes to the floor, but then meeting her eyes with his.

“Ah, what lovely and colorful eggs,” she exclaimed. “And I think, they are the rare, legendary, and very valuable House Eggs, which can give to their possessor the dwellings of their dreams. But they say, there is a great cost, and the reward is never as expected. This is the way it is when greed is involved. Well, Toil, I hope you are hungry. And with that, she broke all four eggs into a hot pan on the stove. They sizzled and popped, as if to be eaten was the last thing in the world they expected. Toil gave not a thought for his eggs, his thoughts were only for Obo. They had the most glorious meal he had never eaten, and his eggs were wonderful as cooked by Obo.

So, one meal turned into another, and Toil stayed on at the little house, and married Obo. He raised chickens he bought with money he earned as a laborer in the near village, and became a simple farmer, and he and Obo, and then their three children, ate many white eggs the chickens would lay for them. And all his wealth, he never thought of again and it sat in his pack against the wall where he had pushed it with his foot so long ago. And in his later years, when his children had gone into the world, and Toil and Obo were again alone together, Toil understood, that his eggs had made their magic perfectly for him. As the desire in him for Obo had been so pure, so was his reward, a pure and perfect life, a pure and perfect home, filled with love.

In the solid tramping makes and mills the earth. Slow crawling, here after. Nothing should be assumed permanently even the frost we are in the flapping stage – slow drawl adds to bags and bangs – simper instead of smile filled with caulking corners – un and away, tropical wavering – shimmer heat weaves ride evaporation – if fault is hunted – elevators. Built from tar with no one perfectly – and adorned with shingles, shirt signs, character crests – you should know, then stepping on rare flowers -. Chlorinated backing behind the barn shoulders, no single example can be representative, a single inclusion is attached by thread so pulls the unfathomable chain – some for reasons quietly, with a bumper attached. They can function in the warning, that there is no single safety – only of the ropes and firm attractions. Draw them out of their snail shells and they will wither in the sun – even uses of digging underneath – odd crumpling of paper – bino-polar – bundle – pinched to irregular critiques. Every must synthesize things – a whole and a bouncing lot, from bin two – pre-chosen of the things we know alone – as with not things unaccompanied with some debt – beaten like the mouth word prose wandering – murdered patch bays in free time, deludes slipping through – or was dragged by nubs across sharp shells – is something to fathom, long lasting – regaining regards times shed assignment unleashed properties – morph the thousand in a rubber bag – kept it in the kit – proclaimed in over five minutes – of the towel of articulation, at the matter mart – recloses the opening – all confound the tangled net, and unconfused the mat of hair, addressing needles in the cushion – to be free, the stale proportion of the bend – what is binding into the air comes down to earth, in the conflagration of a fur ball – genuine replying, stories in a short summary, two shields bare a body – dead struck in the CZ dining car, they all spilled drinks at once – where had dispropelled in what ailed the cave, ex-explorers sputtered down the first descent before a falling party no needs for exciting claims – the marking on the worded page, as for a mapping – off shot or offsite terms come binding to the north convention of receiving – a maximum trait, and former clams contract the foot – when to end the evil flight in the cloud – powers solved hand wrapping – it was the same expertise as the variously prepared goose berry – weed in the saturated row where too many raised their windows – the envelope of the trunk was many times too large – they

hadn't known the extradition cost – heading off that soft pillow – staked firm in the grass – too alert, began hard rowing had no means to stop until collapse – machine corrections placing blame – registered in the alabaster lobby with the charcoal pen – of raised confession's value, port slide barrel nettled in the wood shed, and in the rodent cage, with feasts – the fork for chucking in the hay, parts of a barn – then that was comfort's home and the rounding in the noise of the yard – have played apart with waists along the hoop – then love's cabin dream, a pressure – no more parts line up. Safe inside the pounding outside drop of stone and brick, the drill and cement machine, the breeze in our opening – the averting eyes that move in still rooms – it is safe to be – and look toward raw personage, inclines of the hills we know, and valleys of the properties and glowing of the stoves – and even, high cement, when the sun balances on the orange edge, on the right slope of the mountain – downward too, one staying one departing – growl at rims mind rapport in flea dwelt, thick pelted, sides – fine graveled tile is on the floor as fungus comes a soft wet fuzz on the marbles plates that line the inside of concrete walls – some amassed to find there a common point amid profusion – calendar tanks and wardrobe voids, fans spinning out of control – had seen tumbleweeds – when waves the hammer claw, had swung back to create a greater arch of forward driving force but swung too far and hard and dug into the head-back – was surprising, coats of red as if a falling pail of paint – and if not enough to it to all as ran into the eyes and colored everything around – and influence the unencumbered even unknown to them, still has changed – in old responses riddled infirm of the regular and distribution of the planar where a point of typical exegetical insertion might at first be merely library inquiry while in expansive course of study makes a bigger space and more a widely order of a reestablished filing – as had kept the fire wood, has been expected, keep the kindling, and wax sustained for light, and paper writing tablet too – but then in the background – holding the sour stick, the tongue depressor made of creeping vine, bitter – after soiled down to color flashed the batter with nodes of lump and grounds, or kernels from the tree-, pines – trues nuts, chestnuts, pills – true monkeys, true spotted palms – adjacent with a sound of heavy wood block softened by a towel, clomping, clomping. The child's lawn smoking from low heat flames – more of the marvel sparkles – cobra headed sounds – hooded wearer – be extract as the paper finger numbness – do in dry dawn, do in content management – sour, gleam -. Nine conscription pastures – saved by drumming – pound forced act hollow logs -. Along and often so many felt back reserved for abandonment join. Had which pattern after it, the high edge of the sign from large across the belly field, was written in available and active pens, as does the ad. What's body made of ink. What's clad in colors and the physic. What's who's tone roughing to a harsh forming as the square sounds on the smooth formed but out of nature, and the saw, with straight abrupt and gradual distention – posed on the reverse side of the working realm, it is cut instead of spread, so in a concentration, and the gutter made of simple valley marks, so much too that even outside comes in to align, so better is a world into attempts, though some without the feet to go – with the pipe to guide the liquid, it is possible with a change to find the way – pank glut – mouth appear – in asphyxiation myths, there was dressed the cow as the horse resplendent with the hooves of pigs – forfeit some breeching faith a study tool, devices and clear moist and ready – not escape but are inbound – are nurtured in the path of waving, had ridden the crank case principle consort a flower estranged from the ground – can not for containing out – show encumbered breath cloth which, show delay and show a design of scratches and pinches – and also in a question are presenting lost results of ironing green, unweathered horns – returns lost wedged shapes composite of sand and conch – exposure, hazard, claim for safety, delude waste, mixed, conflagrate, stuffing on the muting loan recourse to working – had shown, this was the way, to work now and make a thing unknown and hitch it to what is – attached it, to the sifted, and the limit bench – as was the mother's magnetic – choice – no one, to walk the board, to fool the net and the concern of the gatherer, nibbles at the parts but maybe bites tomorrow -... slat screen test cordial nominated cord persuaded slither suitable nil ballast counter balanced – plank – on the former proposal of contracted fear disease, discuss the issue of contradiction in terms, the larking identity and the marlin in the den, dealt amid

contract law and donned a leather tether bound farm machine – that, hello time and familiar time making – what to grasp and in eclectic in style and expression, the untold of it said – are the arsenals turned to stock-house lobster claws and in a maze of boxes, and the categories – locations, sand collections, jars and labels – twists imagination to the gifts, the back and forth rocking of the main characters, the inbred leanings with the wandering eye, the elf and the undeveloped spine the followers profess – hyphenate the many any – for studied were the tones, so and so the yardage too, the topics glistening in the lamp and fowl and stool and humus and distillery lights – tickle glut, nominated noxious prudent whistler – washtub back basin, - it is and good with hex and grandmother on the well signs – and the hex sign above the barn door, and by the grandmother’s eyes, she reads – and on the mother’s grave, the tide breaks – it in lost parts, prepared by slovenly pasted shapes – that as the problem focused on that – when whales come, what – one year with the little finger, each – present to know – it is in the right of the left, connective while expressing complete autonomy – it is a fixed direction – one course before freedom – completely physical un-theoretical which is imposed later within the flexibility of free forming, so to project abandonment – as is waited on anything imposed in the slot – comforts the ached heart with stomach sounds – sidelings, roughits, noddles, biddles, undles, -... slide part retution preparation for addition, post-lasp gip -. It is of what. Where several of in intersecting fields -. lngs the bladder sounding. A bag of pipes and gleaning. Limit with a belly – scales, obstacles – how much is how much is like. Little finger, sprawl, contude. Latch hammer. Show the less wake margin – disrupted over etched instruction – and, added portions, with an implanted hitch – the atom grows. Direct contact, fused models. What I build you could never own. It is contracted in the material and my inward stitching. Now wavering as does the hand fan over wild horses. Dumb waiter delivered of barbell weights. Test pulley. Exclude again the word “I.” What’s bull to one lapdog another. Exultation, off lift, oft, lift – offered lift of lived – bluster, air filled cheeks, elephant sounds, disconvention perception of beauty – of inert direction or unmotivated flight, ransacked cubicles and storage units comply to function farming standard housing for solids, excluding mechanical matter – desert destitute of openings, contract distract envelope behind the leaves of a lush bush, contract contract, a point and a popping sound – emerging still from the bulk of filled visual space – forced of tentacle – wire of match mixed selected to exclusion, then proposing addition selection until complete exclusion and then the reversal of attention to the excluded – floats up suds sealed steel skinned pockets, inflated – iambic on the flat glass surfaced dimension – older oceanic and the sensation, and impression, all inclusive, omni- or incorporating – under the weight which flies apart – fine, to drill into the – personal points, diminished grades, charges and duplications in a paper world – downstream-conformed rivers of sidelong sequence – cued to receive the puzzle-parted interventions – into their places – derived along, into ancestry beds – as with the back and forth requirement of the heavy furniture to move across an awkward space and down a confining stairway designed on a spiral principle -... what does it become when it becomes dried apart. Burn high hotter squeezed parts, long tents outsourced to underground sheltered plowmen and insect spray-men in the Brazilian interior – underground communities of three eyeds, four eyeds, -... spoiled the regular treatment by cortisone weakening with another note – flux with one side resisting so continuous in turns – having too much soft in saying disciplined in a freezing exercise one thing at a time and stopped in it for unspecific time which may be endless with a single open port unspecific location insecured of promise, tackled on a dream as substitution for a hope to progress – then that is true the discipline the artist – in a theory – having built on thistles and a repeated dab of a cream each application from a different situation located with the combination of the key components with the told unique to each the situation in a fabrication stool where labs are less than more a show of beakers and retorts, jars of labels and the ominous results in failed contortions in another jar – freed limbs of abusing the tree, they escape, for lot – the form is twisted into tighter food – notes for compressed the redistribution of the bottled box – sixty framed seclusions in a dorm of machine handles. Wash of the warn form wiggling the twig, to catch the worm – but who would fish for the fly. It wasn’t result. It was

conclusion. Decline to join the stick family, underwent surgical reassignment to the garden – reworked the signature side-wind into a hop. There is a hand placed on a sensitive plate, the hand should try to feel the effect of pushing but without. The hand should imagine a dog cat or snail somehow aware of this attempt, and one of them responding in a way that will affect the act indirectly. Then the pressure should be again imagined, but with consideration to the influence, and if that replaces inhibits or increases the qualities of the push, which then should be also analyzed but through the pressure on the place also as a mean. It is not tomorrow yet. This should also be consider in all tests of this. What then is today in this light. Consider the cement foliage, and the vines rusted to the gutter. Who-in flops the rain who-in and who-in consults and off-nuts and gains the world within precisely inscribed cements the fauna lily backed and raves the vines that rust against the window hinges too – as and should be clipped on higher ladders falling (back) the cement and the patio in labor more and more addressed - the growing deposit of calcium – and liquefying – intensified litmus fingers – be tokened ovens seeing through their cracks and halves, to wonder warm of nature’s conflagration in the mastery of grail lines – she as having done the preparation work before the wagons moved to the vegetable range, often flecked rinses of part line status in the brisk nudging of the mother to the nursing eggs as having birthed through outlets as the outpoured cooperation of the body, it was said to be a long coat heat contaminated sleeper of flat steam pressed dream converted into bitter buttons that to bite conveyed the pictures in an orderly row to feel instead of see, confessed in one a day as with conventions of the food, and sleep, and appetites of every kind, including power and to be. Absolved into thin reflection, fluid, air cost in exchange of sinuating thought pictures, running colors and instigations of obsessions on one note of odor sound or cause to fathom the sustained activity. And the **imperfections of the bell** as can a realization be to make a group of things to fit as that way does, that resonating is from ugliness unbound yet housed somehow in one – it flagrant and obtuse, but other things as well, and always somewhere in a thing is nugget unfounded by the theory of it – conflictions of the bells – the messes that are made, in ringing – it is the image of the set and range of **unharmonies of the bell** – as dies that in a living disharmony with the crude tone and the offence of the vulgar body fluid tongue in academia replying – as the laborer retreats to more – too in far broiling better no junction but the one with three entry points only. It is the base of the unlimit. It has a time test, and then it can move forward. Backward forward there is a track, it has come curved around corners but on the rail should go prescribed in twos. Abolished into acts and retracted beyond the point of iteration – then how far flying. Can’t with waves to recognize be worked on in the every second, but with interrupts, that long conclude but shorter would implode inside the moment, into concentrations and then become like the wind – implied to reduce by spread and seed, and long exposure. As with the fattened feet, there is continued peace of confidence to be and join in common contrivance to perform or better be in ways inflicted by by yet not lessened by the next beside – adjacent being considerate of nextness in the next beyond the one as visible, but confidence, as there is one too over there beyond the next, contrives to locate more and more in action of prediction for a longer link, or with it in the mind, of each that it itself will never see beyond the local next – in the year of the mouth, there is always mouths next, rows aside, beside, and in directions being born, the next in moments of that sequence, the ones not yet repeating in the next and manifest the sequence again and on, still the demand of confidence wins out, and it continues nextly into the moment which without it, would have no next thing manifest, but only empty next, and **disappearing rows** – but aftermath as yesterday or today become it, not predicting tomorrow, as to do so holds us to the path, and thought of series die in single times, there is most confusions as necessity, and mind drift of the purpose, and the dream that is a factory of sleeping, to wake up the next still being, not have made beyond the replication into asides of time. Forced you through this habit, forced it through the bars that hold the full scale blob against the basement steps, holds up with a lofty fix a growl of an animal as the symbol for retreat into numbers. Secrets of peeing and marginal wrists, it is a breakdown of sounds for mocking birds and culters. As will secrets of weaponized pencils draw

adoration and rinse a crowd. Then useless to hammer the apple, no grapes born of illusion, there a hard shell taken up by myopic gentlemen submergence tank with oxygen enrichment labeled in a university cellar and with string and needle stitch the academic with a fleshy fin and nail a seaweed crown with rug tacks off they go, under a tarp, and secret sales, and red bookstores, and glee markets – and with a trench hammer and button, break idiom repeatedly -. Proud but under no obligation having done well in rarified realms and consider more. Big colorful glowing dots, the child appears adult, but wavers, adult is appeared old but disguises with a purse and a staple through the eyebrow, and a memo note – am as a living in a concentrated fat – floating beating freezing mastering competing completing road mused emblazoned wallaby hash marked robust and the side attractive shoulder border edge loom lout farm foolish simple running carpet stairway cover drop cloth managed plaster parted chalk board sandwiched doubled folded beveled rim. If that holds over, too far, too farm, it is becomes the road. Otherwise in three moments out of year a useless directive and a lost procession of activities as with a rehearsal and no performance – purged of faces has no presence – after age the golden traps and collections of distress remove a set and then another follows on its own, as inspiration – is as when the presentation into burned fossil and the hand preparation again rises on the foil on one finger, a moist cloth otherwheres, and three fingers covered in a glue, still sticky, **HAND PREPARED.** as was a way with sequenced whistles and of course the imprecision of the ringing bell, with many thing attentive to for one with hands to do once made – icon heads and nickel heads conflict in the cell – contain tape signals and marker signs to move the action to another room – is the experimental suggestion of making readable matters from hair and mucus from ground feather with a plant oil – failed to further lanced openings on their tapered reaches – then that with ridicule invents – with critical cutting wrenches away and makes a pile of perfect splinters – full calf legs meet end tables in the nightly compared in the layers where professions meet the charm of the small and heaped together – lax the day apart into the sheets that make the paper rich in fiber – creased then as the excavation cordon off a block and draw attention there – so draw, so cut so loop, the sheet – whatever in it there, the prepareds – hanging as has faced the million part, group and hungry bench altered in the junction – where they many be they millions meet transition into flour toast or finger's passionate diving – holds break apart from them, the obscured by fast paced knuckles bending in the blur – special ceremony, cursing honouring, promising, confessing and likely likewise in contribution bags – sots gobbled in the sifter, and the mill wheels that they found behind their summer home, and when they dug the well, a piece of fired clay with the baby face – cuddled and with a another stone is crushed the piles of stone, and comes out of it crude faced polygon that to the stimulation, men of form and forming men who make, with stuck and webbed between as ones had watched their difference enlarge and place their children, more so then and far in distant schools and training labs – in side of inter noises selected of the varied tones in weave in some degree of unpredicted static, there is mixed in uniquely line parsed connectives, and a spent deliverer – in understanding emotion fond turrets sat in spraying of the plan which compromised the architectural mat on which the bones were sunken – when what where stomachs hid and a gloss fell over the pool – spray up nostril mist and hose delusion – in a first wrecked and the simple locked jaw trap, the iron leg was unharmed, it was the trap - lashed back to push card to the desk and made to dominate the string cohesion that had been run around the room – underscore, seizure – search and – persevere – wadded texts – plugging – knotholes – diverse task with associated facing and periods of stillness, aborting activity committing reversals and regressing into clothes made out of dirt and grass skirts – in laminated metallic strips and in the same metal silence, compressed in blue colors and a thin black line the way liner sits on the lid, if then added to a thick down on the tablecloth, or hedge – betides the sound of grinding manures into rapid streams – having at the pain of petrified moss –next to the liquid dump, it forms a pond in the middle of the local landfill – attendant with the poncho, had you seen him you would know – sad and befuddled – some are pieces of tulip, other object at the ground at the feet, burlap potato bags, ladles and useless hubcaps – of the quilled crawler smothered in insulation smelling

of radiator fluid, makes it to the place of liquefied solids – when in the house, remove the layered organs they said wanting to see in the second dimension but resisting as the beating the breathing entered other else, was they confused by matters solid represented as a gas, and runoff from the gasses in the form of tumbling crumbs and chunks the size of cabbage – in the terrain, capital of countryside and concentrated dwellers near the centered pit, as halving populations and gravity, gourd encompassed in the otherwise unrecognized saints broke on works – and abound-ling blessing of the graced lamb – caffeineate the overhauls with the sleigh to drag it up the hillside to the cabin porch – to meet the goat – but any object will do, the refrigerator door or the empty can of ham – but the landscape is composed of many choices – with a thin growth over top of sprouts and new firs – winding roots to garbage, old cars, speaker cones, scaffolding, vinyl siding – tire’s burning somewhere, right now – one dog, poison berries cats but not enough to cut the rats wasps inside one hollow pile, rust plated barbwire in tangled bails, gray garbage can but lost the lid with plastic bags half melted inside too a smell of fish and chicken – some legal documents are in a cluster oversized to leaves, and held down roofing tar cakes to magazine – there is a trailer just visible, from on top the highest heap – the inches of the life trans-mutated set in flexible duration, mapped for many spans, to be taken on a spin of a dial, - multiplied wrought in scales and pearls – who at the overcoming, forces air through leach beds – a bulk imposed on top of foam, profession bolster makes a common mode for Sunday – of occupation in the seeking slope of the articulated and the expectation, which through it weighs differently with counters – what in continuity and the grope of the limbs to others, offence but clear of leaning, or, straight – what’s in the milking of the tree, in the shade protecting barrier – having seen the fence, both stone and wooden, and the bark, and many kinds now, and the animal in the forest and the street – what’s more more reflects back in a scrapbook, more remembering than was – all in the imagined, and the pins and the curl of the familiar wave – skinning in the sandwich tote bag, for childhood shock pulled back from the brink, when first you test both limits, of the self and other – the bottle faces in the nature of the can – the collectable strains after the year in hiatus in a venture and a local mention – in the mean, having molding these into clay from flesh, then back into the earth, down near the river, hinted blue marine clay – racket of the woods and treetops in the fall – then like the single creaking tree so distinct is easy tracing by the sound – once, again – whirl, hob knob construction, and returning to it later – have reinvented a first experience – the floorboard world, collected laying of planks, lattice and slats, skinning bark for lumber and logs with knots for faces sit beside potato heads – blue glass bottles on a sill, catch morning light, then throw blue on the floor, those planks – with cornered objects, chased there, stay – cheer or determination – arm gesture, look in the eye, a head nod – you can hear the leaves falling, you can hear the caterpillars eating them – (those still on the trees) flash to rememory is always like magnesium on fire – in recalling singed eyebrows one eye gone experimenter, then a thumb I recall – various occasion, magnesium, and model rockets – solid fuel engines – and now the slow forlorn drift as in the move of – two acts are broken through, in the observed and in the telling – to a third that might move of – the sensory to the act of third in presence then, to be present and then to act, to perceive, to tell – pace regards the list, in telling stick or jumps into a solid as the maple sugar is a concentration of the sap – (or the kerosene a distillation too dear ancestor Abraham) so in distillation as the view once through a window STOPS a thing, but things go on – mine perhaps so much not participations as the window with an ice the rain has crossed and froze – thus also rude but should include the aggressions vandalism and cruel attacking as a flower or a radiance its own – is in a long time some time passing to sew on back an unstitched limb – as like to put together from a series of breaks – puzzlements but also time that too, that that recollects – where walks him that was lost, the walk, still walk walk walk – what as a fiber dawn is moving in the continuous current which as current goes is never hyphenated or dying – eyes under pressure blurring, in the water, out in space, blurring, the soles of the feet calloused blur to feeling the earth – in water, in space – when walking again, when waving to gain results from attention, or emitting the clocking sound, a picture imprints itself – steeple and rope, pull and mimeograph bell – bulletin carbon smear – fuzz on

skin and paper elder must of facial powders surface on foundations, foundation shift, lazed sand moved across the bedrock – tools and tools broad, to come between motivation and the enacted wither-ness of skill, intuition, talent, nurture of blessing or curse – so many dial locations, registers and stamped approvals – when occasion of decline, remove, abolish records. The natural frame, the T form or the eye beam but preferred the leaf's extension of venation, or the extrapolation of the spiral, even as the polygon renews the element in its sprawl, the man's mind builds imagined occurrence -. When call logs bring in dates and projections longer blemishes settle – waits the plunder of faith based expectation – then date books ignoble sea salt on the muffin, corn crumbs stove burnt biscuit black bits, wax paper fringed with fruit jam and creosol – in heavy skin balloon of grand or full the shave off of overlap unfit excess trimming – so more simply slips and drops the picture into place, the rocking chair, the wheel well wheel the corner wheelchair the axe head the pot a copper kettle blacked but spout a drool of solder melted back down, in it you should see reflected captured faces in an older sudden panicking – remembered of the bat that flew inside and caught a flying blanket too – the rendition of the grange hall and the lost of overgrowth the dug bellow, below the reformed technology from the early tinker – the sounding pipes most in the wind most as the leather bellow has both cracked and curled back on itself – below that sound, resound infrasonic earth working – grounds up granite song – on(s) a lot toward the grazing slumber, kernels mix-rite farm collective, work for goods forgot calypso John on the rural farm, the plinking of an out of place regard of the line of pitches almost talking with a simple list of words – worms and witches, farms, properties and legacy – today wanderer in a cold, but worms the wood, and ticks the skin and scratch the itch that plagues the mystic with the false or chicken gizzard in one had that slips it in the other to the local wonder – pastoral briefs collective declassification of the secret hill, the top on which is planted seven charms, and three a grave wide and open with the oversized shank the bone of claws and mandible jaws for crushing more – had you seen it, it were nothing you could outburst taking home – clams withdraw from it, all around, the razors grimace and try to swim away, their undersea foot as best at paddling for intensive swimming – forgiveness in the hairy gourd the planting for repenting, amid restitution and grace by birth which nullifies unregulated blessing and forgiveness – by that and the margins of the bounds remote viewing, curtailing spending on suave and ointment from the lake – sunken stones and stars – pictures, secret playing cards, - one member each of kind – suggest flattering in the virile fires – toast and alone and the string of regurgitations, lime absorbing – monograms still visible from stain incidentally – not to wither from that but to take it -. To form is not albatross of the most defined object in encyclopedic definition of the most defined, of the encyclopedic, in the most refined enough as pictured and shrunken image on the page in the most recourse of concentration, on a page and representing categories – blames then choices of a representation of a blame and encyclopedic category of a line which separated the available things before our current presentation and available distinction (now). Available in blocks drums tubes canisters and vials, the short narrow or fat, thick to bury backyards future, backyard futures. Locks blocked carriage is now reforming, to be streamlined by the waxing of the skins and frames and sliver by which incubation is a barter for a folk tradition or experimental growth – some factor added or a fraction multiplied by geometric use, in amplitudes, the energies extending to the ghost – closer to the skin we recognize, warmer to the poles erected near the lamp for heating of the poles (which are compose of many elements both and, warm blooded and are rounded at selected sections with a ring of eyes, and entrails, and around, a sense of self as well – as the poles are warning too, as beacons or the lighthouse on the rocky ledge, pole, there are more here, the human pattern, here, below, beyond these lamps – underneath the cordial box, light gifts, tapestries, European signs and marks of impressed dated collateral mill states – emergency bout of nativity, dialect, truant martyr travel schedules sewn into jacket sleeves -... who season salts, bias and smoke as entry cue – the striped and spotted rooms compare – have yawned, tallied, tolled then curfew bound the citizen, who country piled into a group for town hall fees – affected several triads in the life bargain – that circulate the minister's violation and

rebirth into a second circular formation, with three other connectives – these are some requirements – have seen flushed of the juice of life as all defined – tears out, offertory, the visitor the beggar in the city, the unknown mask that stumbled into cuts him in a shredder – this is all gloats day – and the night of the barbeque witch – accurate whoever trial tested – misery reduction no having and was walled into a tomb of books and letter – then assaulted in a curse, wrote monthly on the moon great long indictments – shared as well a cough glandular and a weekly spray musk scent marking with a personalized slime – respondents born kneeling in a bath – shares time for them if they lapse alone, mobs, single some the wires though they are and in the gills – but are all as double sided – desert fogs, gentle fanged carnivores, pious monks, dementia – three angels and the compliant pardoner – odd mixed primitive the treated chase, when sales bells rings, in talked hard and the draping on the wall of tapered holes – green demonstration of the color fields as a rendering of the taste that bitter metal leaves when in a room – not the cleaning of or not a binding or a low tone – garb, rating, high personal setting, general original focus, peasant function. Old clan blood weakness, ingrowth. Able grown, deceiving – having swamped into an arriving belt that filled with particles of black lice and orifice, came to recognize the vibration accompanying a soft mass – of brands and emblem encrusted shell remains, legion of questionnaires in questionnaire legions hands were asked for trans-sponsively as with a reading of a sacred word, arms reduced to lower by degree the import leading it to match and then only in parts allowed, transcended, in part as was the way with for instance antique trains – and so with the rolling dump, that travels – one set so for in farm forest turn grips in pylon cycles till it bores into the ground – inside the – manna of removal cores – portions marked for mooring – obstacle barnacle – psychosis, rain barrel – in a large recovery situation, shrinking leans to face in the span of several years in dilapidated fomenting inside a soft hollow fallen tree, consumed by wet moss and salamanders in the shady clearing, rays strike pinpoints – holding pausing in whisper, in cupped copies the hands, then lingering passing through, circle around and making many revolutions encircling the shade but not entering – feels weight, but is not from out, but drooping from the owns bones – have exposures, on the face of it, a simple charge – the wax of it in models for adoration with a wick, - the oil of it, milked and squeezed, a drop for ritual and larger coinage lubrication in a vapor but for aesthetic show, individual, the concern, as was a strip of bark shaped as object of worship pulled from tree with disconcert to force the form, and in a group amassed a batch select, concern to force of resonant woods – in true the rough burdock farm has no purpose, as the storm set in the field, the metal rings and calipers, the grinding stone producing powder, the mechanical blower and the sog extender (with its armature folded fused corroded now, but once it reached the sky) is useless to bring a single drop of rain – chromatic hand movements, gesture also reliant on chromatics of spirit – bundled in a second bark – perhaps as good or better – a sweep (a sound) shaped like a arch but broken clearly composed of pulses – are inflection openings are the mouth, opens wide air, - endlessly horizon, essential closes in, on regarded, but one in large arena, in not occupied, compress the folk image the one adhesive transformed contact skin makes to bloom a thousand points of needling itch – rudiments of snake string, hunched shoulder wise phobic hotly cortical in squares – freakily out the nothing, voided over-abundant filter – raised the low so is confusion relation forced ice dimension vapor packed create direction – then the slay maximum line horizon changing diverting from the horizontal that is a conservation affront that disregards the letter one – in a vertical, impressed on tilting balance expression – allowance of space allotted matter force of form, absolute use – present to all some in a contorted long arm viewing windows lined for viruses and germs, observation ports, the lookout on the passing – the pinnacle and the reader meter, junction housing one arm at the nub, the rest an add on snap adjusted component – **fixed light on a clamp, - put a clamp on everything anything then, - making molecules** – so plunged to lower partners hoisted up too as if mastered what's the best – asked questions to a load of boards – tender is assault, reclusion buried of the deposit as sure as there is a collection of bones beneath the house where summer hippies lived in rural Maine, and freezers having been unplugged with dozens rotted chickens turning to a liquid – fight the

feeble regurgitation in the protected machine mill – greats and fouled morsels are compacted, haves in cattle cars to deliver them their own factory labor done under replicating from the eyelid skin – invigorate a continuous and burst of contact/pressures, quick release to form the dent – implies then the flight and the flying dent as well – nursed on premises that invigoration is an object – as were the pieces in a pan, - of half-melt metal and a child's doll faces down – as often with the wet and smirk the gills come out – then hide at least while rinsing and a patch that keeps the neighbor eyed – again with no eyes nothing seen then has no substance to the light – where is glowing the church cackle or the Halloween mouth as full in as the bell in steeples ring and breaks apart as like a cracked in bottle on the throwing arm, the tricycle boy has thrust out to the swamp and broken in splintered noise and shower gravel with the red paint from the thumb, and carved a print into two castles ever on the hand as was a mark – in it owns the wall, complete with hung out separations of the joints – as pots with plants and due out glazes – which in life converge in air as plates – the joint diary of complainers to inspire, earth sods covered over lesser knowns before the stiffening – well fared, often stopped – be fear contentment – the acid on the fingers – island dweller, forger making adjacent selves – some dots on a hand, a square opalescent embedded into a cheek -... many of those, as signs of covenant – piles rubble, from a word – fly lies out de-crowed out mode through the optic fever – stomach in the food trough – gathered there as well – glad kindred vernacular of the estuary when it washed over the delta – hugely defensive, it was over-lunged. Plaid plans so hatched too, across the boundaries. Fast arms long lingering with a hold of training from a tutor forgotten, - un-witted tumbler race related to an eel – moves according eyes wet transparent lids – rank flat scale, no relational - ...am as fights the foe of self – beats crowd logs – dragon drums – mirrored paint – astute taught is a color range, in blocking out a hue, the air is more become as screens of choices, stripping out and on a plastic option – as much as was a talker and the written word was manacled to a set of acts, it still is such moreover and returns the means and composition styles as nothing lost or skipped through but continued uninterruptedly – timed the art undirtied nothing changed – cornered in a pitfall turns and turns and wanders in place -. Lumber holes beat out to shining concussion – that's a local sign – some indication of convenience too – rubber bands collect around the door knob – it is a hard trammelled way for some, other feeling only ease and fragrant airs. Nozzles in relief. Bordering yearns the cabin and the power to control. Mines dug meeting weakening and earth inverts – here in laces of an ore that turns the teeth translucent stripes – loops as they had seen, in fishing line, to better hold the lead shot, and to better dangle on the end the hook and on the hook the worm, and better wiggled by the angling of the line and luring allure of the cleverly knotted end – iambic holds out long, flush to the ceiling so as to be invisibly influential, but in a fact of interval, not expected from the glossing kit – miasmic expression, in the curdles – melody in fractions near a set of drawers – the gamut to the ear – in error height of medium, drift, without the recognition and, left to the erection from a bud creation in the expenditure the energy to extrapolate the picture of expansive and broad extermination of the cut course, - that unlikely flowering comes forth in once then there would be no audience no vendors merely o a hill, will nothing common and no voice as voice to share the touch of immolation – having had it, is to age, then you wish as immortality an awkward gift, from cruder minds would have it, in the wealth of earth, thus thought that something buys, but what not bought the worth of knowing, without confidence and self, what value and the circumstance of being is engaged -. Blissful odds and measures often put – lay down and chanced to carpenter a hobbled wooden automaton of the foot, extended in the form a torso head two arms and two long pogo limbs on wheels to move along the roads, addressing all affronts against the early coagulations of the organ in that early still expanding case – flights of time in it, egg white and come-uppance – centrifugal pangs, and holding tanks – systemic modeling, in pieces through a series and associative blocks the carbon of it comes untouched but not adaptable as such it is – of for secrets and for implications, half net processes and alternations. A general wax, and unidentified, from out, impossible to synthesize – hides torque distended bolt wells, mosque nine particles of verse conversion algorithms all depended from softened cell substances – amid the

crystalized in a ridge – entails in tales expansive reduction of the ambient line with modes imposed concentrations blocks and spike points – entrails and avenues, pathways – habitat of conceptions, fluff, razor cotton – argues of some grail, a merchandise peddler muscles up to a puddle in the midst of an infection's drought – wave-like waffle imprint for a metal cast plate – from the chest of iron part in the parson's shed – and unlikely as a root for cause, the proud condition of the text that bedtime soft repeats the night – tire's iron blow out links to chain – of flax and shaped rooms known of, dance play-text over the cross mile in a suit of spontaneous rendered spit on black lines – souls sodden dispelled under twice the suns – cognate that lump of undifferentiated color – page composites, ripped wit dribble steeled together print on glue – I ask I am am I the study for something, so coughs up ringlets of smoke and moisture in the bubbles, coffee smells when they pop-. Nations longs and pearl dispelling under the wharf when the low tide exposed the deadhead with the iron loop around what looked to be a secured bone – having had it largely from a still and from a picture of the worker life, a ringing in the ear is all to go by when the recognition is a fact outside the souls authentic spacers – off creation of I in it – someone said a sailor as a word might lend itself to model as a sultrior or a beatior – and refused to use convention in invention in allowance as the hyphenation I said go ahead, I was just the English teacher, - or it stenciled on the calf or alter makes it real somewhere so other channels I suggest – of ways knocks gnomes and means and the jumble from Idaho I know a time – rich enclamped in a house of reason and indebtedness to the shoulder slump of the artisan – musician artist perhaps with a plow or a paper bag and a flattened nose – lost waits the climb, down hat referral limpet having followed brail with fingers on the banister and undercarriage of the car they parked inside the overnight garage – carnations grapes and orange in a flask of concentration, staggering of gardener trellises and life support – its SARS a mask is all I ask – a pilfered lamp had followed him, a qualifying of old, in the lame footed contest before the fathers time return with hatching from the nests from ghosts elixir guild – Europe, drunken monks – soggy pond the past is wading back the ripple is a snake, the feeling are the leaches – mending to, in fashions bleeding something out, old ties again – labeled it a place to go and talk about, library steps a climb at a time, falling up – and, surveyors, and, dirty paws and palms – ruptures, oil pans in the midnight and daily meditation and disciplines, the arc, the duty – following one person then another, who is next – the ridge church, or the cliff church crush red velvet pew covers, and fabric on the alter and podium, offertory gear – gold cross on the far wall so draped – haunted corners of sleep – then distort, then unexpected all on one at once – puts one on one bursts – immediate introduction, when the thin cords move but wipe across from flush positions as of confidence in pain, as thought of opening, that painted on a door – resurrection of fainting glowing – the history of drying bins, the verse and image – for forgetting, odor arrives, remember pine cones on the ground in the snow, and the pitch on the hands – ray the releasing from what it does and overlap into the scene from the believer's cabin on the hill – dynasty of the contained in the flash mud, so wide the encasement for the stars not felt as much as part, splitting vacuums, and the several unable to re-expressed or redeem from where it sank to – as the gene for coating on top of skin and wax buildup keep water repelling, is so made more many more adjustments and a future in practical evolutions side compressed by warm to frigid, immovable tones – domicile by window file in space between in order of their dropping – next – in this spot, a thorn on wrap around, inside as fur – helmet the hot poker cuts through the fiber muff – there are spokes for spinning and for speed pitched sirens – in practiced gestures then applied in contacts, hands were trained in properties of raw supply to generic matter – through the core of concentration, intrusions slice the densities across in tapers cones and cubes of cross cut inadvertence – as the person too when differed split and sliced this way, continuous as through that pipe, until the decree of that supply of matter end – in a dish of forms found fountains pull off and reused but for a crust outside – what have you no applied, that comes insistently until is featured once – so, in all the cases pulled and compacted while it dallies in its own report – grey bales goes in it, it is the journal with the recovering and that a composition tried again reconstituted from those bits – unclothed infiltrate, effective loss through pores

– cross-protestant alternating slide pad and adhesive strips – double side alternating then a set duel properties of each – by gliding apart, to comb together combination catalytic serve single oddical loss tabs mordant – installed digestive principle, locks marred frequent – contest the grow of pattern, frames white blocks, - orderly my groupings, order machine – carbuncle spit attached, gum of Arabic – hadding seen it in the form, was the salt wire earth imposed interrupted dotted slot, - and was the parent of green and cobalt pastures in the Nile ancestry, to the Hungarian strain striped string – unto the power outage a glistening pot – known in the lots and pot's handle, a dangling iron – basic art the radical opinion of difference that hesitates communicating – free in single perforated reflective the orb exposure – connective outing input membrane reaching feelers of the snail – prolong design of contamination units in a beach-stone cove at fore – fails-fore is the study of the convalescence knob – recovery and redemption while restored to purple and the fresh of pink undoing – slow proposing in white wipe pining – banished newness pleats – lost contagions – paradoxical sickle – various the moving corpse of the measure – responsible to the oath – worship gloss the product then the mold – the baffled neck suppressor keeps the turtle turning – they are hypnotized by the slumping of the pond shoulder – it seems inducing them toward an emotional direction which first causes a trancelike state and fatigue – rumblous and the fairy nodules are coming over the staircase, and the vapors as disseminating through the vents – lowering down by rope – there is a monger on the palisade – he has teeth marks on his head – directly decomposing slates retain their chalked message in the air – the arch completely gone, as worn down by the weather on the ridge overlooking the partly flooded glen – on arrival, rundowns ruminations and inverted emotions – after a small amount of retained water – on the slime nail slips your hand and finds you with the rusted point then peeling back its hide it sinks you in it – more borns out of eggs and explanations for the option at the gate – numbers had it, veiled sustained the cultures fading fad – in a reciprocal alarm, the stairs go flat and turn into a slide – the dell is overgrown with one encroaching vegetable – thrown apart, the cloister maze and walls vandal Praha hard rain all again – middles soft as pudding – wanderer in the lost city – patina fiddles grail – another lot, sumptuary in the bigger feast when equal portions bones – accordion walks underpass cross over watchmaker, revolution's aging basement pub – green drink – tartar – overwrought, green crowds, I see things – so much green – cost the pressure switch, tumble time break the rank into scattering milkweed – roadsides. Boardwalks through the shallow swamp, comes out, panicked falling water – bottomless mire, grass clump island salvage ship-tossed canoe – watch the bordered hands cup resisted seal tight as old as wooden pots from slats the air foil, tinkers tin and cobblers patch – rabbit glue back the rabbit – in the heap – valley's mountain on the mend, converts the rumble to stir stew – parts make do – substance doubled, one limber wrist one is fused from break – adds as stocked the basin overflows, without a plug – with the oil, in between the lines, to remnant mark analysis in practice finer arts and better gripping, subtle in the hold release – moored outlines, can't – found corners, round out limited brim secured gauge gear – for black hair frost extremity -, all the hollows packing space – discharging fossil – what they see in concentration where the hair sprouts thick and cords wind tight defensively and juices dense supply the molecule without the structure – rodent through the air of the nerve tubes message pump then what is relative and what the body for of one. In a jumbling the pages rebound every book unique – cart tires solid wooden with wooden spokes and wheel barrel tire solid rubber and contrapted meadow parts made breathing machine with the log and glacial stone wheels – that today we know dystopian that before was making do – dissection early signs the nightlight shaped the mouse, the warped wood frame contracted differently the plywood backing of the mirror buckled, with it too combinations forced the mirror surface into hills and plains, with bubbles and depressions looking into it to better shape the things come back to you – how on the animal the saddles grown to hold upright the four feet man, detested by both clam and leach, defaulted to the mule, on which he claims – in the empty can-like vacuumed silence as it is with peas and vines-after-grapes – as the layer drops the eggs and rests when at the end which is wherever its path finds the obstacle – the many to the thrown toward the open or

the closed depending, warm or cold and hibernating too extending into speaking roles in silent modes, the transplant like it, with the choice of privates and, the private-tarry use when whistled on the one avoids the thumbprint and the elbow to the finger-tip the tonal cluster – set apart by block – so what so fat and long and epidemic as the investing rush into the cave with the cold of suction into dark that is a brown color describing infinity – into that is further let the thousand ways of drinking from what's dry – so such that technical and adages and technical and retreats of idiom result instruct and offer transfer for the immigrant – would hatch in translated value and rubber standard, graphic stages equivalences -. Keep instead the crying and the elbows crossed – in the grand rock rested motionlessly in becoming, alters in the millionth part and then in solid time, behind the vapor day and shifting mood – in the studies and the joints the juice for style with wedge spigot and a little dangled tin -. Grains that milked from baths encourage tumors ships that travel, lumps in seaweed popping in the sun and floating with them belly-up - spoiled smell, informative spreading, contracts sockets nasal connector – lulls sad mood, siren romantic song, arias – eyes in clusters they prepares are clouds or hives -. Then pushes back of hands and protrudes of confidences, eyes hypnotic, eyes conveying expression and the doom of hoped objectivism -... flames unintended furnitures apart, glowing mix of Indonesian carving and lathe turned factory fodder – red embers – now all the purchases are gone – empty house shell, drawing pictures all the charcoal, confining rooms, holds and discipline, stories, cones, chimney, cracked plant pots, scorched window glass, plaster gypsum – forums preservation, records missed meetings, -... remains casting, perfect firm argues, stymy sodded backyards, gone – how and highly visible, and how is truncated and shrunken, wobbling in a socket hole – one mind comes, in parts but quickly separating until one is not seen in the viewer's frame with the next – shod covered djinns and Danish sheep milk on the varnished board, wilds. Crisp elect projection, - through seeking drops the plan – sty form as sliced through in the aura – comes some out deep green now and as with bubbling – wet veils peeled surrounding housings hinged scales keep hostilities from the parts – in of focused group hob-knob drifted across the slanted plain and if laying inclined to roll on it or end up waking on an edge, deciding fate for accepting memberships the communal living right – to take from air – inside the inside contrivance, frost limitless the shifting airs the wind central and the colds and heats central, in their own forts and valleys as they plot their thickening as staging and as local show, - and tours – behemoth too, leviathan with the scorch mouth – pensive soft through it slight through undisturbed the roughed nervousness the veins stand should they shift to separate along the razor tip – some different subtle washing – sky born, plasma's reach over bulwarks – beans of repacked character – since see the Rhine, is it crazy like the Charles and Penobscot three rivers course my life and inheritance – the clock in Praha and the cloister, hard rain – carved outs the stone and ghostly eye sockets see the dwellers wanderers emptied gates and black night finding cottage beer hall wandering – Praha dreams digestion, Taipei mumbled sans storm from China grinds down the street in Taiwan, should seem the same a foggy day that sands and smooths the flesh of marble – frogs come out in it, and earthworms but too is it coming quake or just the pouring rain to early warning denizens – the run away the waking dragon in the ground – ripping wide outs the globe earth, puts punctures in it as the ball deflates gets surfaces remote conflagrate quaking sounds and gaskets letting out the balloon squeak mast – comes up from below lost in the gale that turned to spinning hoop – is many this more time rotundary – roundhouse in the wall sharpener, the charcoal and the seal across the rounded wall and cone inside that scopes us – not in you than not in elsewhere too – is a cataclysm with a sticky chaff and web that drips honey – grinds delusional nightmare, not releasing from the dream then let to loneliness having not one self to proclaim in that abyss – does not scratch nothing in it, as with a poem on the eye-white when nothing remaining to a stick but a grain of grit inside along the lens -... half heightened, oceanic twice again, waits for returns to grand states – when there is profound lapsing, a bargain trail, a row of shacks along a night market route – picked packed piece of ivory, tooth, clam shell tusk/ scrimshaw on the jaw – museum tones of red paint, symbol scratch – as with patches uv muck on the doorstep, the open porch

summer hotel, the season rests on the morning air, the windshield dewed – blue lobster, seventy year old lobster, hatchet, mudflats strangled fox – ticks – the mooring moves – heaving snail – cannery drew box with the edges extending into the open top which has a square shape, - advance of one progression over another in symbol coated rows, divided by a clan of characteristics, a battery of dissent – locked protrusions in a dream condition when the arms and legs attempt to move but are paralyzed – round about in your discussion plans, and in your tropes and attempts at story lines and event contours without pretension or imitation in simulacra nature minds of men, batteries of female wisdom and other standards – breaks the charge, breaks the poles and posts they volt on – correct intoning, a gash of filter – the weight of beams – many editions, each issuing a glut of imitation and update world—view, overstock to fill the crates for packing future copies – to be self-magnetic, then eye closing and sudden rushes of speckled light in the background – piercing as javelin poles fly by thy head in closed eye – vibrating first light as charm them to rattle as curses – then inside a bottle and shaking – fore flies poster in postures and positioning in a crouch to suddenly propel – frog hop battery on the side of the container or the bird in the attic window when it is exhausting – on the fields these plains in the underground of mantle and subway channels amassed in the bedrock of shoulder to shoulder, escalator – as the nightmare reduced to the picture in the locket, it in released unexpect(tion) shows go to look to open it to see the calming grace that draws to other ends stillness intimidations growling suddenly and as a wind is almost to keep it from your hand but pushing on to open it Pandora sees in coming back to you, the archetype grace note with a grinding wheel and on a belt advancing in a spontaneous shape, whatever it takes and from wherever this occurs it borrows quickly without contemplation or thought, as does a magnet select in occupation and vicinity with urgency a mechanical device of choice – and there you locked there locked that for whatever is the state compacted in these convergences – euphoria trapping, demi-scopic under tension. Faced flashing eyes skin sensations, rubber railing the escalator masses, hummm, sweat masses, blurring blurring. Poster poster poster video ad. Melting into pasture. Cow ad. Who am bland marvels. Can see afar. Far blindness. It all unravels at the octave. There is a speaker motivated to arrive the night before last. He will find a way. Sensational fixing a pad's relenting. Old magnificence in baggy coats, trousers. Swarming flat beds, trucks caution bees, cow dung. Bales nails thumbs and wasps in tangled hair nets -. Spikey fish, - fire pokers. Contractions mark the pink membrane – off on the celebrated purple, first applied presently in the stack – safe hide amalgam, short staff then incomplete floor thumping the eye watched darting in a line to the heart. Solved pleasures moved to triggering response – under slight pressure stamped, sour. Arrested figures sands, converts to protective wood, dry leaf and stone-melt plates, percentage, lens cloned objects duplicate from memory reminding and the catalogue. On dedication pages many sheets compressed translucent thin and crisp, have in the case of information pulverized, rehydrated and in psychology boxed in chapters – falls the said of boat loads, until deck wash – side winds snake crosses forms the grains – delivered maximum borrowed proposition as would in carving purpose produce from hours and a duty an extent of fine attention. Has far and felt in far something a far-abroad-ness as displaced in a more perfect way from location. The leaves of the accumulations in between. The leaves of the tree are moving by the lamplights it is from the first move and awe and stare the murky screen – are black and white greys – scratch the many waves of stopping – shake off having as the waiting for no things. Free in that and now in this. Cut cage wire, the hole is perfect with the clips or by the beak. Wayfarer after breezing through, each evidence a separate clotting -. It is as the second hand of rehearsal. Inoculation dish, a single flower on a glass stem – into preoccupation glyph – the healing of the crown of the head in contact with the switch, the closing of the young skull portions – there the ray is followed to the trees, the leaves are falling and the bare stiff branches rattling old men's bones high in the air, grey day sky. It is otherwise a pure and cold picture in a tight time constrained set. It is loosening up to precipitate -. The wagon wheels are solid in the puddle of thermo frost mud – a century come and gone, femur. I am not unlike me. Stay grade. Par lance coursing. Votive torch. Reunion of shattered windowpanes. All in, march

securely with twine. Straight the granite knee. Salt bags leaches, stilts, body lotion, contact microphones, jumper cables fuses, wooden trunks, nightdress. Binds masses in ruin. Culture worm holes in collateral. The sunlight encourages the stove. Progress barrel-chested through morning streets. Villages. Sausage, stealth. Dispensed with making, borrow, buy. Rain green drops of sleet at night a windshield. The mounds of growth move on, slowly. It is a parade of many days, a train of converging slowly to join – first arrival takes the lead, and fall in place thereafter. Dumbstruck with sticks and waffle irons, sash weights. The contraptions vegetables in the rotting sun. (all sun spot) It is the celebrated ripe day. Several men and women find they are running carrying heavy objects, and bundles of cords which unravel and trip them over the side edge – it is part of the trap for weeding – as is state college, and using cosmetics. Glaring light with heavy snips. Inherit a dish. Clip on sunglasses. Stripes. Nothing is in a clasp or mind. Even the air there is thin. Snow melts as it falls. Father imagined with two peg legs, dancing and pulling apart sushi with the tips of his pegs – he would never eat it – shredded pork – commitment ceremony – sunscreen on the skylight – in an age of passing – going, further restitutions, blank slated in the seed screen, there is causeway damage from the storm and from the tumbled casters –shorts foliage broadened and electrified by static are in partial red zone, and infra radio-wave – hobbled by the concern of mothers – child bearers, trunks and envelopes – the take turns in passes each, then stay in place, as at then and beyond where they can see there is tie up and confusion, someone has pushed a prize pumpkin into the water spout, immediately diverting the flow of current to a towing station – unexpected wheel chains and floral patterns, other occidental results – normally into wall cracks and sieves, but on spontaneous codes makes slashing motions and forms lips around grills and subject manifolds – giving them two ideas, they run fluently through while practicing retentions, beats and whispering songs opening and closing -. Pools and puddles resound, the lack is open for viewing, parted water, stepping in it rushes down – so the puddle, mud collapsing on the sides of both your shoes -. Gova Noetrum land flat composed, infallible grinding fossil task form, with parchments and multiple leveled stone filters – boulders give way to standing stones, head shaped sized and throwing stones and pocket rocks and pebbles and sands and powdered – then production of the suite involves the ‘scapes and airs imagined from the spirit, and the soul is dowsed in fingers made to point and hands to pull and package matter made for dreaming – even devil’s hooves the world is made for us they all retort, with drift and log sized plants, and trunks of water barrels, sifted thoughts in grains held beaches silos and the farm of covenants – shorn of this devolved of that, pure and made slick with a grease – in punctures air it, channels smooth for passage – in vile translation of the ocean widening theme of the personal spread without bounds – fight honour right and place – one in a moment with the thought comes out your brow fully expressed – nothing if not the carnal and vitriolic sound of your voice, of one voice in a tin – braved seclusion and the recluse, banded iron wide wire on the forearm of the skin – placed in tattled lance choir, pipes toot higher pinnacle belfry gong – all around in surrounding concentric circles plainly hear -. It is uncut pipe slates and planks falling off of the wagon mired in the dirge your song – it is the coffin bearer with his stomach upturned, the radiator glowing the steam motor driving tons across the waste from use – so cancels morgue appoints vacuum time – stillness as no other, - docile loin effect -, grape mash, seed spitting – many times on a tile floor mopping up to purple stain on vinyl with the smell of must and yellowed paperback, collapsible beds and TV set with a vertical roll – it comes down the hard glass handle boring in – no scent sensible except for burning hair and towels on fire – nothing there you should result, and taken by a road end up at a fork. Slime producing, water soluble sudden look away. Painted tassels who am I and you adroit in your configuration. Practiced yard advantage -. The line of ointment raised display on ligature – freedom breaking away, airspace, atmospheres speckles of breathable particle lessen personality ascending to a line one end in oxygen the other untangling into blackness – and bowels nocturne in the hollow earth myths, elves and sunken graves – abdomen slips and palm prints pushed into the clay you fired – puts slouched down smolders, others forms like fester into a bottled or lock filed selection – is likened to a study with samples – bar mix weeds crackers- the

elegant to go away, to silk and satin, to velvet and linen canvas and a water pipe half lid turban Czech youth – remote cracking brittle and the fragile spectacle – tooth used parts groaning, substitution – foster bloom-age frail partition patterns, galvanized muss – veteran shades of bark, cough tacks into the hand – power blasters smoke stained drills – slumped posture for achievement through pores – stand grandiose nodes on stiff-backed spine ridge mountain – for the flowers to roughage and the pots to wind, circular motions in and against flows of solids – portamento within reason – struggle to constipate the bracelet hold on bodies regulated by the tide – muscle fat punctures data plumage strobe – eyes in the sun, crackle, sparks pops – stopped in contrast positions, - highlit by fever – borders though age faded to albino, next to baked black strips of creosol – standing hams, helds positions, obscure – bumpers – rival nostrils – grace spoons hail and dry mouth, - bowls infractions on wide lapels and wider bowl flairs – comfort limbs strongholds weak cords – strapped to frequency, note as to program functions, series in a bowl – a bowl of short retractions – born walking hand gestures and back bracing exercises – the range of royals dumps out the clouds, yawning baths of holes the sky is pocketed in its flight from the suction – brail disasters proof that flat fish should be marked and hunted down – dead pants – deposited into the caldrons of the shank martins – dynamos and chromatic blurring – cheese-like churning oppresses the old blood – rack stations in tournaments recruit the immediate – ones retires ashamed of it – for roughed clusters stir as feathers – soots and sharpened tips, waxed edges muffed with cat hair – style tramp wounds, - boils picked appointments and object sets, matching in relief – subset math – hoof powers eight pin full rotatory function rubber sheet service – false sizing, - immersion therapy in cold melon paste – you will get through this – it is a posting – snap off blocked fail supports, open air – firefly jar tar tracks – milk at dusk – soon sold pieces for burning – recent mazes acquire lost communities – fracture back the saltine crumbs – slipping into familiar things now, dreams as grey powder - swaying attachment, who's closures and blue paint tins beckon investigation - when in the pine, the fingernails first should be trimmed, as it is risked the damaged to the finger – ordinary, off and altercating with the mass which dries by layer differently depending on adjacent parts and layer level in the whole – and grand sized where you start, to progress, in a composition with the substance in that form as score – lame legs so that other feet should grow, such in always strange the start but adapting as the change of diet or the walk from home to store or church, that nothing gains from stasis as collapse is in required modes of travel – so you know, and are informed, the instinct you suppress – when in peeing finishing you turn another way, thus like a maestro to direct – conductive in gesture or, in substance galvanic – the law can not touch him, the family then should not – dried out the influence, freedom – into the out with low doorways and the bright paint, with the stone floor and the hard bed, and low table, shifts into the myriad – and, the dump of log liners, remember the blue plastic, in the rites and dreams passed on, the ritual of the coke bottle, the wire floss, the latex joints in the UV black sun – double forms a leg and helix with the other star – cold in the joints in the flying apart of empty preoccupation – as the space migration or the math whiz – instruct, conduct, bracket with a soft stuffing in the sharp aluminum corners – disturbed by movement – rising rest, tightly contracted perceptions to repeal – removed the salvage sign. Still all up in perfect tubes stapled to the ceiling so am up, they as flies run through as entertaining, as stark reminder of the stark, and the making of small currents wing powered. Tape labeled primitive stenciling, odd number so a simple set for ordering and interrupted sight by blinking makes an animation. Fly legs run on when not flying, the walking fly should be addressed. Concerns for discrimination, without distinction. One drop lands outside of the container. It is sealed without it. It is missed. Rhine soaked none never clouded, fogs blast out the emitter –city and oar lock quake – having sawed, over sawed seen the purposing – no runs off the hang in to a method of looking toward a light for blinding – clams as having been jamming into the space between strings, allow for down-tuned crackled and the range between the octave and the cables run from pole to pole and razor clams have learned to fly – on you are these battish projection or a rivaling attention in the storage bins and crevice launching, where the wasps come in – from buzzing it is stepping motors into grounding

out a slowed down to an earth rumble and a floor cracker thing the walnut shell and think the floor and see it – riverbed of moss and devils, - gong the rank beating and the slumping in my own covering of mold, elegant on the slumping post when up the back seems upright of the man – heeds had broken into the well of deep obtrusion – make a mark the devil more the smear – avenge proceeding – what incisive things, broken apart, ruptured in the pipe too lack – dissection conforming the bind, with an imprint, the half-moon on the spine, a ghost has lapped the floor for favor – one parts from their elbows gushing. Fashion of the grape, what is of holy burst, and to pass on lips -. Some part free others staked to the ground – mixed community – import knotted bank-light of the river superior – the conviction to fine shaped to discuss separation of the stones – sell tormenting immediate pressures on the colony makes the individual in his chamber flinch – rejection of the known of the established thing to become unrecognized to be born inside of a barrel – the melds molds the avalanche in track stocked attack supplied by antonyms fever – souls blockage with draft pins fully plunged and locked, contude out of proportion. While normalized supping on the caustic brine plate, de-graced soil pits collateral and surfacing cheese once one remains yearly – bacterial rubs and back laugh comprise most nervous tokens -. Steady states the fact. Sparked sacked nodes in the up-strung contuded marsh felt pressed sow fabrics – rails boundaries habit retention fast in application – flies long mix – repeat following, grass milk – goads the fringe, the curdled mess in the rink, forms attachments, feather fern strands, - carved, most patches from tree bark and grubs – the current welds it open in magnetic seal, such running down the sides, as coagulating in the corners of the basement, such that build it up again and jails the new one lenses looking to the first again – exactly what it was like to sledge this down – a saddle re-conformed, the back the thing, in the pasture, rode once more, the shot that riddled the sawhorse with the hide – a wide followed by a narrow expression. Pretended focus. Not the ranking in the paths of beheaded quarters. Breaded for all reasons – options listed with a clause in case of illness – evacuated Albany, the bumble jitter toward a golden entrails bowl described the royal gel in latent terms – inscribed, demurred – traveled light, black bullion, dried eggs – repairing moral error, soft, spun cloth – are to be in competition as the first test, additives in secondly – compacted high density essence as the third choice put upon – thus how bodies of the future. Many part formative furrows. The spines retard the fence, in time replacing, with a membrane in between to keep the rain. Is a hybrid with the water tight basket form. Grimes pipe laden, coming out of the ground at the end of the trench, the dripping, flows from it yonder a grill, at locations down a hill – beside the road a field a fence (with spines) and swamp. Fore-grown parts, annoying, (to the bird) product in the sun, the smell paper mill. Desertification award ceremony amid the downpour – dry hail – as with unproductive spewing – promotion withdrawal. Five caster legs. K bar, dragging. Reinforcement collaboration – boils instruments – burdens proof, shavings on the asphalt – was green in the valley, against the sounded bird board, while there a concentration was escaping through the imperfections in the veins of minerals – some that in protection from the layering also went on to exploit layered illnesses – in the spring, they come with hay fever – it is amid systematic activity and rest – there is a leader and followers – they mimic a bird which mocks them. This is the essence of the bird board. Salts assist them. Walks end the same each time, stumbling over the same pop rock. It is an existence carved in lard. Stopped by digging trenches. Compulsive lower throat sounds. Counter to the mining, air purification, dehydrated fern, reconstituted dermal oils from previous odd years. Rubbed and discernment packages, with application forms supplied with stylus – invested inquiry – entry patterns are etched on the molding with round each room. How much more with intent. Contrast the rock slide. It as caps top moving pictures, defrayed readings neck lace tightens silk and cord – lowest setting for nicking the floor with a blade – traction – unearthed, spouts and opalescent liver pods – mild gland, the scent repels of digestive worms, confidence of tin digestive motors respondent fees and digestive copper casing round the emerald cyst – as an air based project, the median is as provider rooms the hall and requests a finder's prize – ox filled study, silos and grain contribution diverts the pay, ox hormones hang the atmosphere in humid spas – lessons. Foils circulate

the sensation of tiny legs on the skin – solidly and through and by a wave a fiber through the windy glass
brittle vapor, returns to, and irritates a hairline – unbeknown where oxygen has entered the room,
gasping in the corners – waits the weather’s shaky grounding – detest in the mean a general wild guide
to how the door should work on every hinge -, in nature – to bear and bison, and the mammary of the
seal – there is grating, on infernal flooring - faded wide the pigment runs along the range and out –
telling by all concerns, -

As a the huh was

What something else

Wa ot worst than imagined

What was in ut

Wa uz as much as the was is how much was accomplished as made with the shovel
As what sorts the soil

Bon void odd je

Crucial tuna

Laps the rink and laps the cat seat laps the sweetness, lapse the rendezvous

Olds a a a a a trunk in the attic marked, a cat in the pine stale brute dry split boxes in the stacks

The

Deep

Sea

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Flowing

Second

Toward

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Feet

Were

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Sash weights

Or

Was

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Your

Friend

So

Should

Have

Asked

A

Better
Swimmer
Out
To
Lunch

Sawing

Cluck chunk of wood, a block the embankment

Radiant river, night spools

Conjunctive
A lot the lot lot

Lot was not
the blessed

flabument ite us
collective roost
bolder barriers
the fizzing in
inoculated
reaches
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in the rain, was

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the altered cheekbones

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a real round

muffin

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the whale

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share the rake

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phosphor

run
need

relent
spawn

bills made fresh with rinsing
undisclosed reversal pool
in the rusty sink contestants
disgorged by planning, past
cut it out, with the old shard
rip the word offending binding
it is not what you do it is
not because you are important

dressing room

what you write
but because you
are a writer
stuck in the soul

don't look here, don't look
at me, look over there, there
is nothing here for you to see
I said don't look at me, what
are you, blind? Stop it and now.

Don't eat that food
it is not for you it is
for the gods and don't
breathe the incense
because, that too

this fertile chunk of
what ever it is is
uncomfortable, I wish
I could find a saw, I would
saw myself free from this
block of whatever it is
at least it is fertile

this might pass into the
next room where someone
else will claim it and I will
lose my value in it
having just hit a poison
patch here, hold onto the rail

after you start, you will never stop, you will not control its life the way you think you can
so starting draw out the reason as a taint, to be sucked from inside to the air which kills it

dried berries but the seeds inside have a very sharp edge much as the tiny frog's bone cut your mouth
when eaten too in the wake of a yogurt sauce has had been waited for on too long houred time, now

as does a bunion
beating at a window

this is how the choice
is, one for another, trade

not one muched in
those much lit ways

too muching leaves
too many spaces out

retreating to the
hunting blind

unliked in the
favored pinching

done in by
richness of
shitness of

that gland's part
secreted once
hiding now

the underside
roped on to
the wooden brace

keep the faithful
store the resting
sleep disables

soot filled tin
the tinker pills
or oysterman

extracted through
the pinhole white
nubs represented

ut nut ut tu			short sight	wall strum	vegetable
appoint	rejected score		fractured glass case	exchange rated	
spin	port	ever-ness	steeled	the soft embrace	rented suits
new	lies		the mongrel	shorted by fact	the grime in the cup
outdoors	protected		by the screen	the tear invisible	to but the fly eye
worst	include		doesn't mean	to settle for	but more demands
green		truant	disinclined to	represent a thought	in wax
iron,	place		the shield	disconnect	the red wire
ut nut		brands	token wings	stiffened back	bristles growing
shoot	which		is a growth	too quickly	as if misunderstood planting
truck			looking	toward	beating out

pumpkin
stained
the garment
and the seeds
became
dry and sharp
but couldn't
cut through
callous
scale and
cluster of
the nurse's
hopes to
mother up
the race
to end
the final
race

was a nugget
given to the
second or the
first son to
be born in
celebration or
a pressed gold
figurine of
Mickey Mouse
it seems a
glaring trope
big enough
to still a life
why would
want to
shorten
something
short
enough

the artist colony
enforces
leisure

two
one
three
count
down
seven
nine

six
count
ing
down
flesh
droll
able
ligature
armament

toot
farm
well
water
wing
wished

count
down
two
one
three
arrest

the
man
who
arrest
the
who

arrest
arrest
count
down
two
one

three
two
one
three
off-wetter

under-current

obligation-carnival

restitution-beating

convolution- flower

instigation-flax

shoe-control

bath-buttons

sort-angel

crux-annex

saint-bathtub

rubbing-call
mold-firmament
basin-shale
stew-pole
load-ginger
rim-stoppage
ranger-slink
shore-caster
bang-footage
manger-stub

shopped inside
the indie caravan
at which time
tinkers came and
performed their
initiation into
the secret
family
guild
lo

it
was
behold
I am the
one who
you have
chosen to
follow you
who are the
masters in the
end of what one
wishes when one
feels alone though
never wish too hard
on any thing you want
because it comes and you
are more obliged than you
had ever thought possible
indebt controlled and only
valued for what you would
bring to empty slotted and
reversed a wave of wonder
morbid, too, dehydrated in
the ended time, when salts
can be resold for cost, the
rest in articles of cloth and
sacks for wear, and trinkets

melted down to studs that
link you to the earth and in
their fear, too keep you low
inside the earth, in burials
with still of question, so not
clearly marked, and that, in
fear is what is posted, in an
answer to the note expected
that you wrote before flight
if you assuming had suspicion
and the distrust of themselves
plunging out the way the yard
and measure of the eccentric
land works, forced against the
sea way of the fathom and the
deep six, distrust of the land is
typical and sound as well as
suited well as the rolling in the
paste is common for the farm
of mind, but sea of course is
hull based and the galley spent
another place to go in mind may
be the south of seas and to the
north beyond the north which
takes you to the deserts spent
but you should be so trusting as
to fathom that, that in a place
with heat and cold or dry laps
round the sea you should claim
for the body down for once, you
should make amends and place
a final lodging as you must all
stop in some due course despite
regressing outwardly in some
directing sure all and it must
more like the drunk is walking
in the quagmires and is lost
dealt
bottled
tangled in
seats of
treated
wood
caning
cycled
sounds
variously
garble

you are distorted it is unpleasant to see you are misrepresented is it really what you are perhaps
fly fishing
contra live
bait fishing
you are like a stove which s overstuffed not only with kindling and wood but with rinds and plastic

it is something he had never considered, but when he saw his friend do it, he wanted to do it also
once rescued
sea salts
kiss ground
don't be flying overhead again because if you do I will throw a rock and knock you out of the skies

two cats fuck or two cats fight it out it is unclear which way the exchange in the street is going to go
false tail
size shape
head deceit
the condensation on floor soaked into the manuscript though obscuring some enriched other words

she said you are the grand fallopian though I think it was meant as a compliment as it is close to her
what do
they expect
when finished
there is a charter but there are no tickets you should access the bus through a window after sunset

they knew there was sickening in the air so they ate the fish anyway, knowing they would regret it
lush violin
sections fill
creative vacuums
if the hammer head hadn't flown off in mid swing down, it might have hit his head on the upswing

sunlight in the day malfunctioned and regaled the light of the street lamp which clock timer failed
slide one
smooth move
otherwise stay
wealth conformed him as was often the case that possessions cost more than the values of it only

all stuck in there every which way dug out in the cellar like a charm dried on the hip and dangling
shaved uppers
lowers woven
arms waxed
who invented it they wondered when they found the box containing mechanical armatures for boxes

flashing states
down-dressing
confusions go
renting parties
absolution bids

margin content
wrinkle rolled
static feeders
uncle clamant
often canticle
lessened gore
waste prophet
what she gave
proposes who
the hope that
lingers higher
on their stilts
our formalists
newer histories

have import into
lockers posters
suited to those
lumber on with
rudder chopping
misunderstanding
confirms a rupture
single minds holds
reduce a breaking
domed by icecaps

but what should
or counting,
a card holding
may shun
rope swung on
the man said they

patchwork
singles
mitered
slumping
shoulder
flouter
conflicted

offal pile locked
grazing pictures
in our labyrinth
stockyard cattle
barns and earth
the grasses free
the seed replies

stopped predecessors
coast through the eaves
often more than relative
builders' shoulders and
who should quickly and
twelve rights and ropes
then the robot patches
multiple relational dots
sweeping up the pieces
suddenly a sliding sheet

it be like when you
if you should stop what happens
in an excruciating concentration
prestigious slide trays emblazed a golden dish
managed treatment converted into
were sickened by the thought of constant

piecemeal
canticle
shale tiles
intricate
collar
master
stillness

as the patterns
monkey bites
a glowing ire
their mouths
firmly adapt
lined papers
then confirm
placed twice
sharp to glue
a head is off

fold storage
pained begun
recollects softer
elbows aches
perceive lime
written over
against shingles
removed oldest
replaced oldest
messed best

have let it out of its box
numbers, stalling...
formal info
holy wise the mild odors
cabinets with keys
joining

wage scale labor
bellhop wire
bedded roof
saltine boxes
broken bone
donor state
bordered wool

with generation
would as one be as the one to shape confusion

battle broken standard, muscle carriage

sew a thread
a little red thread
do it into a cloth
a little blue cloth

if they can't go than you should ask the ticket

without boiling, the reason for eating the egg is lost
turned and roared, and left an unaccounted sheet

the plastic bag avails everything that has ever

constipose
fostlimal
calumbinc
dwillnosht
roofookoost
wifdogh

sounds like

ong ge donge
sha ker luffie
burd stut zooc

is like

sickening poke
sliding rule
under spell
forced doctrinaire
facial lament

with the note of

zifff ga
mus loup
zofutet tiz

The first stop, the first sound, - is also the last stop, the last sound

Who's clown, my own – then frame it – removed the voice and there is a hole in the throat like this one

What a splendid afternoon – I heard it in a movie – there was a witness to a splendid afternoon later

There is an adjustment terminal near the beach behind the calico house – three people know it is there

Be for still, it is worth placing, that a monastery door has not been closed for a year – though not in trust

It was just an opening in the clouds, but it clearly winced before it smiled, and a wind was heard as well

It was a deep thick muffled independence like sleep, without dreams

Walking with an abnormally rigid spine, it seems drawn from a bad or early movie, unsure of normal
Stilled some boxes have no sounds or only chirps and grand or unrecognized acts upon those inside
As wholes, there is unity when cement is poured into an enclosed frame, like that dreamless sleeping
Oxygen tank one and two, the hissing of loose nozzles, or is it the liquid nitrogen, but I have no dreams
It is bad for nerves even those suspended, not to have the company of the idle discharge and result
Elected in affinities of the novel, to concern with interesting convolutions, and the problems of faith
Am the involving in complete appeals by phone, or lake water, how to communicate from deep away
Shaping of the functions lost in time, travel to the sealed ends of the tomb for the framing of the past
Opposite and you oppose the sinking, when a rest results in logging of the limbs and speckled webbing

Focused can it sleep can it not, to satisfy the first need not to be

Shoo the flies if you would eat alone, as they demand not only company but sounds of conversation too
There are many and of them some many and lonely and unending, through their gills expected to be still
Still it rung without its crack, but with it, welded, rang out more, conflicting in it as it harbored ghosts
Dotted sounds, and clipping making sharp metallic penetrations, in the principle consorting at the desk
Face tending three free lashing the eye, cheek dampener the sound barrier bored out mass concluding
Underneath the crowns are bushes and weeds, and running through their stems are auntie's laments
Legacy suppressed something, always comes back, not to be denied buried or bullied by those OTHERS
who have not ... in a scale or on it of the things extrapolation of the line themselves alone should make -
not putting forward a law, but as an adamant or enthusiastic pressure, someday, openly firm -
disguised by definitions and maneuvering is coming to the word avoided broadly dredged proud or of no
alternative availing "I" said "I" said "I". Field officials but in some more opposing camps, is slaughter
language, they were more a function, nameless I recall, and placed to interfere and more, to be
abutments or an obstacle when one was needed to advance the artist's state. That is as comes a view.
The strong up-bolt reason forming in the ice of early solidity -

in risk, the I remits a bounce before it rests the weighted bottom have shifted loose as it is on resting to
the point attracted to the opposing weight which keeps its I in place, and in it, spreading scope and
reason, as a ball-ish form in every direction which is keeping it in shape - of the tendency to out in every
possible direction of the round -and should I conclude something but it depends on who I am. Mine is a

construction but not a fabrication. Mine is predictable, but not resolved. I am a consolidation of back and forth. But still disruptive outbreaks. I remember back to about the age of two. This is from then, first – yet already other time is interjecting. I will it come, somehow, whatever. It is ripe and true. Many inventions. A corrosive quip, as there are many splash and thrust, so much that they are my measure. I am radiant, I am happy with it, that there is misunderstanding and the stupid gaze – even so to be intentioned it is nothing to me but for rememory and the cohesive effect on young energies which matter nothing but to the ultimate composition and to the story of supposing. Blended by such never blinded, I am made, from opening to closing. I am a tide, as complete as the cycle in a season, - and I that second year -. Before of born, into a place called Blue Hill on the day of the year on which Mozart died, December the fifth. No memory but of a big house on a hill, then two years hence a tractor in a field that turns over potatoes in Aroostook finding odd shapes taking home and putting on the sill in the kitchen next to blue jars there to catch the light.

The I the artist is always in an exposure, but to truck it on itself, to look back without a hook or lie in mind to live inside the world and still be notified with honesty is superhuman to the cause, to face it truly as was done, but hard is best, and this is that, and also in the second year.

Something has emerged as rainbow does, as thirst and ice-water, and small startling on first sleep. Streamlined in a lopsided mode, the imbalance of the life self in reflection or possibly in some way observed or if considered as aborted in the track of intention while the spirit always rolls beyond the consciousness, there is the better part in conflict of its parts. Two years then what refined things suggested in two years or the image in the retort implies is left unclear.

Casting into the slating pool, wrings out and provides the linen. Morph to fuel, divided variously the day breaking and can't be stopped or events altered from expectation – size reserved, case specific, wide garden narrowly stripped, forks and fingers running into edges of properties and facility – wound tethers, snake sweat and a musk cloud coming in over the ocean fence posts melted cold barley – circular reason, round table talk about, even distribution of influence, - tail matched head, spontaneous gumption flattens responding – grassy field, pasturage – eye gear, implanted receiver – limbless celebration, - rotating socket marched belt tower wires – tree ferns, shade trees. Distracting lows from options – are black spots in white or white spots in black, white enamel trunks are stacked but in selected directions, and slightly angled on top of each other – a low black platform covers the floor, its surface is an expansive lip hinged on one side, which runs in four directions out of illumination – you should walk on top of it to use the room, but this makes it impossible to lift the lid. There are some nice white chalk lines, painted over with a sugar finish. Bright shines the curtain. Hero's behavior there is a dense wood rod I would make it out of mahogany, it passes through 2 wide yokes, several arms lengths apart, there are three bells with iron cast loops at their base, strung through the rod, they may be pushed to be rung, but it is with great strength as they weight more than several human bodies combined – each other the three ring against each other in their attack and sound, while tuned approximate to the like pitch overtones and beats are rampant – it is a general call, the meaning may be as wide as endeavor as the sound contains huge ambiguity – four tempts in a grinding wheel, then is cast white water-iron blue in a frozen spiritual ice, the ghost of hanging vapor – that as sound that clings and does not travel, what vibrations are in harnesses – without second, the sustaining thought a steel pump, the container state, rendering the shape, proposed in supposition to angle and volume, caldrons – the one is spinning in boxes, the one is emerging in a magnetized explosion of solidified vibration which is a matter in passage everywhere at once – one thing in its scales of insects – some one nothing had participated, so in basic evacuation, projections which begun from toss brick in baskets, salvaged sights from any due course found, made claims the bounty often takes on the main limit's curse. It as the wet wheel, some dynamic

physic suspended from a tangential point or obscured location – there are fog fringes – resulting beach glass, glass beach, windows down to bedrock and lava flows – encased moving picture in the reminiscent amber – is the greatness of influence and invisible ghost hands – in views to those beaches, where the suffering and glass have gone, and see the sheet with its holes move along the rivers glowing – tires out with arms and exhausts from attached rods and objects screw to bones – all changes and testing, retreats going forward like an advance I mean – abandonments preparedness for another – there is a fifth from a four installment as even when and if the fifth is only implied by the use of conventional number and not for instance a slash location on a circle as rotation symbols representative passing one to the other and thus to mimic the gradations from the body in state one to state two to state three, or without this numbering, of the gradations occurring spontaneously at every development that is of awareness and seems to be distinct from another that we know and from another or possible others we might yet know – the brain that rubble knows, inclusive, spectator resistant, illusively placed outside the body in a one per person secret location from a random selecting function of the mind in access to some forlorn part apart, the power symbol as a matter of material representation in a miniature the extension through the spontaneous inclusions as are distinct and discretely aware in each

a life – a maximally parted wind – bound, rushing formats, fast **rosing**, a **red**dening, not including the onset and the fade – (attack, decay) pose with clay, turned out potato eyes potato hollows, hand blown bottles, dump picked remnant forests, second growth the trunks are rotten below, first growth turned over with a fast blade, hard tall men – reason glancing not to focus or a stare before it moves on unimpressed – and so without of on it to it – no back shine on which reflecting – retina reform refuses servitude – the detested in the field still added out in the list recounting – dill pass, fragile turn, collapsed in log hollows, tent insects, shell supports, bulwarks – supposing – recounts devised – shift – proposed additives, - works, boasts the labor in it now, seems later ashamed, - wide with two and wide with some different and wide with what they called a margin but not the edge but the position – dispelled a difference, so alike the margin to the island then, where both identical can coexist – hero then of dress weight and binding in the clock – it is what of takes – it is encompassed with a nail thin insertion, - the grave and its hollow of earth above the ground – come's test loads, full and when full compressed a reloading, reload, reloading, repression, repressing, compact – a load, come's test, now for drilling, make the core a cylinder and in it task the great, am buries far -, included in a weight, the earth has added to -. Who is the one whose power extrudes into bubble holes which are inside and isolated to most contact, then is cross cut to, and joined, without the cut is gone to in a magic importation – enhanced, the silk and tensile finger tips extending into white air, visible in blue tones and seen as gaps in clouds – the space between the drops of rain – cross the sections as the pirate source, blind in seeing but the sense remains, the sight replaced by seeing with a stick – the stick that pokes the other eye – plural in it most – glaze, sugar water – holds form fast in the balance of its protruding, as the gum from the swollen teeth, and of the invader in the dry host fills it with a liquid bag – rise to glow and glory, alabaster which is hand shiny by the constant touch of human oils – oval arguments – but plastic bagged and rubber handled, black, sticky latex following apart into cracks and crumbs – what's the am as seaweed overgrown – the pier, landlocked still, but a memory -. Low tide, shadow of the wharf, cold water slippery dark olive colors, a buoy. Stripes. Some lies fall on their teeth, others a carefully cobbled and presented pre-worn, though pristine – shake the carton, milk egg fruit juice abstracted the container from the content in a subject jar – okayed cleared in time to salvage the cap, stretch and coin for future collector's mints – swells born stomach in its fountain of acid brightens and secludes the cane in the library field – it as the factory imposed and we should pay for it now – duty and presence, honouring and a fey salute – nubs and weaving, hand splintered calloused dry dawning to the trough – as corrections on paper and in fact – passed lines inadvertent participation, the gurgled prompts the

finish, to conclude a ball descends, to conclude a bell, and stark it rings the beginning, it is Sunday be forgiven it is misuse and in use it signals it again, it is another day but belled becomes the Sabbath now – conclude but turned around a something follows back it returns a contestant winds to downward spiral in a repetitive action on the declining side of the sphere with gradation tones from invisible to infrasound – disrupts the big team but smaller units, composed of personal identities and not the corporation forgery were in one voice though the democratic model in the artist is a problem resolution – changing frequencies when hills intrude, and valleys suck the juice out, sticks to it in paste and flattened lines that should avoided be predicted to be averaged while in the natural the average is never found – in sophistication of the logging camp in eating and the bottled relish and the saws and men who work the horse and water barge – nothing other much but logging other logs will do for logging, then to ore, the ore too in its mines and troughs and filter plains and valley paper and litmus and what is formed from pounding in the rock and radiating in the tube – when the valley in the average again, is litmus and abused, the average attains a mild still water – it is it is spilling in fore-joined or lumped as being chemical response the way they body is with lumping at the holes – what’s had it nature’s plan to push against a slim entry not regarding to the source or even as required of the force will push in excess of except desire and in that is not enough -. It is the penultimate loading, in a button pronged devise that unifies at three ends but at the fourth is wildly `throwing as the vomiting of the thousand brains that activated by electric storms swarm insect-tine across a clear and unsuspecting sky at dawn – broadly tested for the negative and positive response, is averaged. Paled, we was branded by our attention spans -. No trucks in efforts gone yawning, the activity of responsibility focuses a leach available for any skin. As a product there is prize winning and there is amalgamation – a staff as a sick to poke and scrape beneath the display, and then with finesse tuck it in a fold assisting with a caliper or prodding as they would the snapper turtle from next door to get it out the hole – it is proper well know a technique – glosses glistening on the index – wipe the episode and dab the highlights clean with footnotes – casting red **rosing**, ruby tourniquet the conformist cell, in ice coffers doses fail long into night fasts, recover in the morning to a tide a grip is made, and form is lent the order of the foster binder, skin made from the host of plastic formal refinery boards, in concluding of the banquet to be forecast drying both to relay and to control, abroad, ghost passing, no to spirits in the world – they to raise, a violently then concludes, the sound of voices and the cry of silver in the ore it pines and love of gold a second they will come despite a second rated love – back lit then the fireplace a stick behind is burning, is a coal or sun, a star dimming with the hour, then consoling in the right regard, to enter, and to charge and run aside the care that takes it to require grabbing, of the arm and hip to joint it in the maximum appeal, when all it speaks away, the gothic in the hour of the sensitive believing, of the spirit we have hold and take a glow of men, and stay and prohibit from the call, an exorcism in the realm, and the auction of the normal state in which we glance and go and post our native thinking, it is gone and going, we in going is believed in off recourse arrives again, in quiet history, to enter in the door, and pass the window index with a miff and sleeping to it for the essence of the mist grown in, that threatens out -. This gleam of frost, across a glass, it is, this sign, for going to the hall, the hall is cold. Consoles, which breaks the peace, this is a severance and then allowance to the milk of walls, which collects the light switch and the frame and drips and runs the baseboard to the rooms, and radiator pipes – forget, false landing, forget, long pine boards warping with a twist, old associations – call gones tote the markets in a lean slit bulging broadens fat boys all include. Holds the group to seek both study and the active charge, that seeks the curve replacement – oil sir oil leanings, mixture finds the levels sitting evenly with clearly demarcated lines – in it rosing patting on the feeble landing, more remarks the winner that regrets the lacking of recourse to pull it from the organ banks where hostage holding pockets sit their times in rubbing benches and in sealing pouches as ordained the ancient in a fragment of a word found parchment, reevaluated now but not so much as altered to announce the new – as in orders made, defend the coil of rope which rare is only taken once out of the case displayed returned there for another year –

collateral and culture and the manufacture gone amuck and so a scrap and two more all remains the foundations shimmering in the hill where they have fallen in, and factories the stacks that tip like towers and the ceiling hard cemented cave and orange glowing years of heat at night, and fenced and broken off – and study forth, and eaten from a cuff, and holding in the telescoping metal pipe that fits the meal, and heating lens the sun and throw away of manufactured heat – am locked in rooms of crazy pearl, the closing following from space to space, when ever it is where the one is being, it will go – of essence of the closings with the designation on the one, who moves among, but even in it moves apart and separated from the rest, who in their designation have a room of rooms and walls and substance matter designated by the arbiter in ever where ever going is accomplished in a moving which imposing on the matter must be made as each afforded as a barge of matter, takes it in its tow away and with, and designated having it to that the one will go and accomplish what is meant to go and be with barges all in tow, and rumpled coated that unseen as in their matter dwelling some pajamas some in nude and others dressed as rag men tinkers and the like of nothing in the outer recomposed as fitted in the substance of the designate, that none from outside looking in would see but what they themselves dwell upon, with without and separated from the other by the designate that makes the matter so for one and all distinct and designate -. Had they felt it in the nobs, had they felt it in the ceiling, had it been felt in the back head and the every place that once a move was made and even to an inch a rumbling and the earth is shifting on its pole for each, a time – it's in its are a culvert too that runs along a grid but when in off it breaks the barriers and then re to compose the matter moves and temporary there a substance that of pearl or iron or the glory of gold or mica shifts and joins together in a glimpse of contrasting stuffs that out the door in moments after moving barges are converge is gone – no one spoke nine hardy yarns pissing, devolving from the rink that first what gilled with my all in all, the gilled neck colors mounting. Am as in night true purely longing for the missing tone, that found is quickly bagged and harbored silently for fear. The bluster forms amid blackening. Molds hard holes the thick felt the screw on that is life binding. Continuous attaching patterns. For parting with, for permanent union. Taken of the metal bar, but only a microscopic shaving. Un-avoids. Some contradiction, some eventual embrace, some mimicry – collaboration and adjoining in two sister pigs for one – in the mud classification, arranged in finned and finless, parts and glory for treatment or for sustenance there are marks of class and culture also as a dimple or a bulge. All as what is subdivided and when guided substituted for a fever, service, evanescence or a short veneer brick for a false chimney – love in a bagatelle or an onion sack of fish and potato skins – as a person obligated must choose. Explores and voids the trill -. In the orchestra pit, concluding in the waltz reaper – farm lingo, a golden asparagus fastens itself to a scuba diver's leg strap – there are confusions of relevant locations – binary definitions for viscosity – meta-contraption – windmill – fur bearing – riveted cap – right test of volley void contorted through the rough trees golden in the rimmed bark, by costly taking harsh half bundled in the difficult of wavering the ponds and studding of the ballast bladders with the calm both instigated by the turrets in the poison spray and anger reassessment in assignment of the narrow waved defensive code that creeps into the youngest heart from aged infiltration as the pin involves into the initial lung – the path of virtuous tapering into the mordant fostered ground swell in the unction she had punctured in the night – wends deep markers and collusion in the use a raff and condiment – as fore allusion pots then brought the tar to temperature – wrangling then the huffing bought to be – a saline factor – sanitarium in straight jacket best, concerns the method of the treatment – drains they were towered overhead and ducts were dwarfed by many moods – when something up-rips there it is as an overlay, paisley judging often sided for aesthetic annulments – we are not of the cow or the tankard well – something longer dragged across the lawn – more the bully of the two – evacuated at the expiration – skidding scabs, the joints are all exposed, the only place that soft without the shell, - but human – mostly hadn't – constructed from down to floating, safely abject art standards someone self profess in only one in one, then two in one is later on and someone other. Concluding on the fattening cement

plateau where the grabbers fate a sealed collection of the latex letter heads, in tissue form – or of a stencil – air is solid as brass or wind – with a weld across a crack that multiplies the sound – a set of pins that interfere themselves – mesh and gauze of singing patch, and silver tinglers – deconstructed, portent hands that turned to clay and crumbled as they shipped the body home – this is not unmatched by seasons fog and wives – consumed without the washtub - fat deposit something who reminds – solids packed some tightly dreaming, confession skill still explores limits of forgiveness – waving at a slender vantage point, constituted fowl, gains remarks in registers. Selection grew the loss and compromise – paddle out beneath the fail-safer – the luminous and strayed, armaments – lungs guard full reason – all in of and wrangles at the poor communion of out – all in of, the bolted parts remain – hollows of reducing subjects fit conclusions laid for brick, long goated. Wings, shoulders, eyes, dependent, buffers, contracting blue space – plebian matched wipe song – having failed that, was it gone from, having seen that, is it cross denied... well in both the polls the brine will rise and bring it, back the snow and crush the cane – augments multiplied the task way lens expected through the course independence shared by mandatenated – ascension law, provided for the springs – rumbling through that the errant loom, the gulf proposals distant by decreed reverse voluptuous magenta in the middle squatting of albino clustered betters wine deport – repulsory grind nine megatusions in-sailed fissures issued on the border clasps – such as had it in the school-fish-fanning, undiscerned by piles beyond the cinder block – hard there watched and reading lists – tire and fatigue skill – backed by stiff board – out bespoken, - cancel station brands, attention slings match the cordite vaporizer – match made model car parts thrown into a jumbled heap – receiving ward cobbles, the stand to stutter robes and long coats, crinkle-proof gowns – indulgence, many properties and dressings – strange as is an unfamiliar scent, dray dogs margined by an opposite invective take to preening in the mountain sun, and basking with the snappers unawares the nerveless activation of corrosive when chemical the flowering of ammonia coral clusters forming at the arches and the glands – was held as fat before climbing, as those broadened by a wire through the breathing hose – not divulged locations of the keys, the barrister declaims – of constitution and body ornament in the directions how to cultivate, the waver of off the balance – parts the more body paddles and over lawn talus – whose of murmur night stretch the elastic seen as dark time snapping tension – ups tends the flock of crank fish, as methodic as birthdays – this the easy part for climbing, wide foot rests – glossy baked backs – vents, turn over through the underground, - trimming – file down, take the rod reduced to points – large case firm, nodules in the cream skin foam – have contracted – sworn for transit, final in a plunger to the heads that blast results from first – the I as for the packing into hoses and result from the force the travel, as the retort comes to say in what believed when comes to confrontation in the front – as when had in the colored combination someone guessed the hue and won a dirty handled prize – as the trend to miss, the tendency to place in size diverted lots – ankles, Hoffman pins – selection majesty – battle scripted loin – come to task meeting, broth producing. Provisional, stirred, rebuffed plunge apart in dye – endemic seeding from the palms and soles – what was sorely in the place they know to take them, and divided to the me lots the walnut with the chalk, the prisoner sides with the moose scale wells for that chisel lump confessed, in pylons and silk cords – directed toward and the fashion of dereliction has the coy then downcast eyes, then raised up to flood the seas – bathroom button makes some rise to choose alert ...speaker comprehends a label – in the season and the site preserve odes to docks and processes – in some old casts are recovering what the phone call said demanding making four of the expansive yard – cautious patient well meant and vacu-formed so perfectly extant inside its place – had a time by single units boarded up –stray separately meted had in airbag feature one sources equal lines and shape described – breaking the portent of a set reconstitutes a subtle link – eliminate blend-pastures chosen cousin's sample – dry spin wire grinder ring, most halos there – elevated mimics turned or excluded from the last anthology – joined the unity of individual appeal to uncommon what between – she had ensoiled the definition of character in the treetop – of a flashing granulation – enclammed to service – exhorted to arise as the white veil – something comes

back now ridiculed before – solids waters something trampling with a heavy foot, oceanic organ thinks it wide – heart out-holding hand skill, trays arranged spacers - eyeballed measure – sensing the tapping on the head – feeling out the shadows and the lights that catch them – out of range a set of china hung from branches each inside a sling – counts the dotting on the lawn, a pond – she off grazing in the lumps – the backup wood, the freezing, the chopping – the blurs before they tackled now for none – the bait pin, in through gills or sockets, the compressed pad, as the seat or for the fiber – formalized the docile establishment when tackled up to be recognize and points a body part and blind folded to find it – the loose fit person in his body is dangling - paper stubble trips and toy wings tank on paper bring – for design and remnant thought – coughing brands you by the spittle case – had invented but a small plop investing less in it – nothing fair exchange could house or hide itself inside as being of that ugly swarm – plucked and safety pinned, pointing north – handy sovereign and the dial collector too – antennae/feelers subdivide – the insect crab or soft slug – exo-intro form reports – clam the God line rent and tackled – found bait probing, stood by fully to respond, but no reporter was expressed – then where does the line start for the first cut – even so the thesis seemed to show no share – inside there was hollow, out, a rival coat of paint pigment and glue, as later was the family traveled by the soft car – tried to lift by heave retardant – fancied for the swallowing of dirty paste – under rub and claw contract, belt notched – interviewer held fumbling contest near the pier – it is as much as could be stressed inside the beavered conversation - the freezer sponsored of the blow-out reunion, when the tire popped and the highway was covered with chicken feathers - sudden repetition, activations in a surface, manied – again the clove and cone acts – with a holding in a mouth, a bit they call it – it is done, experimented – the cold seal, the pale tooth was pulled – had not glass to know – ride self margins, duel buckets, divorce from a source – decline to comment reverses to a question – in the dream, a stove-pipe suit – then the wakeful, arriving to the candidate for one position, on the saddle-horse – bold softened outs – arrival one – airport, frisk, stepping across the boundary, elapsed into home – but not to put a title on, dislocate in a bag of uniform thing as in the stack the uniform thing, the page, to find repeatedly that single the thing – the new aversion arrival system – to airports and to conclusions – do not sour she says, it will not – there are no more spacers – there is a baby blue strip across the top edge of a metal corrugated roof, adjacent to this third floor green room – pokes and tallies, - digress of change in postal clicking that creaking in the tree recordings, wishing fateful approaches but retained in some slight portion minded to return, the sands of beaches and cricket, the two kilo toad in the cool night road in Costa Rica under one street lamp not for three miles, hear the ocean and the roar of the undertow undertone – stubborn non – fabricated in my hold, pretention - waverly byes now goodly for the day, plastics – brick, acrylic mortar – hads – insulation on the borders of the harbor knocks, encapsulated of the rink and fill piled red dirt cautioned of the air, provided hoses pumping through the heaps – outside, muffled sounds, lambs and engines – sugar-water targeted the ant – stuck in ankle deep but still it drinks – housed the knocker down trimmed by the splintering of chemical door peels – off sore lived be patterned – cordon definition by seclusion in a corner cove – the object sits abject is the cousin hope's diamond – a film canister, inside there are two to choose from one is from the beach a rotted shrimp that fills the room with scented quills the other from the desert there a scorpion and still alive small but deadly on the carpet now – museum sundry – amalgamations was it so unlikely here, best to stumble on it, canister from the travel sack, - taste black of the long adventure crossing from the low pile to the home of relics and the shell – the power frog moves through a single act of Sampson pushing down their jars – through it in a dream the baby now is kicking, first inside and now against the ribs of the crib – in the clenching of a hand, unscripted even yet a planned expansion – un-recourse inevitable secured – resend package alerted note of walnut – blotted out the second line with spill – the holy of the fast past mast mix, derivative – slowed flow dressing wide shed, abrasive tri dawn break sup – could be dangled, secluded master paths along the edges of the sand – swelled up gulfs in lies that drained Ire luminous – that and born of clam cane destiny – gravel dispended stupor – blended partitioned glamour – of the

man in the way say of tremors – nodding affection bog across the ponds – hay defends the still packing – grey and planned distortions - arrayed three moth coral extensions – often serial altered three perfections – still it in the clutch of newborn sustaining pretends longer than supposed – the eating is across the sand – remand to sutured invention waiting at the door, should have been informed a list or instruction as to associated dependencies – logged perhaps within off resonating bodies after the grounding became inactive – cousined by the trail of compounded vibration in a term select – more cleat the glass by turning, magnify and press away – flails with arm a kindle stack encouraging to see more and to laugh at it – excited excessive saliva – so slipped portal bands – staff warden bend pine to divert to invented non application, un-association plain word drawn out coat hanger hook – chant Idaho potato bin – boil bastion hardened into cones constructed with accordion folds – don't in affirming denial them – the sleeping part awakens in the long plain, it as the dry ghost passes from the powder to the pill and through the liquid break – anxious digit moving over the scale-like bark, variously the cork tree and the spruce in botanical gardens – eastern forced on, wider resolved to a portion of the relevant moment on the waking, of the half retained the other its destination lost – three ropes hold it last seen from under suture, the stolen return to the haven of excited insect life – reversal moss coverage –

Thus without more
a club foot formalism
rustic dimpled as
the method –

that affirmative in waves, and district as determined by the resonant occurrence in the holding of the contour party the designate application from the high fund up result – martins make their way, the student shortage, study – meant concluded in the warm sun bask, restrained by loadstone en-jammed in to sheathe as would the sentence from the stanza to the next – I am who she remnant in the golden envelope that messages the bitter vegetable – (with pork apparent) conflagrate while (is tied to a post) as the one is made to holler in the wind – tried to stem the burning ash but only hastened it – exhausted silver martin, buckets frenzied sleeping into the afternoon to show and conflagrated approval in the rupturing the paying form –

them am as the
angel at the post
most glistens

and as it in the page of three ringed martins twice approve the send all question, will I once appear and will you know me by the message on my skin, the dot full rash that spells a trunk, evasive of the raining, and derisive of the door and the protective putty which has kept the windows clear and dry ... as to it the clicking sticks the Morris men transmitting their codes, and also into, name and rank and mission too – where the day had gone the knowing not the nature of the cold – as the migraine comes and the gas between the vents – definitely then, and in the pre-determined, rely the expectation in the glandular while mindful waiting is a cross appeal -. Having roughed, returned a delicate and fragile ease (and copper bells)

of, at inclusion in the
row, that waits on
sour bread -...

the ceiling, spinning the ceiling, stairs grave rubbing as if on display is mere and thought provoked, clad in shifts and time resorting buff lapels suspended as if waiting for an invitation though have previous arrived – shackled as the clam is in the mind determined by his tide, some the people who exclude from other recourse the sounds avail them too in firm transition while in weight of hanging presence overhead, assigned, removal duty, waxed the vacancy as she has been the dry and blown off of the leaf in high roomed gardens cloistered in a chosen hovel –

at the instigation, rain
had fallowed made it
but the radiant dust too
from the
lost machines

sticks the beaten boards, returns a stimulator though and floated on the first tree sought, climbs up old rubber handled mind, a crackle and disregarded makes of wasted fixes nothing new reported then, repeat, – showing long limbs in the sink questions when to rest and when to rise this that unusual, that can extend beyond the common hold, the trait the skill it learns then pushed evacuated in the mix, unlikely seems the savior as ever is unheralded at home – squeezing in between each string one thin on thick paper between who comes the classroom under-toned, there is a single word remorse but late, half lessons of arrive and sent received my due –

there's a warder
matched to suit a
fitter for a tool and dye
who not blind is still
appareled in a clash
the ruptured
harmonies as saddled
on the crack
inside the bell

is the foster case of turning, as a paid accounting on the subject of the bell, and should its flair be trimmed or twicened, ultra-flair up on turning lathe until alike a musket or elongated to a syphon on a register, or with a tank and fuel dispel it with a steeple burn – questioned as the recluse spent the trying time in gloat and in the notion of reflected pressures that enough to instigate the flair who not return it whole, but taken of a slice like eaten pie –

not to (so bad)
with a partner drown out
with a tether
operated
as
a ping inside the whole

was it intricacy of finger work and fret boards, or, the smooth ebony neck and low sound with the bearings attached by silk and preparations for a protruding toy – then given it advantaged, too – it is not a wondering or loop or retort but is stated as a rise in keeping with humility and rhythm of the draw, and choice and jointly made, and not dismissive in the standing, confrontation opening of second facing

doors, without the becoming. In the farther rendition, as does a pop of gas ignite, make a swift report returning home.

Having mission up the
reverse of verse had kept
them in as if a heavy
rain of gel.

Was it kerosene or me that visited the bon fire – the car that parked too close with leaking gas tank. Is was as if a gas had permanently mixed and followed shaking still returned divided in its rows. As was nature had it, randomly discomforted a visit to the far most mall, and should the key be lost, comes back in the stress report, of someone massaging on a stick by peeling bark in intervals, and the was how they knew –

the secret in a given
arcane words
disruptive always in
the pleased reportage
pleased reserved
as is a secret made
own –

crossed reverse collateral as a team had stood grounded or the seawall until a body big enough to float was offered to be mounted and on that they sailed. Or was it travel over land on wooden wheels. Or was turned inside an oven or a merely white fish turned by hand in cold cook of the lemon juice – if the choice than one of these those should try. If postering then best report is using glue and light beams etching in directed line the retina but one and per one lifetime as if full paged disallows the space for more, or if opaque, then blinding should assume disinterested in use -. As much impractical, and in that, waste. And, separately, classic moisture.

With some slow gumption
there were wonders in a line
which having made a binding
switched, had covered
as a classic concern
the sharing of the seal.

There is there the rash of skin and the beating against the bars of the cage, and the unspoken transfer which required one match and a cup of milk. In along a line of supplemental wishing, some percentage comes apart while some addition to the rows comes representing, the attaching of the spindle held in deep invested frames that drawn together, finally compartment a single webbing and, in that is also logically snapped onto the universal bracket that has scaffold daily life -.

Nuttred there was fluffed
drawn from the purchase
of the larger more
advancement of
state –

taken inside then released watered then starved – having seen, awakened and propped (upright from a vertical inclination) aborted by activation – the swell reverses shrinkage – nine plumes. Dots. Comforts, winter fattening. Activated smokes, ribbons. Specially rank approval. She has as it was been stumped by calves engrossing – tensile down listed the robes enslotted toward the clip a single mention, was it names implied by function or the sign delivered by a happen stance –

under the bridge
there is a sunken shift a time wit after
fined by the
running of the silt –

who had spent the time informing, later accepted that a tempted river wave was cloistered in the going by the substance of the mission's pose – it looked to be dramatic as the land commended – was after the settling that it looked up railing and banister and else inclined it there after from the solidly depart the sending shadow cast on times the smarting leg and roughly hewn of courses on the truck of later having it controverted in a rue side diverted to a hold while units on it were eclipsed there the orderly of supposition tied onto the roller looking well below as was a pathogenic porting stirred into the seated glance from tabletop to floor – if it was more the load – of taken treats, the time then used and bargained for resuscitative was captioned by a copper plate –

prior to the
margining of light
exposure clad reduced
highland octave
flat repaving
rounded by the bulb
well the man had
half contained

pan chatter renovated sleeper, sounded on the drink with the gauze and feature staff, discord too, when the dismissal came and there was neutralized in changed in walked on and I on they and them are warning it is vocal to the hill and hadn't wondered at it, who had found of pestered ones related to enlarging and a rural nubs that only when in groups study to the wings, study to the large emerge encased endorsement three conditions for the suit –

in any place forms
the study,
and related to the
den retrieved of
volumes after look
informed by paper
spines in letter
coloration
clapboard
constitution

it is said evacuated of the host it it said and huddled there and you are teaching something now gained
the hard rinse, local minted flux regaled in some counter massive reassessment the bio-vertical -... is it
steep they couldn't cope with mumbling hands – could it slide a flower in the hair, it couldn't cope, a
swelling head, regret, and song. Plain and altercation fat reduced by sponging – obligation of restitution
born in standing on the altar of combined pronouncement texture bending home providing none – that
stood the waves and beat both high and low along a wall – some then devouring the blood spot is a
brown on tablecloth and steaks – is a leg still choking and one tired eye which hurts - oh and off
attending missing meeting up reserve – a plenty and a picture wand. Two times that the saddles ride the
masters they are gone – they want the emptiness of a big house – flashing in weight harbor –

heightened in the
pant rebuttal
honestly in vaster
quests than poses,
suitable in stern and
in the partial
irreducible
and
influence in-flight –
in-vitro
knock around –

twisted corners nine for large fossil bags collapsed though left, impressed – they should and then
encountered bathroom vents – in splashing shortened tongue – angered more reflexed, secreted away –
dynamic, proud, chattering, old -... puppet shows and local drama and the rocket is a too old science
now – heap on it such clams as mummies too – warrants inns and modified recalling single numbered on
flat the terminal fit beat – what is of it she didn't know the boundless heap – she could understand is
worth of walking now – but she returns but then the many thing the seeking class on eyes for elders
watching, - numbered bars and called before – extended after nine alive the talking time was put to rest
– added nothing but the sweat already made –

equaled this and
in a following,
after upward
contributions
styling
forms of cinders
and of pockets –
after dark
repellant
embedded

sailing ministers make their mark their missions years pronouncing into residence balance time confines
are turned roundly in the sole in new directions – in a convulsive moment of expressed discipline, car
trunks began to rattle – it was a contract of renown for swamps and savants – metered tests began in
late December – it was necessary as the older horses had passed away – over after-ness the persons
sweltered by the quail journey, and the rattle of shells on sheet metal – thumbs turned over bail skates
living underneath the tarps – they the conductive barbs and nerve cell static generators stunning foes –

plastered these on top, the hoses bending, under weighted classes to withdraw am urban threatened caste that doubled wine port stain in cheeks – dynamism of the shouting and the bark of beasts – tack tack sounding of the claw on tar – enthusiasm riding over seawall – solidly of heart enlarged the dream, the sped away to night – infantile then olla bastard covering – baked leaves, scraps – misty eye pronged wheel basing – assured urgency – saucers clapping – shorn of quills – expended down – always in the outside-in space, unless other tackled – or filtered by a terrycloth – grinds hard in the formal battery – but undetected signals – margin’s day our margin’s daily morphing gloom of poking, drain of mixed obtuse and meliorated –

off
supposed

of sup of sup off
posed off sup of sup of
of of of of
sup of
sup of

tailor
door

lor door
lor door, tail dor tail
tail dor tail
lor, lor, door
or
or dor
ail or door lor

fossil
presume

sil pre sil fos
fos pre sil
fos pres sil sum
sum
sume
sum
sum
sume
sum

cost
railing

st
st ra
st ra ing

ing ra st
co ra
st co st
ra
ail
ling
ling ail
ail

book
ear

ok ar
ok ar
boo
boo
boo
ok ar ae ae oo
oo boo ok
oo, boo ok, oo,
boo ok

muffin
clip

fin cli fin mu
mu ip cli mu
mu fi
mu
in mu
fi mu in
mu in fi mu
mu in fi muin

form
cobble

ble
fo
cob
fo
for cob
ble ble co fo cob
fo, fo, fo
orm

taking that then lost inside the maze in heavy switching – halls but forming in the afternoon, to meet
one rounded or a squared off lodge between and passage through the gasses – through it better bends

in getting ready for the sour specter chase – something like then coronary sweating towel trails – shoes up unifying door to door – stalls longed pole – what's stored the limped impression for store – conforms into color spectrums – paste solids, gels gas then into forms beyond - labor butters – composite frost – granted rough, else whined glowing in the bath – empty out chop abrupt disconnect object disconnect squat from higher lower hinged compacted where the springs compressed-to-positions storm radiated pushed out in it new controlled the coil, new philosopher king how elongate how phrase pulled then the covering is it flattened as the sheet – having a shoddy part and a bubbled hardening mass – pocks the nature – after blobs – spatter role dainty stain alerted to the newspaper ink issue – embodied nine misses counting magic number – prevailed spokes on alert – cloth bound clouding – is the pile in greeting, summary – stranger coping you had leant – adaptive style, slit creased on the cord to correct – slippage – unit proxy next – formations sly dipped then set in ocean vacuums – lashed high premium – skinnies fattened up the lines – one day is of the thousands – tested portions are introduced to various, the fire, hate and friendliness – banners cracked stock neck – idol imaged tagged spray paint of instruction set and where to cut the tar below, the pipe should run and lubricate the leech – linked reason mud around it – flay and bane beyond bug infection – flavor taste bell distraction, engine forced tool block – floral backed support panels between elevations – it was a pinch lightning strike – institution or committee come the crawl defied reputed dally reported holder reason flies, excess of the host demand of fellows through a large assigning – of the sample infiltrate exchanged – thereafter, there was the slower pilgrim softly oppressed. Foreign stained soon piles the page – a separating sleeve of thick paper and a parchment cover keeps commitments apart as the flakes of snow with partitions in between as they are falling – miniatures of the office cubical – divide lining the factory street – has stomached the smell of developer – has come as a morning dew to the botanical garden – tree blistering – mattress and milkweed – honorary poems, paper clipped blue ink hand – birthrights in the season of the resurrection theory in the shuttered room – the skin pads overgrow to form the shield in front – bower mixed and made – sanitized granules work into the system but invisible to rays and pass surrounded by the halo cells – drawing out sampling to current error, make artificial in the long test – older ruins cover on the hood, spotty billows over manifolds are current with the need to sanction bedsteads – clasps that guest the cyst from the hole, and almond emeralds, and trunk weeds, and fossilized wood slabs – smell of leaves in lake water – shave she added it is common for eye slits to be tailored – incendiary undersea – focused in free-forms hardly longer than the length of blue whales – understanding in a bush – sacred hands – morsels – raised to castle mare in dropping trunks from apathetic creases – trades of mill seed while the ox has squatted on the tip, retraced steps on hooves marks plastic raptures – goings raided processes – this all up short redeeming – climbed top competition into unsaid goal of regions in the sky – cannon balls or fire in the caves – thus after the rattle conforms the mucus in the mold, the evanescence dry bonds, undetained but after portioned to flat solved relieving she in the gate or train – conflicting in the points, dry skinned, receives science literate passed forward darkly splendid, required – in the cart screen the skill times the education standing – test the word – who pronged prevails – blown out from the sturgeon exo-bladder the cost of rods and sealant before is it marching staff – waiting the fishing line strung between the trees – the spider web that is strung twenty feet between the palms – feelings approximate sensation of fingers running over callouses – dull like phantoms – add on mystic rail, whale bone – in plenty, pigment, albino sun – harden edge powder canister – crust – the breezes finger the wind hand moves the rake across the barn floor – the rabbit cages behind the shed, once there were two hundred and the moose has come to snoop – there is a gravel pit and a dirt road through the woods – play the pushing game – make of the spotted turnover and the exposition in the half run – iron load – vinyl obelisk – ossify in all popping spur, the suit again the tea the steam off labels the repel the civil auction turn the smirk the angered twisting sour singer, revolted and the touch home soft boned pork forward found unit one – the three nob grow light shared the animal in rest the light gust predicament motivated by the cell gloss come out the middle

base who fights thin lipped done corrective spoon the mouth – and the crass bushings – forward toothed salvation gear, rotator – no necessity it synthesizes a struggle and, it be honored the wreck – engulfs sharpened basins maximally inflated bell in clanging in the grass land – wild dew is feeding the river – they knocks down they render lumping field confusion – an interloper using letter press his thumb – exhausted – when the ox exposed asserts the coals – with often through the shift which the way a checkerboard marks the hallway, sleep, incentive, providing still seats, leg irons – a single convention – course lie fly ‘scapes lift up done on fragile pieces – broad shouldered small headed – sawdust to the night flurries – overtone throating – fumes, work through, branch and travel posts between, rod samples flasks of habit, turn, bright signals – there was most and long fulfilled expected more – conformed the lapse space – degrees on wallets, embossed faces, you should choose – presumption of glass reflection – wall net – iambic I am slow in moving, crate holes have ridden in the back traditionally, and the wooden carving is bounced on poles so to appear alive – prepared the closet room for shelving and slotting, and a file to hold an image of the plan – training wheels and runners, molding slathered in with clear silicon – sour smell – forward from a bad series of collusions across the wooden foot bridge spanning half way over the brook but falling in, and careful footing, can’t retrace – you should rough it holding down the tent until the morning and then falling in demand a hold before are swept away - congregated over the ballet of violence – understudied in the rural kitchen with the woodstove and in the slum of soup kitchen dining – focused of dry lined sockets pulled apart in revolutions – the starter pretending multiplied I as shaky in the slippery cracks – of us grow out skins and hairs – on it a list is printed and it documents a progression from limestone to melted glass embedding in memory – slow moving flat cars, the railing is in the dark and the tent is parked too close – there is a common drift and the approach in sound through the passage – as was, it was expected to come in the night, unseen, but by a vantage of repetition known to always come, no matter how cautious – enameled there as is the perma-paint enlisted on the sixth finger – neither waiting nor apathetic – in a simple state receiving – mirrored limits fluff against the ground – to do the opposite – alphabet moves unexpectedly through your mouth – cages postures imitate gesture – etching on the hand – particle and a cousin in pegboard – ardent the subject pulled away from the strip of caulking on the cheek and dribble to the earth below – arrive with pre-conditions, root with fossil bulbs – calcified oh child inside – chop the wooden frame – kindling – curse song – grey-out low pigment day – squint the sun, - enduring the confines of the shed/cell – no revenge, abandonment – standing, return seats, unsat – what the motivation for laughter and the reaction to surprise, the clicking mechanism from wince to the muscular facial signal, - cellular anathema they are meeting in the cytoplasm, named to personal pronoun to identify in regions, identified to locate borrowers in hiding there – critical mouth expresses out of control, frenzied chattering, caterwauling – in black dry point Indian ink confabulated stick men oval black in filled heads rotated onto from a vertical to angled rest on a stick stumped neck, to a horizontal rotation to a diagonal continuing in a clockwise rotation and depending on direction, shrinking in its scale as if to spiral away, or if counterclockwise it enlarges from a pinpoint and is spiraling out until it fills of everything and so it is with volume in-taking to present inclusiveness the mind enclosed imagined there – not so hard the baffled dream, with foam absorbing unsettled vibration however ever travel around as would the side-road taken to avoid the sign – birds as ever now and still empeckering at the door – guttered to the fore at nine yards is still expected to remove the pinnacle point on which the head should move round, and telescoping in or outward – improved in points, angered by the rust insulted by the picture taken in the moment you should be regretting – having in the take valve, regressed to bondage to the dollar, you should happy in the smile of others having come to no better than they see (them(self)selves(s)), as from the bin or package, freshly uniform, in predisposed and guaranteed to nothing in addition – lofty, deadweight, over the edge – co-beaten, no would have you share abuse – lobster or crab detain you for support – planks above the knee deep water – wash the point off of faces, true spent writing it out to force a separation in the steak – it is a muscle you are

eating now – clostro-emphobia – shucked off into stalls that housed the elder most beast unraild in the basso section – of protection, ego massed into the pin hold seventy reverted to in gas – what sounds in rhythm for one is enticed to wording for a set outside – now in the sloping phase – anthems, - offal recognition, the song is churning – as the sea, waving - has as the plural day brought back the test score, inaugurated by tumbling hills, considered why the perfect backdrop for the elders of confusion – clutching at the corners, critical rebound – dry dropped fossil downed by the line inside the wall – in a minute there a course recount the spent shaft tolling on the hive – in pursuit then ball flame lightning – ecstasy barn feed learned them well – more often shaven than brazen – martyred heat wave and frost heave generated super-humans – carnival and festival and clown school song – milk sap artistry of shame – clam song class deficient retrospective mood stones curtain walls, bamboo bells – aquarium glass – millet bettered in the range the portions of the tip accelerate the speeding trope – fuses hatch inside the box before the zoo – the controlled roll, the second space, the unused part, the cemetery, room to grow – small package accompanies something, legend on the form – spurred to go and left the trail of a frog – manufacture of itch – cylinder with resident register – climbs with distance notched on legs – sore skulled incentive to longer sleeping – branded burger bark peeled sack life in harmony – tired outer zeal, and soaked in gathered leaf piles from the ivy and the lawn – kicking starter clouds the blower – the field is full, it is a conflict of emotion – constant for the feeling of the trained – regal removed the paddles from their webbed feet – olive bails – as the unit set against gravestones, property markers and rabbit hutches – deformity plus contortion with a moment in which deferred frenzy appears – upset stomach minuses a playground in a city park – there's a sandbox, too – forbidden tags, in the cloister leaning, malt and bitter, wet clothes clinging under layered sweat – returns the meals forgotten drama hunger – past force word putters, crab shell alignment in the trash bag – unifying features – shucked – dispense ceiling canisters, white enamel paint, metal surfaces and a pitchfork, joined in frames and linked with rope – referendum suggested use – more association, referendum – pegboard – closing in the habit's lives – full thrust in incendiary patchwork, hang long logs into the display space, stumbled over then burned angrily – portions of sill maintenance – knuckles red scuffing over rooftops – long patient whittling with nail file – encouraged in the over elastic time – communions, service in red – quote the over skidding on the straight under way – clash the broken patterns – rebuff – cliché and expectation in music is to breaking idioms – word stands one legged – moving toward disuse in transmission – angered means – retentions, - remembered old fragments, unearthed crumbling exposing – safety of the burial – sounds the tombs – (east London or High Gate -) un the can't controlled, with fast setting – polymer flowers, unction – banisters, brown stair carpets old violins – quality control, devotions – conglomerate material, beach stone glass and industrial paste – broken lines, twists – salutary rumination in the sod – frost and driven boxes, returns the mighty rent, reduced to purchase in the cabin reaches – land mass splitting up to lots divide the nature in the field – half shared a grasshopper, mouse – daddy should work -.... Frozenly tossed the tire iron and we loosened the wheel – then pried a piece the wood pile too – stations – climbed the hill – predicts the passing into second means – regular emitter yawning evacuations, still mounts rumbled sounds, last paper tests – decision tree – portions waste – dissection pad, like countdown – deflection launch – look away – pretended truth – invented passing – of some reverse – tooth barnacles – saved in lockets – reversed songs, skimmed downward reliance – bilge – jargon fleece – joint to ribs compound – fly boil particle onion head – intensify the burger roaster – minion slay trots over Eisenstein – beefs of burl put down tranquil dreams into a deeper flat file – have not lost in smoky dreams – curled card stock mountain – holder of the billions first named – on paperclips to weight the thread, message it inside the hole – that should be flying hooks into listeners or not – have of what is greased and what is textured to the holding hand – further afternoons find giants composited from god foods – stuffed beets or tank belts, liver – turrets left turn only – abundant sleep wear in cotton slide lips, unfurled felt mats stitched with animal tendon – community row waits on reservations, tacit standby – cursed by the face of voluptuous mouthed

restitution damage – charming, shivering, late – reception on the wave bank, echoes, cast iron basin machine – mitered preventative angle savers, direction habit curvature – as the development packed urns burning edges of ...- lore and principle loaded in the story substitute greatly tapered each topic in depending on the length the list and optics in each round from narrow category to a wide, so length from end to end and stealth of every sliver found is one and only one alike – object dragged on tops that otherwise are sided – experiment the sleek rubber and the absorbent chalk beneath the tongue – contrary as inflection – scattered winged the seeds – protractor gardened – weed and buried in familiar earth – those grains as torment the ground – sparks and all its ilk as when the clapper strikes – in statics localized, once done, the written – in triangle blocks, the chromatic, it in fills the breadth of spaced location, notches, etc. – glot rod line, triangle pieced for five minutes – burning and resolute – issuance from the vapor squeeze – numbed cord (inside the jaw) juxtaposed with snake bite – formerly pushed prevented decided shapes to fit the house – direct contact separating gnostic flourishes – darkened skylines, flat countenance even headed filled by locator buttons – bowled rain, hot leaves distain – provoked dial tones, pointed calves, wings out – the clumps the basket toss dividend the mounds and throat chafe – modeled in the night the tailors come – fore clotted near the pipe – see the turtle moving slowly down with the current through the mud – in the drain of color it is possible to gather up a set of meager carnival controls, - defiance of a gravity, hormones, pituitary – some skin wonders at a magic birth – it as worms in the fireplace – who in every city chasing them and bugs down to the drains – stands stark and beading liquids – tractor wheels, coughing – looking across a sinking plain – chaste voice is hoarse but still a whistle can be heard above the sounds of peepers – choosing on it not to validate the toxins – tingle of a shock from ungrounded blenders – ole factor restitution blue elbowed Eastern Europe in the street, tiny stones embedded hundreds of years sausage hot fat – greats where they came iron mattresses is the mention made today for appearance and light courses – gulf bargained if they wanted to they'd have sailed before – unknown in the land, still too treed to understand the terrain – so too, the wooded cemetery riding into the past treed weeds and disarray of bouquets and memorials – trumpet taps horn sounds by light night regress – and then inside the ledges house in some parts walls fallen still the frame and partial floor to balance across to see below the feet on narrows ragged rock and hurling waves – driving some meats through the window opened near the sun the day before, eclipse – tangled managing, loss with hazard opinions to expose once unseen to prying eyes and cameras – landlines old half retarding on their phones – fails resembling test averts a short in the circuit, old hand walkie-talkies in the tomb, reporting out, divining amulet – circles crazily – the child sleeps evenly – future newspapers and beds, future landscapes and interpreting of dreaming – commitment points, articles of both topical and faith related, projections into soft marginal unrelenting – hammers pounding they built pine shoe boxes 'round their feet, then attempts to walk across the street to see the empty room – profoundly sealed in evidence the three locations where the things were found encased in enamel and at different lengths straight down – opened with the eye can lids the smell of beans the shark that bit on my in shallow water body that I killed and put inside a plastic bag but it won't fit into the locker provided for the personal effects, so to the woods with him, as evidenced me I should not have killed even to protect myself it said – so that also raised up on a flag in specialized events and catharsis – lay plans out the way a scroll undoes on a library table, marbled corner thick glass surfaced – focused on that turning representation, there amid pencil sharpeners on plaster walls and the cement steps grown smooth and slippery, wheels fingers slates erasers and drawing paper overlap on alabaster floor in the secret polished world – he is fine and trimmed while voices sleep in grace – the for nine logs reasoned when the frozen pipe held the contact point in private grips, that clothed over appeared a leaning on it calm and expectorant – thumbs, knuckles, exposed bellies – the shocked series, expressions – alls come in a hail at last, and unpronounced – all in finer, be it so long across the wake, and not before, silver trunks, smelted figures – season flashing, toasts moved, old returns town whiskers – what's heels are talons, what's eyes are needles, what's digging into solids with another kind – has laughed to take

the hearth, what's been to be again through inertia – that and proudly bound, and loose in spirited the goal is feet let go – alignment to places peaks – walls duck farmer, caldrons snake black in their pits, light enlivens cold blood – anticipate the heat of suns – Konrad achieved the s encyclopedic prior to the black death overtaking – rain troops on over the expended conical we in groups identify one other, sounds a parallel wrist secured in plastic ties bowie blade glints the dangling fuse air remotely smells of plastic PCB the florescent ballast burnt – hots most the bare room with the question of the light – for numbered bind undone belted to offend a pole behind in keeping out of touch, the squeezed shape forms as if a mottled paste poured into rooms will shape on it, and shoulders quick to butt the walls and down bellows to fit the floor with seepage into between the wood, so lines extend and pushing out, become the feelers that we know to too common of the beast and snail as one – cottons wrapped warm in to out the oven effect, as keeps warmly in – from keeping out – too hot, then vent, the ant hive opens currents in collaboration air to comfort the breeze too – fronds pleasant enough is said to fill the plastic barrel twice, so folded fits it once – housed beneath a roof contraption(ed) as a canopy in the path along the narrow mountain trail, three hundred feet the drop to the dry bed on one side, the edge is crumbling too – much in cares too, the woman's eye as strong and as more precise the man's as would knit or with quill or razor edged shell stitch thread as thin a mouth wing veins to fabricate as needed hyper kites on which the chosen that is skillful in the blessed plains abstracted are select to go, and without her, would fumble painfully and plummet once and never rise – through it anger by the cannibal with red lips waits and she a Buddhist too, prepares, in secret eating – nine Europe(s) and self-immolations – mountains snow ice pinnacles smells of earth and acid lakes – pronounced flashing with various green flames – spiral jet edged red but cold – there are cries and gasps, and narrow openings of the throat that signal secret desires – opens task lantern, beams charged smoke, radiant some elevations, malice stirring, hope grains in the composition of the capsized hive, the buoyant even so rights when is soaked enough reverted to the liquid breathers comes again the great great land – alls sapped underneath the waves, regurgitated in the course of choosing, can't return but places hope ahead – alls the instrument redeems the salted song, a flick of notes too close to call a race and pitches roof the difference notes, with pitch as slit trunks of the fir bleed out to pails – water proofs as evidenced soaks not – tingling and fair mingling, real the wet the Baltimore local, and the union here I love – not far but split the word I as the friend identified – am unionized with something cast of artists – lays ground beliefs equal to the opening and closing in the millions in the length that life provides each this approximation still each one is standing all along inside a circle in a red pool with a white frost of chemical corrosion where the halo was supposed to be – saint sinned amalgam says in gist please pass this on, in honour of the share, then pass it cursed if not falls luck so given is a fate as is the knowing of the single thing which in the deference of comfort partners having not in place been slotted in machined prepares has one away assaulted on the ground it stands, and nothing to reveal to there reverts to emulating what it said first in the hopes of something else at call, but that not, still will speak, at first a shy sound then in full, as finding no resisting less contempt and building on the legend it imagined it could tell, reveals to improvised a second in the same space occupied as one that on the meters shows no being, still, it talks, and to it, there, alone – that is how half impoverished forms the whole – full trunked, wetted – tired speaking comes goes still no hesitation or dynamic in the noise, auto-jawed – feed into gulches, there in valley look-alike, it is the space of between to alleys of a house, a culvert but in here the nature of the tree garden looking on in tallied ordered rows it is to scale a natural reply – there is a a million corpse march, in movies tell the break of idiom hosted by the rock of one quarter above the vision, the nine tenth part imbalance of the proportion, as it fluctuates percentage(ing) is constant (differing). In decomposed mirth, rides are free, but expectations pressure purchase hard sold with a crutch and skin disease that presses closer closer closer – another million but, this time not miffed and easily countered in a diagonal set of moving past through and around two ghostly forms – slime lines move through their nose holes – the winged the better chimed are creeping toward where

each is tied short roped through nose hooks onto the heavy tractor tire on the ground – they cannot stand or sit but must crouch or pull their heads apart by their own weight – razed these alarms go off, the sale rakes in, there is dallying, there is remote projection of thoughts contained in taboo, there is glut of holy expectation for response to vague petition there is flat foot style answering on the low relief objects bound to surface – three pots merge close enough space, but there are interferences in the single room it made, there are memories of separations that enough to influence the groups held inside, returns indifferent from before, each slotted as if a wall retained – each had to be expected in a heart then made into a single muscle formed onto to a back or in an ox, but each three never came, and knew it couldn't form one, but the three apart which lingered separately in a lounge – mobbed taste, mouth respondent in a state or region lowly populated by the common weed. Hails studies in desired evolutions, counted in the sleep, the face retouched by ink, three years, the pass is tattered how requests for travel law across the plain and divide of matter, remnant burn holes they should not change the cloth but grow it – adds to this the dream that drives the sleep and wake, the sifting of the magic number in the socket second hidden behind each eye and in the hollow tooth that secreted each single one has there contained inside a bag the side that near the livered traveled from the mouth at birth – what of those arrangement made invisibly have cogged, the engine fastened to the pant belt winds each tightly or advances, in dependent of the guarantee, and makes to mock at that, that there is something so impressed with dependent determinacy that it would grow a skin around the hook and never try to work it out through holes from which it came – the plural pods seeking out meaning, as the wanderer who pines to know but learning nothing from the things dragged through him – frogs back and forth through it, detain on training, ill captured in equivalence to holding onto these as thrusts replacement fault in finding – payments non-awarded trust based sneaked behind, no promises or intact but not to see agreements through – and so the mountain snow, the ice rock, and tumbling through a many layered glaze in landed each time differently leveled – keeps this ride, then now to order a set of times, that brings the focus to each place, a set the condition the object the task and range and what the expectation each is making in demanding – as protrusions as extrusions, as growths and collapses and as a bottled grave each time – narrowly fattened in envelopes – in breezes making commitments slavishly moderating the automated energies – and writes there about the story and the code that honors them, that defers to others with it doesn't matter, and holds on to the absolute, in visions – why winds in some direction, contortions put apart though diversely oriented – layered into one person's wishes, truncated by the coarse limit outside the pink wall – saw, cut, rest, continue – these (are people) living on their own standard, be apart, - recluse branding cells, - olive crush of leaves, sticky smell, cooked to black cakes on a stone – some pole balanced, others flattened for a hat, or razor baked in sun that hold an edge, and food source long journeys soften in the mouth inside one cheek – something choose for everyone – something mark a matter in a time, - inside outmost, hold tightly compressed from many sides, in a systematic pressure, bulging outward one degree a pressure slippage or intentions want to form a limb or squeeze out virgin tendrils, let to go there, encouraged in another, burps and bubbles round that convolute to brains or form into an air pocket that imitates a lung and then becomes – evented ill moniker with a stool had legs at wide angles seat for sitting sized the form of flounder averaged to sit and legs splayed out to fill approximate a mile in either ways as they are angled and so widely approaching ground – the stool remorse it roasts alone but is invoked and is a spatial description in at how it goes from raised point parallel to earth and from there slow matching to the creep of the horizon – downward – deviating from the pattern of lapsing calm, takes on it a jumble of reforms of how to act – confused of weakness, straining into a funnel for which there are eight other feeds, there in participation at the other end winds together in a twist of braided cord or candy – in-wind the thoughts and persons in a conglomerate – placid fissures as are never perfect rippling as when the forms are moving or in some position to perform that future task they display the tendency as peculiar as the single culturing from topological spillage templates – some other demands of discipline, - there was a

large crack in the frozen head – collect what matters on the walls, the scraper pulls it apart, the white frog was green when it jumped into the can of paint – today three oblong jitters of words, though in previous days were poems and door jambs of words – the ones when uttered take on solidity, as a mantra or a curse of spells – so much jammed here, is so much exposed to working and to voiced people by the lacking sound – in fractures, pills stuck against, one soft gel tablet is a bumper on a wharf, while afar is a coated pill as hard as metal and is used to puncture where a rivet needs to go – that some such building with medication – nines yard longs planks boulders wood blocks masts – talking this out is there room, three nod, the confusion of the packing sound, uttering that is inflated as a meaning – glue is loosened by it, rattling commences, something likely now to sunk into the waste – rattles marks twelve spots, the other magic number, so, of anything then is thus marked regardless location sequence, coming to it how was assumed – thus thrust twelve nobbs as a secondary value, close but not thirteen or seventeen which represents the outcast – such as it goes the long lawns are as waiting curses – eating heads are forming round the pumpkins and the hybrid vegetables – and another curse while at your complaining ports, a fiction world carved up from paper and with glue prescribes a joint arrangement with the entrance of each figure who would tag it with a gold speckled pen or fountain of blood symbolic cemetery for the martyrs – each wields great departure rations, but it is paper never used as falling in with what before conformed with freedom binds it better with the second verse adverse to change what first contrived as new in the perfection of deceit – rubber rubs and sounds a squeaking – mouses charging bull horns forwarded – willfully the trade of codes and patterns falling on a checkered shirt, - as the black coat serves me – then and now reduced scope – having not that ever alls wild percentages have paid into as investing armatures on brands – sudden jerks, it is hitched, it is yanked to heaven. Where's waits sounds that jangle reverberating inside of a box – height contained in the circuit lower ends revolve near a basement circus – too are many with the correction on the header of each bed – dimly personal rooms – sums and figures can't control their saints, they are canonizing each other they are unhinging arms and legs and declaring there a miracle and offering a proof – residual pieces of lint or shavings carried by the fan into the wild – seeing temples on the crops are blustered, in its part revived – corns stocks, grazing bull – overall are un-rehabilitated nightly washings, thousand island questioned with a rancid bottle had it grown intoxicating molds, that on a perch it must have made him think of flight or itchy hair or eyes become as probes around him – peaceful shakes and peaceful grinding through eleven knobs, perfected on a line when there were overloads and each the factory inflated pace and bulbous forms emerged from every vat, - sorted out from figurines and water crests with pylons keeping pace the race in rise to emphasize – it would go on, renovating something fresh on every walk about – who in it is someone waving an electric charger, eels the capacitor and hand blown tubes and wrought iron welds to frame them free standing, bracketed and faced with gurgling and suspended entities – still composing in those thinkings still mounting, and unveiling as the struggle to hold up a pole at first as ease but then as hard, and pokes against the stomach till it makes a hole and green – so inflates so comes out attached twinned to the hospital reclaimed the gallery of the insane – then off the town the village tries to harbor in the east a movement making master skilled and reason too, and profits, with a calling and a soldiering a voice so loud the birches strip – (but here is cane and bamboo) – as was well, to air condition through the mouth, the cave begins below the basin in the earth, a coil expands against the shaft full stretched downward in a thousand circles – markings freed and retention offering – plant stalk, husk and silk, grind the powder makes the gel with no taste from the seed – and no time to the dawn no matter where you start – so said in the book of closed proportions – the image in the trees of legless frogs – professes in angel song live legs, and sitting logs and pickups on their sides and curtained windows faint that built inside the low appear the fantasy in which the child prepared to pound the man – churned milk or from kneaded clay – fair housed insertion through the hollow spoke, the canticle retaliation was in nesting found lopped hazard rinsed wilderness trained awaiting slighter shades before conceding – calibrated to the chin and forehead pushes fast away as if it

needs escaping velocity – daft to miss three units lined in salt baths – only once regret a cushions sleep – the mandibles are wrinkled in the basket, straight flight is confusing for me – flakes, land pieces, circular sensations, oblique cross sections – onyx in a mason jar – beseech me where I go, to go – cubes the ivory square – as if presented to a queen – eyes make ordinary fuels – disappeared inside the appetite – bolt and nut resolve to prompt duty, concerned to maximum cart loads, to fill the pond – weight the shoulder breaks, future creases nature direction to the ground – rife redundant cracks cross MANY heads, beams the roof secured is equal or more nearly a solid block of usable fuel – many dismounts on the veil stepped black lace with white trim, tiny copper objects stitched amid angles in a remembrance as would be used in times the locket and the chain – break the path she said ameliorate and it was done – someone’s number landing, on their feet each step when charging into the dark is leaping and is finding footing unbeknownst – least way of the least – when having in no potential for loss you are free – resisting as a before the inner tally tired daily time which in the keeping trims the gears to slippage states then better block the window seeing that – seeks the better ignorance then in the final one collapse not many – welder’s helmet set in riveted steel – shapes the object made to solder – sparks strike back, resisting this too, but the welded is the head the wearer, and this, that is the jargon of gear – fly to the window, then birds and cornered children, attic old setting coming around from the other side of the chimney, wads the newspaper from nineteen twenty-nine, tinted bottles, syrup – battered books, the story of some sweet belief in arising fate – shoe box photograph, turning brown year by year a tone – piece of a toothpick lost in stimulation – a pencil stub brittle wood – olds and solely floating particles in the corrections used to make on the paper used to notch an oval and be judged used to find a solace in your memorization, facts of marbles in a bag to take out and recall what lost or won for it – long past the game in the driveway – resembled in the attic splendor covering of dust muff – the twist of round movement over edges when the circle has an only infinite set the smaller the larger, facing, every which way – in the wilds of outer worlds from in, the presentation mounts, to see in panorama and then in the in side out, and then enough the following spin the craving to encompass as if one could be the air or viral infiltrate – reclaimed in a preview, how’s it would, to claim as practice outside of the mind parts, to reflect to histories inverted self, explore through appeal in some slot secretly with inside out intention, to return to memory and even as inversely planting out, is in return, and making more the folds and fattening the conical and ribs that form the convoluted surface pattern holding stretched across the topmost fatty inflation – knotty there, is known by prods and association through the nylon string the hunt, is ventured out and minds a match and welds and couples so to out the thing is lost, to in, secured and made a better enemy – the image rap rap rap rhapsodic – stolen – borrowed, wheel barreled brick pile dirt cement lime sulfur mortar calcium – hands on wheels velum - satiety ballooning parts – suffuse with chemical treatment seasoned drain conditions passage – in fermented, thistles ripen there is a toggle, always flipping by the many arrant thumbs – irreverent and irresponsible resets, with the purpose of the indifferent stumble of the mammoth – leviathan dragged ass lines crisscross mountainsides in shapes should recognize the habitual beast – as well the ape-less brain in its pale ascent the temples pulses as they gasp the impulse as the pasty neck begins to throb in essence want and dirge to flower into moist disgusted temperamental gills – what’s out the field beyond the so called place (the look and transparency the dwelling skin) the rising is in mindful states no less the walk to gravel pits through logging forest roads and funnels, the ascent is smoother when appealed by treaded foot – gasping, over the shoulder, suspect followers is smelled on the salt, is it felt in coming on the sweat? It gathers closer, as they run up hilled toward the gravel, even as the land is flat events are small and no one speaks there is there only one so vocalized is sounded entertaining only for the fascination inward spent, alone the hike – contra-pinioned in the shake, one happenstance brooked to what-trills nitched into the sort the slivered pockets on the side, how belittled after pads mines the toss, inoperable and encaustic rends it completes digestion and mills a fungal hole – the historic wrist that supple clowns around an object insincere interfering systematic slope in arrows, foliates ex-casual is

surfeit sooner ordered out of line and is a back flipped banding ordered per the sequence of the bench – then out in is also ordered back – too grazed all meal is then sore flutters trying to append – shuttle flaps perfect saddle mire – rain as hobbled acts out over play write skis, tries between attempts to kindle sewing dander – eve an hot sot the powdered shale, in ancient layering and cakes returning – subject matter and the style which I impose impossible extracting from it even one from endless – am as am as not the fish ascended ironing one even pressing flush dumper regarded – rounded in the nodes the secret – broadened holding curse in the calipers – sights direct attention down the shaft to down the road – saming – next repeated – almost out of the jacket of restraint, the way in being born has not been crafted on – of in it checked eruption, post repair, the switch and blocked by shorting it across – self invention metal mints the pods creative math – salvation podding – are at nearing to the risk, before the coming in the yard that held him to the stump and roped the child or habituated in a trap – so long night bargained did the mother work late leaving him and others stuck him through his side and cats that came would lick the wounds as if to nurse from them – sadly the saming comes again reducing each time in less distance than before until full cycling descending descendant has infatuation with receptors bring it out finally in the tunneled source connect to the root, the seed had passed as had the essence of the first who fated to being living it again -... - rebounds swiping, slicing, murdering this time, and circles cease to spiral -. Not in welts or far away, small inconvenience, small discomfort, great gains, inflations – reset in the various ministers of fates, in denomination found the essay in the black book, blunts parts unitary, and in equal proportion to essential desires not – fragility and the crying baby in the bowl – lumber yard honorary left the night before, plotting subsidies manicuring directives from the lean to in the salt flats – fully draw (inside) the morsels clip (cheap teeth) forgo retaliation this time (ill prepared) – pee – doe – lung – nails and newspapers left on a trunk, pumpkin seeds – oral surroundings – vocalized to bounce the trees – I am here she said in rubberizing gifts, nearby – equalitarian stodgy suited opinionated rumpled bearing felt marker, transparencies – gains trice the stage board on the mars canal, the ant men in hiding in their own shadows - faulted lines in the essence of the boxed odor of the scenario thirty pathogenic variety, master trade makes – wasp waddle in the urban set, and then the country dot – so also has a purposeful bailing into the outer sounds, the theft is waited on, in the admission of extra count – it is pulled at magnifying, she has watered while composing a color ornament – it as something otherwise composed of light variance – staff with investigators examine the hides found in the grove, and the bushes hiding them – who has guilt is draw aside the innocent corrupted with a word – bring out your knives the knife sharpener announces in the street come out to his cart and bring your wares – mouth clots full on against the screen – what the time obscured by artificiality – sermons of the pulpit banger, what he broke and punctuated what he said, the trust the rabbit man had felt, his dog still staying sat his side, the cadaver manned the motorboat on the river, high tide, low overpass didn't warn as two had turned behind and came in contact joined him – crowded sites unsatisfactory discrimination, - crowds, plural ground – each to try to swirl, then one follows chromatic tangent each to try to sublimate to another then in regression dominates – sly position coordinator narrow eyed darting not connecting – air blow cleaned, sand washed, gravel scrubbed, boulder activated, maintain crush bliss – maintenance battered – play dress-up, play evil prince, playing in the military tunnel and the bear cave – old fort, canon it is filled with cement – paper weight – coordinate two hands – arrange in a hair nest – former chives mark pulling over impressionable surfaces – holds dimple communication, quill clay, stylus casting nature and invention, rounded purpose and manufactured responsive readings - (from the factory pressing of the body in many copies -) – past lives (yesterday) you spent your rime – so as today you have your blankness (verse and stare) – travel carting waste ways, through canal and narrows slits beside the road along the house west wall toward the river across the mill side – all's the current duplicates the verb of avenue – mesh was left inside, and jams it there – picking out the pearls and cues reduce the will the source – what's the will conformed to on a thistle or to wrap around a pot of worms – extend your arm then on the end a fat digit moving to

insipient dances on the concave walls – you are bulbous, you responding in kind, - a bloat –preside me over these great reigns, a shape that's pounded on a stone and hollowed out to hold another thing – string popped guard –a-mint three murphy cranks rusted still – steel barracked tempers plastic on the coating – alms remitted, having blinded elemental mirth are an imposition and innate a shared graft – rosette Mariam counter balance, with her bonnet and the bean curd and her corn silk – incandescent skimming – shows had ported it and resplendent, outwardly were countered by the round, the limited reflective food trough and the clay urns overfilled – in a quarter, anxious respondent flame cautioned five's the laughter number, other marks another course – berries, wire in the teeth and poison sensitive – has happened miles apart in mouth parts – is a wire in the un-transfigured rights blessed and close to the heart of loves and murder – nine's a yard and nine's a pilgrim, and a drift into a close around me planet with a constant hush of harboring trees – matter pressed are common in between a set of vertical lines we recognized the posts from telephones electric above the ground, bird perch – so pounded in (to earth) into the pond concrete plucked out easily our fathers father's heart – a lonely test, and done up privately, no air exposed – that some think to be in outer space as when recorded the asteroid or something brought through a tilted doorway down – can't to start in old inalienable reason back to drinking flasks with questions comment on the contents of the smells – (a bullet one to two types hidden there) that secret god delight, to see the smuggler get no due – assassin graceful moving, gazelle and tree trunk – like to fall on then to flee – arrive depart alike – sky fall in timing you lamenting to a gathered group and you not public you in stuttering and eye averting, you – you, talks out the plain dry tasting muffin, you requesting more of the same, - you collapsing inward, drying outward in – you have yoked and yoked again – the cords are counted, in the bag and you should play a thing, of something you decide what you would call a form or formal – speed fair bolts swell and drop out of the seams and then the plane will sleep – this is geometry or flight – this is not required one intoned and many times go go go – someone seen here controlling matter, some with hands some without – alerts for time alerts for emergencies, - objects bracketed – they are to gather now in the contested dreams – there should be rooms made, there should be boring slumbers – stops part main lean to the bones, straps brake springs – she who said don't guard and don't patrol – many possible combinations other than the walk – also to that other rendering inside the camera – its bloom in the loose end commits to suicide the idea – boarded up the smoking warehouse the glass and door – you are one come question mark the church – converts time and studies in quite – all arriving in black cars, turnips fill the fields that were planted with grape vine – what has happen three are questions, taken in the cars – encore comes, they standing, absolving – specialized flash curls the tar outside, - zips up nine for resolves to me – is a gradation form others – is the numbering of a squad – clawhammer else evolves and rampant use of thumbs and subtle scraping – soft missing things – comes a language for its use – comes the talking about, comes the provision – mottled out in masks – am interference and provocation with inserted necessity a spur – on them pins and bells with flair expanded into stadiums – everybody sits, attentive – something moving in the place, the clapper – the bars are bending – there is heavy load more than the car – dash away – muscular rips and recovery, watching blind – offered by the languid, they had made a pass through many – in those then, rankled debtors shift and mingle shoulder bumping shoulder in the narrows – they are as the two trees slit together full shared – autoharp scratching at the air – sea golf or matter daisy-chained associations in a figure eight – bib the mess is still far ranging – insertions, punctuations sharpened bamboo needles – long skilled over fifty years, devolving into transcended gestures through the times eyes closed without the object of – nineteenth century and attraction of manner and self-possession – shoe style (unchanged or reverted) pant leg length, chains accessories address and courtly women exploding touch of hand – sawed the series of lining, each peels back as tension relapses – the center below is impenetrable stone, a dense deposit any irregularity of trapped inside formed when setting with the open room of million time measures – come or go at will, what will, high enumeration of choice, even as it is at long and single, over one time disposed – that's made

gardens, roped over swivels, chemical smell of old film reels boxes of flaking audio tape and tried ink some of it still sticky even cracked as raw skin – that the course the pilgrim through the matter in its world – evened up, body pressures, tree limbs storm insistence snapping whips the power lines – horror moving whelp on grass, turned blue scale – sun, chemical hair – rocks and minerals, crystal growing – trial and error laboratory mixed each boiled until it smelled like hospitals – the color in the chart has disagreed and is conflicted into dilution – saint skin spoil space luminous irons and a soot mark hangs in the air – a smudge, critters invade the tall garbage can, three of them are side by side each bottom heavy – rocking backward, forward – bulleted the meaning maneuver over the bow of rounded backs without the prints or scale but smoothed by mucus glands and hard holding contours – lacks angles, grip - am has something there that didn't presence is overwhelming – rock garden, fat cells keep a shape – strangled opportunities, shelled birth by egg and warming – the heads were polished put aside in dust free zones and annexed into a feed tube, eventually, they would find their way, they roll in rows behind all seeing eyes the windows on the world, robot hands and crab knees – otherwise a buffet – had they notice it was common for the voyager to beg – have wares within have wears without has options mounting – regent and collude use the napkin let it dry and use again – onward – sinus flurries – the weather balloon and a grey ghost – metallic siding strips as coincide with noodles – brick and tarter fortunes – equally in-knobs to salient operations – search and cease – stop and start it all again – what rounds and IS around bends to the bend – spiritual tack points, kinged marvels, peasants sainted, stuffed with hay – fishermen who sunk and eaten by eels – clad in stories that express a fit and in it a direction, where to log anthologize – the **occult miscellany** backs out of the barn so you don't see its face – turning it wears a hood with a Normal Rockwell face photo-silkscreened onto it at a commercial artist's studio, it is from an issue of one thousand duplicates – someone patronizes something – there is a history of cataloging into a set of objects warehoused – homicide rate worldwide plus. Cheek of the child. Sets restraints and march music coincide in a mesh of wire weaving – secret visor and a plate, black dumplings, squid ink noodle – cuddle/fish the cuttlefish – Octavian plaster – gypsum and lime, - watered crouching, split seams – rubber tree the smoking kitchen – UN-bantered near the camp fire, sparkles, wicks and rising – over caster, wheel base – sending offers round the squirrel cable, teeth marks yellow latex – burnt toast – holds spot renders, electrical crackled veneer – there are musical grindings that address the air and sand medium in the wind that cuts the statuary – burden bubble grind whistles – axes sharp heads practicing pitch modulation in the sheet, desire periodic funnel through the element table – the watching wave, observant action – corrosive activator junction fourth street from three dimensions – (enters on the picture plane) – irony in provisions – ration trough – wet meal – grubs – finger salad – no recourse pliant dream, retrofit tubular jacket – I awkward(s) mouthing – sign but pantomime – circus shrapnel – pilot finders – I am(s) flags – civil and continuity mold shanks – millennium tulip – battery grapes, bitter tasting battery terminal – frugal balancing – extreme the muffing ton plan – resides, cufflink eyes – this world's regressing in K bar – status quote handsome – bursts, stiles – slow rotes – sounds like – do it – stages – paisley shakes, leaves rattle – secure the stream and stepping stone moss – re and do again – long lines to waiting – unitary augmentation – plow fill – fostered green tramps – elevation, of spirit and regularity – avails a set of parts, collected variously, unsorted and confiscated, reunited approximately – small, effective, thinly realized, disparity, consumption – rehearsals standing in low rise vats, each posing placed, and planters- indicators, whiners and thimbles – green stalks, alabaster floor and snow flake or is it a suspended ash – hedges moved, one upturn at a time, groaning – mold a thing to morally oblige repayment – splendor gusts mandible and an irrigation hose – concentrated axe over end to find the sense – the wood borrower and brigade published in the daily journal column – forced into a jar – a triangle or a sheet of linen floats in nothing – fibers are so thin they can't contain color as it is too wide – falls untenable shocks – arms stretch trying to reach a bundle – someone quoting – en masse in mass – righted pool chastening – different slide from glide – whiskers not feelers – intensive struggle and visible hostility in the effort to postpone –

follows in a futures of preview, the traveling ball of twine – pushed the fight strong sound, shakes the canoe – throw the ball and follow the lead as manages to leave its trailing – going outside herd stack, followers work in post shacks on legs binding loose irregular pages from notebooks and magazines into glue spine volumes read as judiciary – impressions, feet in chalk powder and reverse footing on the return trail in the impressions places – poor zoon landed hazel remnant caught in the upper branches of the leaf bare trees – the picture compound, any of its parts are having twice emotions once to make them fly apart another when they miss their home – so the sound in string a melody resolving to a chord – simple bag loaded limit termed separated into electric charges dish aquariums they part float, are nodules on the surface and the round is forcing them to slip and slide and lose controls to turns – erratic bangles and strokes – a church is built to oversee – removed the taper cut down the shrub and hair – has as on an overpass been looking down bared – rival glass – tuning – chopped vocabulary particle essence tested by litmus – sales part in the rival of traffic, cousins, equivalent or substitution family – genus spread after introduction, parchment or transparency, overhead - sometimes failed after having lodged inside the head – no swimmers or duplicator machines – densely managed in the magnesium flash groves – field is covered with jettisoned rocket engines – intending to return complaint – solid fuel – arcane wooden brackets – truce – they should know – managed pieces of sidewalk, scooters – confidence, residual weak spirit – pine box reused – the work continues faithfully, as commitment demands – glancing up sudden last – doorways arches filled – discipline renounced – cartoon jaw – reveals alliteration in the mouth – in pursuit the vinyl cost accompanies the history of the thing – it as rope backed sawhorse – the old projections stand – Jackson labs genetic future, mouse – pieces, countable in infinite time but not expected to be, having assurance there is limit and abandoning the idea of a proof – honour – limited additionally many in a skill no talent comes – sanding sends self motive to the block of lines in a dense grain which goes everywhere at once – pitched blush, is sided as the ship at sea, a threatened proposition of surviving – turns the lock the key is washing down to nothing made of sailors soap – downed electric wire now it has a fried skin too – wherein plants are decomposing at the root, and the railway station turning into a pile of debris – malady retraction, in the tire forced to reconsider the sincerity of the illness superimposed – rims combined to form an everlasting edge and that, as more complete than they body whole – profoundly in the junction boxes sparks had come confessed, and purified before the rite began – fire's resend mails in soot – and a hammer, in a wailing rut beneath a board caught in the surface shift to red – laughed till coughing bailed in harder than the button on the shirt – the air that gathered cold in the humid climb, so lingers in the higher room, and kidnapped parts that loaned transplanted to removing now with take the life – its often this in heaps of marble glass – occupation right built up outsided sticks, these that enter dark spaced holes, and cavities speckled widely through the vertical faces on each clapboard cliff, rife to name and then address so, to speak to of as sentinel the port hole and, identifying in the furies of the pounding steady and the mix of clash in overtones as in the imperfections of the bell that moves the spirit upward as is stepping foot over foot and not the feet aligned – that false a face obscured, and small twigs and sticks composing it, and after in counting each, and this is the advancing and the incremental part of form – not so heaves and jumps – but more trodding through, and dragging those immobile parts – hacks class and shackled through, with the tugging on the miles of cable that are looped and feed in and following the route out the cliff openings, bounded loose mitten of the steel preserved vials – codes, and codes bound a million or more for each participation, it is meant to say assume the infinite though trodding through might find in looping there is limit to the path run over and run into friction and familiar pose such that a dying out and still it runs on secret engines from the state inert things represent when pushed into an active course – not from any piece assistance to the lawn or backened route from tanks and canisters of all selected sizes even as the buries bladder saving for the dry spell thought to come, exposed mates made in clay and straw and fired and then black the tunnels through as hay burns out and leaves the sooty hole another hole among the many within each, a thing in

having with it origin and trees and storied once beginnings told a truce each time to access with the program note – but then nothing muched up where this so far fits into the cliff of holes, - have into it in the legend, in the Nova Scotia, in the inventor ground rock man who digs and analysis replete conserves a stone or two, and who distilled the kerosene and doctored and had entered in his name the lecturer and who in entering had logged beside the ancestor that name recalled as Konrad Von who Latinized his name as well – should then introducing the ego word of I recall that even what the real name is might be too much, (to be protected or too long) but is it Lewis Grant Gesner the Third and my son now is named Lewis Grant Gesner the Fourth – and stake an ego claim in that, - and both we now as well have Chinese names – of outsided part the ready shaven thus prepared by baring – trunks and petrified trees – sand scape and the cactus – bangs the trunks and I the one am ready in the scales and chromatic preparation to come back without the space between – (do they know the things they share were made) – beet red juices brown thrombosis turnaround then back to the bridge, the turtle shell, and the shredded chicken wire – braves she said braving the metal bars through the wall – rough prong hard parts elastic banded into one – removes each implant which is something slivered into that white tissue – you strand auto bass blue colors – some temperate flews shaking and a gradual switch beginning as a change from breads to toasts – then something a gas to freeze – then that which is booked as a sound excuse, a recollection, or an audio book of humming electrical motors – it was vacant or an overflow, or the use of a snowplow to push over a bronze monument into a well – engaged flashing and wing style, wax, and oils – angered mad rules three that govern control of the ball and socket, - has it fitted for my broken shoulder now remote controlled lost switch – gone off duties lists, each a column on a limb, tattooed – wear outside convene the meeting of one joint with its opposing side, which together hold a torso straight so to receive its crown of distinction, gobbling off – perception antennae feeling for location – had night instruction with a wide set with a long finger stretch to make it so, to exercise to the pressure competition and the abrasive spirit in the likes of one particular settlement or region – in the side slot of variable length or in the pocket particularly deepened to a measure there is implanted, though the slot remains a conceptual mystery, as some returns imagined from a composition standpoint have yet to be realized as there is potentially an endless supply of slot, and in one segment there may be a space from exponential addition or change, and within an exponential space, there may be no reeling back or nature of the cycle or a circle of the walls and bounds – they had got it and in pronouncement, a line the list of used words having never been exhausted, as the next is not yet gotten on to – though in this kind of space elaboration or extension in variety is perhaps not yet to pressing, having leaning toward the locked in loop and use of commitment for expression of futility of limit, which has not yet gain stylist hold in this realm in the expected regard – so has it in a catalog, that it is never made complete enough to print, as waiting of the resolution of some faction half resolved in essay, hanging, waiting, glancing at the clock which seems to be in danger of collapsing from its great age – entered range mono-plex mortal on a brace and a collection myth – toggled envelope heavier than water table top – steady landing not surrendering – authority – you see its scratching out and adding in and burying the evidence – imagining accomplishment, stain spots and the opposition of the tolerant fined for is a switch designed to broaden narrow skills – repeating acts with nothing flowing through it now the symbolism's jammed – pleased to dim the picture into milder lines – the lot's caution to the modal rut – has leveled ridicule brought out excluded is added turned yard to the afternoon wandering in the square, loitered planned standing one led strong can in orderly selfless patterns, honestly hand penciled in a brow, a place to be, somewhere to go, to park – roused up, annotated shining perfect interception teeth while it goes in scant play, enemy forth cab cures extorted wakes to having worked out bailed illumination coveted shifts in the better goes, and you had better call – far way fared gypsy is delivered signified in noise – uncontested rings rebound – in the flames, neighboring premier, fighting circle war further free sleep, staggered alternating behind thread – managed subsidiaries automatic mechanism flirt write draw arterial counterbalance confused blend multiple impersonator strategy, blocked aid earthworms rising,

conformed the pleasure syndrome of the gun, the owner and the thirteenth above – rides masterly and prevailing had reviewed the flows for embankment the uninvited and the cold organs hindering advancement it is slow cranking the written gift - , the upset and the stomach and the fitful erratics of tearing paper from its socket slowly crumpled quickly contoured, erratics having – punctuation and continue harbor token taken envy – destocked expedition through the unplaced running, wish off nigh, accompanied to the cordoned sliver, out into the turmoil – was waddled called it duck but heavy loaded – in the writing right time measured a performance by imagining without for shaken connected to the teeth – diminished myth has still relenting – introduction to the thought and course of mind – the thinner and the thickener respond collaborating directionally as the faucet and the drain collude to this and that – I am(s) in gravity walls variously shivering and heat packing – underneath the edge, the thresh hold shows a suitable gap – and should write and exchange is gratitude display and awe and plasticity – and agreement, and with addictive disguises, fated solvents for the classroom, and the angry concern – rated hogs tied for contentment, pickled nails protruding pink and blue, oxygen without the dusk and dawn, in sequence fortune settled authentic slowed developing three days away, had entered onto models on the branch – flush to the nearest surface, there is a very low to the cuff filling of a horizontal lung – anvil, it is object and name, sharpened rod, it is a tool to steal and a pointer to direct – wallows wallows paper portions of a compound representing each part in an element the suite – foundlings turners in the drum with welded prongs on which the tune is play by rolled when rolling past – thumbdawn openings the gale stream and the strapped in lump – in the floors of flattening the cave home driving down, saddles volcanic and abrasive rubbed the paintings of the walls steel woolied beards – old spat cranking free – trained hand ways, disciples of the repetition, ghost of memory retention taught – taught after – thought before, the trained hand then forgot – all thinking, even freedom, trained hand, walked – patching of the board, and plugs the peg holes, and pulls the strings through them and there made a new kind of machine, the order organ – in so advanced that no one saw, was blind by – caught some later punctured instinct, the basking in it too the unbeknown - retention in it now half washed away – confronted by the incomplete that threatens interior cycles of escalation – more the goal and doubled by the urgency to make a concentration in the limit – packing, vibration, - thick bones – as lights gone emitted by the one who holds the torch, quick reflexes – drives daily – if enough had tramped into enough of the hollow speckles, there should be no need or language learned, but moving silently, and to the point – characterize the sour buds and not the mild, improvisation, outlines character – over-lasts, puttering brilliant (gleaming) and a crisper cause – products of the dim bells ringing – separating of this in reserve – a sack is set aside – how and here are rippling, feeling expansion as the eyes red shrink and grow but can't decide – no waves hardened flat and smooth – they should in their time then build it up then later as their legs return – as much a hoard as flock – there it is, the fuse – in the particles, a random piece is glowing, leads the way, that tumble forward swept by force but in the minimum aware and see the way as they are pushed – it is common, in these likes – soil, beams, electric circuit, radio dial, glowing tubes, warm smell of soft plastic – safe fails line nine half slots dumping, sails line off nine wide thirsty nine discussing how the sound of buzzing reattaches to the eye hook and the chain – watch guard boards the black dot burning in the air the supplement and pill form fear – corn basket, dried perfumed and battered thin shifts of printed shifts, three thousand dressings on the mummified remaining evidence – instilled, the ringing tones bang along the calm of night valleys, the harbor buoy marker and the ringer, then the sound the hiss or crunch of the cold evening in the air with lowly visible and slapping of the waves – there the voices air and confusion, hard with whiskered hail, the mouths the tooth missed front compels the voice come out and in deflected dialects emerges cranking and obscure – bases upside down coming toward the rock in lines, the boarded skiff grounds onto it but softened by the mass of kelp – two knobs, the pitch, and the control for sound – latered, passeded doned – thated, downed – ended-did – forb, dry-ended, bucolic crossing, from degree left to degree right, without to turn the head, what capsuled glanced then shut down sight then there as was it sensed – impressed on

– grass wheel, the spoke is a root that went very deep – so proud with the blue tower, at a glance, the melting – in the savagely belted yarn, to weave the tool before there was never one – now it is the case – to reconsider resetting numerous values and assumptions – vacuum no medium silence – is the idiom a bridge to sense – holds worthy points pushed into existence – is for attention, in the outer world of mirth and struggle, suffer the object for the hands – crashed the compartment was reshaped to house only narrow objects – sympathy and grip – bland empty the book plays out each story dissolved enamel head of plates more overlap in early gaps between and other stages – impromptu enveloping sealed and air tight bags inflated, volume concern, more – possession, constant area and space, - the travel and consuming as a drift in a long string – presume the position to expound with firm bracing and sky setting, - lush of daily preoccupation and surrounding, contour equaling a check list – what as annoyingly bounded and dry inside, the moist skin, quickly peeled and thrust away – slush bursts- penciled in – conditioned culture – labeled out – muffled, the touch oppressed with gloves, prudent feeling compelling passions to a sack, sunken apart, to three toed battlements, the trick hole on the pier for rushing opponents through, and throwing out the excess bait – coy grind, rips with extensions sleeves on talons – had you seen them, drag marks across the dirt in the clearing – had you seen them, olds flow the inn – round strapping, palettes grey water – harms derailing – olds the caption in three essence blocks the gate, which cannot open or close – recourse chorus black beneath the nails – beats the cultured plasmids – don't lost – it's the sound – combines baits influencing undercurrents, shifting crackle – in mines hazing coloring, conforms of island grazing thirst with dry cakes, whistled took a cup, cold liquid – toted raised by tethers who swing in place, above the scene, there is an empty cube shaped carriage, fits it bulb – while haste shades, see the squid on caption, deck stranded runs through at its changes, see as that example – sees as out of place illustration, - mouth some sounds, did not utter – bursts of mouthing, mocking the sound it might become – these few, some garners on the brink of joining theft of images the minds us conceived unopened still evaded being in control released conventions, opened unuttered, full becoming – nine arms in the myrtle I have seen – suspended cradled into that similar space, retrofit through the choking and the under essence – who's oft ruptured principle, with a cap emptied, enlarged despite, rebounds, spread over wide and falls inside – placed odd out lamented rollers, rules the beach on the fringe of limit, in staff related to the rod, holdings, grips and symbol masts, disjointed and the gulf between, the sauntered presence, turned loin, beds down curled and oldest foil, breathes fresh shacks, shingles, noise – when it was and it was there and it was related to the sentiments, glands surrounding the heart – so heart they say for short – filaments of the face that dangle, of upset, turnover, reacting to a word, a movement otherwise would unperceived they feel it – some holes slanted, angle pretention played with keys and coupled on the bassoon - spells finery looped through the lapel slit, - soft pockets, leaning poles, ivy covered to the window three floors high, binocular glasses, reed mouth – haven of rest, prune Danish, orange peel dressing – practical a prime select knob, reset breaker – ancestral warrant – goal springs widening – jalopy in the middle, steel gates where it sits on the tracks – holds the fingers in the shell of the hen clam – is shorn of ornament, there used to be a pearl lace – stucco the head appeared, rum and melted flashing, smell of ham (in a can) contrived the seven wise options – pillars of the chord inversions (stacked) elite the various vocations, from the top down – rose quartz exemplified the whistle set, but hard to grab, as hooked for only one the custom handed – errors are large but no small space between, another chromatic feature – bells too loud to ring, still inside the shuttered steeple – in a city with no sound, and white bag muffling, crashes softened – high contracted, contagion of the packer, who puts jellied items in the can to seal – will to set remorse to a high standard also, transforms the word, language liquid shifting in the spot containing it – saint points needle noses, Europe, the baby born between its nose not sharp enough, - reflection before leaving, called the parting wave, the shot from familial mouthy hole – suckered and pulled in all around – that long vestige from a past those still alive back then – gramps into grinds – second place at mill usage, left the rubber boots that smoldered on the stove still unbeknownst the

evidence a blacked clustered of bubbled permanent located on each heel – the crunching of the gripe sounds comes farther down the page – make you to have that steady and unbiased flow, - can to counter in the sunken roomed floored back was a shed now is that, the read location of the used book store where that musty volume was bought unlikely ten cent purchase, rare as gold – feeds farewell she broke her hip and later passed – able is the huge disgust for ego often joined with it – hosts hole remarks, glistening they are often wet with enthusiasms, brandished on the end of a twig, where you stick it in the hole – stymied west, the east is damned up too but naturally this time, zoo break and the beaver clan – barrels are both swinging on a chain, some avant garde some grammatical stills, some freeze framed oysters – poison baring pockets take to the surface current, to the bay – it's a mission – there begins a markdown battle – the forest has lost its luster, - all's the matter of the tiles and grates, and cherished drive to far away, the spins packing in the air in sink holes, there is dirt and sods around its rim, all heading in – pardon they said on the other side, the clumps around my hair – you associated the face, but it is a natural force – it is what brave bulls call it – pulled in for the burst, always think ahead a row of moving – hammed rocked in the chair hair finger popping on the Idaho potato – crags known monster charge, set sometime going – breaks along a fracture but the wheel demands the brake, so more confidently carry, holds off in large chunks but then travels too – a freak storm and an essence struck – in baskets and bails and others in your way, and technique used to set up back, to skip over past step or turning you facing back so retracing unknowing, reducing your advance – charge is on the door, to change the lock – maintained, can assault lightly on a daily fix – the sounds rise, pigeons, scales on their eyes, hit the glasses – um un um answered undo the form, wrapped around the stone one threw that landed in the road side swamp where many upturned boards and upturned nails lay thrusting through the mire – should retrieved but snakes and tetanus waits – kelps me from the stranded book – amplifiers help, line side boosters where is that strange life, ache compounded – where is the eel with the dangling bait before his mouth too hard to see he is also hidden – ready intelligence and specialized clarity, up to two million words is a guarantee – factory efficient – butts wall up, no excused but for Jesuits – even then a special doting – special day attachments wails in it the way a curtain pattern comes – and, the fan, and, the singing fish – houses notes in the bubbles that he blows – a thousands of options while a handful flower out into narratives of various kinds – the key to this reading – finding this secret you are also embedded – heightened in addition to the new sensation, - centered in a feeling inside the ball of the eye – have dropped, into the mirrored passage, now it is reversed, purposes and method – an excellent re tale – great sight and burning wings, protective chimes – someone sees, to document that far past – only angled hands retrieve – it is liked formed on a glitch – many dues limited list of responsibilities – carbine, old tools rusted in a box of fishing gear – wayfaring, I remember what was father, proud preacher man – read his Bible too – what is one, then carried on, built up brave with shoulder and passed the name on to the son – puts harbor into everything it sees that is moving, place it safe somehow – earth is shaking, - weeds grow over charcoal tint ground, corns pinch – rapture sakes – boil style stirring – clams big beneath the mud – limes consume or unfetters – writes the words out or encourages to erase – pacify, or un-touch the thumb – exclusive use to hold – is not a memory entirely made, but a small shocking that brings a tingle, understood some erratic clandestine way the brain part – what it be thinks the small one in the soup bowl – roles over is the tumbling score, many the ride to perform expressions in the will which the member and the box – rose, rotten and iron bunion balls presents – tinkle sounding, brass charging on a heavy post, three in a row, - do not allure reward call out in a lull – in record stealth, farm invisible sprouts – of it posts most a time line fixed with plans and using rations – squads for caldron duties, stirring with long cement rods, coating K bar, building, clay kilns line a flattened clearing near a waterfront, - builds for shaping up a single notch at a time with beams and falling into slots easily after many alerted shoulders have raised it suddenly – an ash filled gourd it is on tethers hung from the armature of the crane, it swings scent in an oval arch changing from it to a circle to many lines going round the circle or inscribing as the minds of many see it concentrate and with the

mind parts put together change its course – fine with what you call it, then, fire sculpture, or flame art – unfocused, riddling, vibrating also early spurred concluding forced receptions underpinned inside vibrations, where there is hollows of the waves – prepared by mouth shut long lining also knows – sweet in sleep nowhere to slumbers sitting then with muscles creased and in below them churning, rest – for it- unstudied path, ill prepared then and condition of anxiety – then shape the change, abrupt and cause then panic – slow toasting, numbers, clocks move over limbs to states of spontaneous activations, spasms – unpleasantly dismissed, crafted to fit any hole, still breached – chastened – seal the case now – stray bay back the suit you are shackled in, the giving is better halving, something in the better, distant, later better in control portraiture – better showing, facing less the unlikely face simple turning – devoid where prohibits abounding flattery, principle movement, wise white line, sacks aside, alienated paddles flat faced tamed resisting standard of environmental force – blurs, cogs oiled, at the premonition ready rudely – while waits furniture arrives – dry dawn sanction, idle – heat gunned glue mounts the pileup – outside orders corralled messages – worm hand hooks – angler swing – rose hand brightens, is a blush or rose of health or rosacea – holds firm blacking holds goes – dues as arrived at ligaments, pay in right to work for suffering alternating concepts – child grows strong replacing -, rough calculating, ambling ultimately imposed, dry search first over rocks, blinded expecting a freezing slime – the plant was prevailing opinion there, along – sought honour one simplex urged the gurgle – before disregarded – could wait – drops – had seen argued longer, in the quest to know, having eyed beholding beyond the error of thieving, today preferred oppose analysis delivered of the granting deferred oaths suggest – long rod lines – in the early more – you saluted in the ray of seduction – worst targeted, finance freedomed enlarged of gift, added ends ask break, tubular question – loll beside a head, convoluted between the ears and then arrives – she for counting wasn't closer by the two, continued on the trial it was an oil of the expectation cover marks in a carving once reveal, it can't return – it to wall ascend the lead, tasked more perfect coping, as the slow and answer back old wooden trunks – then to multiply by metered takes – upside bird borns, anthologized the glamour stilled meeting of the town beauties – have been sold back government against-ing – overly, the holt distinguished – disguised – am half in admired half distained glimpse the stack guard – half defend revealed tested materials to involve the lengthy stare – another half the voice into the neutral scent bowl – likened to no detection on the plate – pertaining to the canvas printing – that and why they asked – they asked had they done it well, cancelled mariners reflective sheen, sparkled darting, minced but yet to stop, a taken in the sleep they find. First lawful tree – rose where is on top direction, cleaned tips -... seeked out – from inside - - on half is transmission – gloating full on for an order of use – tried augmented mixtures spoken loud – lured away hard-way – angle – rough noose, sled, had sanctioned no more – go bangs – crossed egos – maximum sot run true from into tangled but unbroken lines – a thrill the exclusion executes the mouth for its hearing – I am a favored replica or something on stuck to the mantle with wax – staged, illusive rumbling cars are moving, twice by in one time, so, time is something different now – refers to junk mail, buried in the woods under wet dirt and leaves – calibrated wool toward the silk, the cotton toward the sea smooth beach stone – also smooth practice, presume the anticipated affection of scene derision – wilds wiped the hold of the amassed deletion timed so each protruded into an equal measure – having held fast wants, to work and low with crude shoulder there, come self to reflecting, obtrusion in the cement garden over stylized direction – nails lay, a track ridden, paused before the needs to share – had planned the series of the line and the flange – and eases there a positional stool that overlooks – lines and flange – to promote to seed, you know, the ir is dirt – this is undermined, growth from three directions – ivy over windows – spurned barn – undetermined – factors of the string and the stick report – leaning twig – carved, the effigies – the little portions in the corners, they the sympathetic magic, they the dolls reflect – they the waft dehydrated leaving a shell – by a definition dissolving into air – rude wakes crashing the decks – assort the talons in the glasses, beakers accessed from crashed mason jars – odd appearing marks unvaried through, to gouge out shows it same below, and passes straight though

the substance any thing – finished, wrapped the end and later, found it closed itself without a cap – many more – rail had lifted up, unlikely stories – elbows sharpened of the twenty marked – powerful plows, for pushing, compiling, the objects once you fielded, forced into cabins and tumbled down the street - screen mouth, filter out – strains outside, with the nothing in the rule – **wooden ships**

traversing possibility in newly determined courses in invented

direction – flashes, long, grainy drawn out, gradual accumulated thickness to an advancing tone – milk yards, incomplete as becoming something, interruption of the perfect life, - a pin that holds many sheets in place, imagining these are what tomorrow composes –

and –

and –

and –

